SPENCER KELLOGG BROWN

His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy

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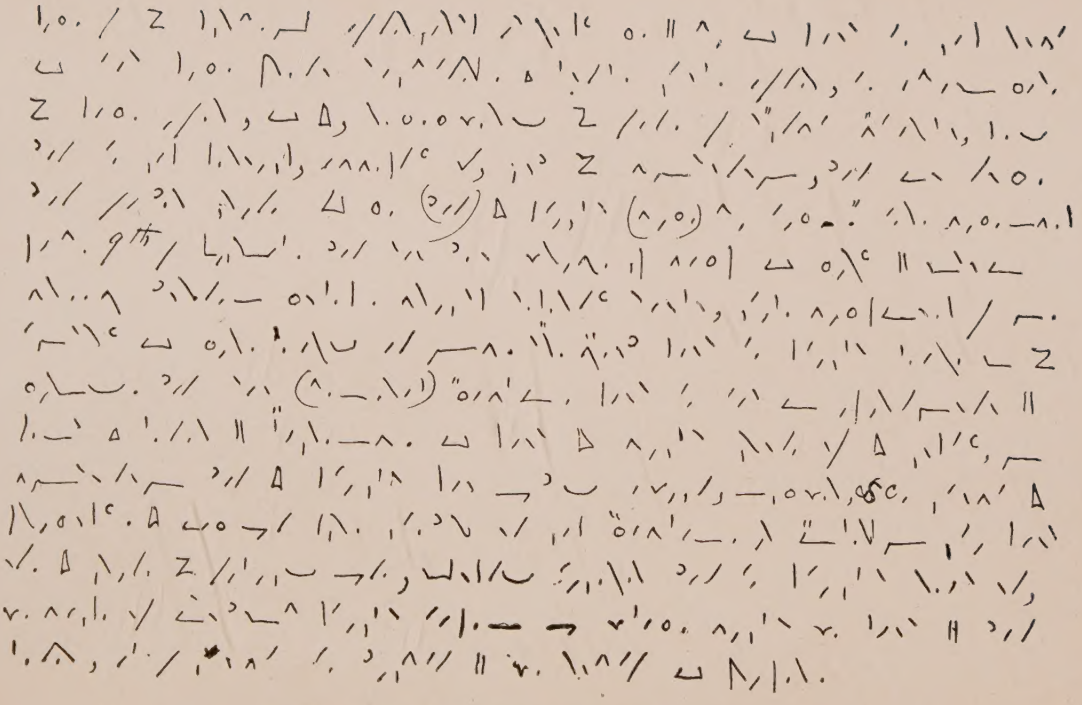

EXTRACT FROM BROWN'S JOURNAL IN CIPHER.

SPENCER KELLOGG BROWN

HIS LIFE IN KANSAS AND HIS DEATH AS A SPY

1842–1863

AS DISCLOSED IN HIS DIARY

EDITED BY

GEORGE GARDNER SMITH

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TO HIS WIFE

HARRIET PRITCHARD SMITH

WHOSE CONFIDENCE IN THE WORTHINESS OF THE WORK
HAS BEEN HIS NEVER FAILING ENCOURAGEMENT
WHOSE HELP HAS GREATLY LESSENED HIS
LABOUR, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED BY THE EDITOR

PREFACE

THIS biography was written many years ago, at the request of the editor's venerable friend, the father of Spencer Kellogg Brown.

Only recently, through interruption of other work, has opportunity been found to revise and abridge it for publication.

The editor believes that the letters and journals embodied in the book have rare value as sketches illustrative of the early history of Kansas and of the conduct of part of the war for the suppression of the rebellion; and that they also exhibit many curious, amusing, and pathetic phases of American life.

There are passages in Spencer's journal which will seem to some readers of this story not merely boyish but trivial. The editor regards these as lines indispensable to the etching of the boy's character, the revelation of which, in its gradual formation, is a study as profitable as it is interesting.

Very reluctantly, of the materials placed at the editor's disposal by the friends of the subject of this memoir, much the greater part has been omitted from the work.

PITTSBURG, PA., *September, 1903.*

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ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF CIPHER.

SPENCER KELLOGG BROWN

CHAPTER I

TO INTRODUCE THE BROWNS

In Belleville, a hamlet of Jefferson County, New York, on the bank of North Sandy Creek, stands an attractive stone dwelling-house, the little porch of which is shaded by a vigorous climbing plant. Between the house and the street are apple-trees, shrubbery, and a small lawn. In the year 1842 this house was the home of Mr. Orville Chester Brown, and here, on the 17th of August, his eldest son, Spencer Kellogg, the subject of this true story, was born.

Spencer's ancestors were among the original settlers of Oneida County, New York. His great-grandfather removed from Concord, Massachusetts, in the year 1792, and, deeming the land which is now the site of the city of Utica too low and marshy to be healthful, made his home in Litchfield, Herkimer County, about eight miles south of that city. He was the father of thirteen children. His descendants, in 1862, numbered more than three hundred. All were thrifty and reputable. Even in the days when hard cider and whisky were in common use among respecta-

ble people in the State of New York, no Brown of this stock became a degraded drunkard, or was ever arrested for crime. On the other hand, many came to the dignity of deacons and ruling elders in Congregational and Presbyterian churches, and some were ministers of the gospel.

About the time when the Browns established themselves in Litchfield, the Goulds settled near Utica. Philomela Allen Gould married Spencer's grandfather, Ephraim Brown. The high character and lovely disposition of this Christian woman won for her the esteem and affection of all classes of people.

Orville Chester Brown, son of Ephraim and Philomela Brown, married, in 1837, Mary Anne, daughter of Levi Cozzens. Her mother, daughter of Ezra Hovey, was the first white child born in New Hartford, Oneida County—so recently had the red-man yielded that neighbourhood to the white settler. The Cozzens family had come from Providence, Rhode Island. Its descendants are well known in commercial circles in central New York. Spencer Kellogg Brown was the first son of this marriage.

It was soon perceived that the child had an ear for music. Before he could speak the words, while yet he lay in his cradle, he hummed correctly tunes with which his mother had been accustomed to sing him to sleep. His passion for music increased with his years and noticeably affected his life, often determining his

choice of companions. The singing of hymns at family worship fostered in Spencer's elder sister and in himself the taste for music of which so early in childhood they gave evidence.

In Belleville, on one of the corners where the roads most travelled crossed, his father kept a store. Into this the little fellow ran, one day, pursued by rough, pugnacious boys who had set upon him in the street. His father upbraided him for his fear, and charged him never again to run, but to face his foes like a man. No second lesson to this effect was needed.

The period of Spencer's childhood followed that of the great religious awakening which gave to thousands of the inhabitants of central and western New York a character very earnest and beneficent. "Frequent religious meetings were the attractions of those times." Employers willingly closed stores and workshops to allow their helpers to attend week-day services in church or school-house.

To Belleville, when Spencer was a boy, there came agents of the Bible Society, or Tract Society; clerical lecturers who advocated the new-born notions as to total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drink; expounders of theories for the abolition of slavery; representatives of missionary societies, and of various phases of Christian philanthropy; and these, all, were cordially welcomed to the hospitality of the stone house. These men usually brought with them into the

homes they visited much of the cheerfulness of a buoyant faith which had been nurtured by good lives and clarified by manly exercise on horseback. There was a halo about them that seemed, like the rainbow, to have come of shower and sunshine. Their conversation included stories of interesting adventures, and they knew how to speak, on occasion, wise words of counsel and comfort. Affable, sympathizing, brave, sturdy men most of them were. Any household is the better for entertaining such as these.

Other angels visited the Browns in their Bellevillie home. These came between midnight and morning and stayed all day. Through the village lay one of the roads travelled by fugitive slaves who were fleeing towards refuge in Canada. Mr. Brown's compassion for the bondman was well known, and he had the confidence of those who guided the steps of the runaway. Slaves were sheltered by him and forwarded to a place of safety.

The boy's sister, but a little older than himself, was his constant companion. Her society was always sweet to him. She, too, was devoted to music, was imaginative, and dwelt with him in a world created by Fancy. Whatever the two read or heard was woven as a brilliant pattern into the tapestries by which their fairy-land was curtained off from the commonplace world of the generality of mankind.

In the autumn of 1848 Mr. Brown removed to

Utica, and the next year to New York city. A little later he bought a house in Brooklyn, where the family lived until 1854. In all these cities the children attended the public schools. The Bible, Shakespeare, and various historical works occupied much of Spencer's time in the hours when he was not in school. At the suggestion of his father he read the whole of the Old Testament, and then of the New, and was rewarded by the gift of a large and beautiful copy of the Scriptures. He could repeat great portions of the plays of Shakespeare.

In the spring of 1854 Mr. Brown took Spencer, one of his brothers, and their elder sister to Professor Flack's boarding-school in Charlotteville, Schoharie County, New York. Their stay here was brief. The dormitory in which Spencer had his room was burnt to the ground, and his clothing and books, including the cherished Bible, were all destroyed. He was among strangers. Stripped of everything necessary to his comfort, much depressed in spirit, overlooked because he was only one among a great number in like circumstances, he wandered to the woods. There, alone, giving vent to his distress, he was found by Mr. William Britton, an older student. The mature man became the boy's good Samaritan. From that hour Spencer loved and honoured his benefactor with a sincerity and constancy of regard that any worthy friend would consider a rich reward.

CHAPTER II

KANSAS AND OSAWATOMIE

In October, 1854, Mr. O. C. Brown removed from New York to eastern Kansas, which is within the bounds of the "Louisiana Purchase," the centennial of which the world is about to celebrate at St. Louis.

By the "Missouri Compromise," adopted in 1820, Missouri was admitted to the Union of States with a Constitution which permitted slavery, but slavery was forever to be barred out of all other States which should be formed north of the line 36° 30′—the latitude of the southern boundary of Missouri.

Notwithstanding this decision, which had stood for thirty years, when it became apparent that the free States were rapidly increasing in number, power, and influence in the Government, while the institution of slavery was operating to keep away from the Southern States the great majority of foreign immigrants (for poor white men are held in light esteem where slavery prevails); when it had become clear that only a multiplication of the number of slave-labour States could prevent the free-labour States from becoming supreme in the government of national affairs; when it

had come to be the belief of the statesmen of the South that the compact of 1820 interfered with the expansion of slavery and that even the acquisition of Texas, and other territory south of the above-mentioned line, including that obtained from Mexico, would not preserve the balance between the slave-holding and the free-labour States; they set themselves to bring about the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. They accomplished their purpose by the passage, in 1854, of the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," which "cut Nebraska in halves, styling the southern section Kansas and the northern Nebraska, and declared the doctrine that 'citizens of the United States peopling the Territories have plenary jurisdiction over all their domestic institutions.'" This legislation was adopted for no other reason than to make possible the introduction of slavery in even such States as thereafter should be organized north of latitude 36° 30′. Whether such Territories should become slave States or free States was to depend upon the vote of the majority within their bounds at the time of their admission to the Union. I shall not quarrel with the principle here announced further than to say that it annulled the covenant to which the South had agreed in 1820.

To make sure that at least one slave-labour State should come out of the Territory called Nebraska, Kansas was formed from that part adjacent to Missouri and not distant from Arkansas—two slave States.

It was presumed that the new Territory would be possessed by colonists from these commonwealths.

On the contrary, men from all parts of the country thronged to Kansas and began there that conflict of arms soon to be waged in more terrific form on a wider field.

Mr. O. C. Brown, with many other Northern citizens of the United States, saw, in 1854, or thought he saw, opportunity to better his own estate and at the same time help to enlarge the bounds of freedom by removing to Kansas. He went, in the first place, without his family. Concerning his passage to Kansas City he wrote: "My first trip from St. Louis was in October, on the 'Muddy Missouri,' on the steamer Sam Cloon. 'A right smart chance'[1] of emigration from all the New England, Middle, and Southern States was on the move for the new broad field so recently opened for settlement. By distinctive marks the sections of the country from which the different members of the motley crowd came could readily be identified. The Southerners looked upon the Northern people with jealous suspicion and listened intently to their frank talk about making Kansas a free State; but no hostility was shown—but little courtesy. The water was low and our trip was tedious. Among the lower deck emigrants the cholera appeared. I worked several hours over a Kentuckian with a large family, but he died

[1] Dialect of illiterate class in the Southern States.

and was laid upon the banks of the river in the darkness of the night. The boat grounded, and I went ashore, and for the first time saw negro slaves upon a tobacco plantation. I was greatly shocked to see the kennels where the poor fellows slept. Each kennel had a hole, or opening, two or three feet high, through which entrance was gained upon hands and knees.''

'' On the way up the river I became acquainted with Colonel Kersey Coates, of Philadelphia, now of Kansas City, Missouri, and with Martin F. Conway, of Baltimore, who took a prominent part in the early struggle. I also met Gaius Jenkins, of Lawrence, whom James H. Lane killed in a land-claim contest. He was a good and true Kansas man.''

From Kansas City, Missouri, Mr. Brown, Mr. William Chestnut, and other men from New York and Connecticut, entered the Territory of Kansas and went forty-five miles to a tongue of land that lies between the Pottawatomie Creek and the Marais des Cygnes River,[1] just above their junction. Here they arrived October 20, 1854, and here, under the auspices of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, Mr. Brown laid out the town of Osawatomie. This became the headquarters for the free-State men of the County of Lykins, organized the next year. In 1861 the name of the county was changed to Miami—very properly, for the district it included was long the land of the Miami

[1] Afterward named the Osage River.

Indians. The vicinity is desirable and beautiful. Along the streams are belts of woods half a mile in average width. Here grow the hackberry, pin-oak, cotton-wood, black-walnut, hickory, and sugar-maple trees. A fifth of the area of the country is fertile bottom-land, through which wind rivers and brooks. The upland is undulating. Good water is obtained by sinking wells. The geology of the county shows a poor quality of coal, in limestone and shale, in the southern part, and the upper carboniferous formation farther north. Here used to roam the mastodon and the elephant. From a stream near Osawatomie was taken part of a mastodon's jaw, including three great teeth. The elephant of that region must have weighed, when alive, twice as much as any that now roves in Asia or Africa.

A letter written from Kansas, by an emigrant, in May, 1855, mentions Osawatomie. "This place, a little over six months since, was the rendezvous of the deer and the wolf. Not a house was to be seen, not a living soul dwelt here. The settlers came. The treachery of one, the timidity and fears of others, the jealousy and misrepresentations of outsiders, and finally the disbanding of a whole party, broke not the spirit or purpose of one man [1] who had made up his mind to live between the two rivers. This pioneer, after the party had disbanded and gone, seven miles from the

[1] Mr. O. C. Brown.

nearest Indian stopping-place, . . . with no team, having only an axe, cut the first log, and made a claim, at dark, October 26, 1854. Thus commenced the history of Osawatomie. . . . Now how changed! The river banks are cut down to a good crossing; a regular, weekly, four-horse stage [coach] leaves here on Mondays for Kansas City, returning on Thursdays with the mail. A good store has been in operation for two months. A hotel and boarding-house have been opened, a blacksmith's shop built, a steam-mill is to be put up, two good frame-houses have been built and another one is in process of erection; several lots are fenced in with palings; people are coming and going by scores."

The name Osawatomie was given to the place by Spencer's father. He composed it from elements found in the names of the streams which there flow together.

"The town is on the south bank of the Osage River, forty miles south of the Kansas River, and sixteen from the west boundary of Missouri. On the south is Pottawatomie Creek, a considerable stream, some twenty miles in length, which receives tributaries that drain the high prairie in the southwest and empties the gathered waters into the Osage one mile below the town." "For three miles," adds Mr. Brown, "the Osage and Pottawatomie pursue their brotherly way on the different sides of the tongue of land already mentioned, in the close proximity of

about one mile. At one point they are so near as to shake hands by means of a belt of the scrub oak that skirts both streams. Beyond this the high prairie stretches towards the fork below the town. In a prairie country timber and water are a first necessity.'' These streams and their banks furnished an abundant supply of both. '' For picturesque beauty the country about Osawatomie is not excelled by any part of Kansas.'' '' The bottom-lands were broad, and rich in timber, affording shelter and food for the stock of the early settlers. In the streams were fish, and along the banks were ducks, turkeys, quail, and an occasional swan. The woods were alive with rabbits, and the upland was literally swarming with prairie-chickens.[1] Several deer gazed at our immigrants when first we crossed the Osage. South of the Pottawatomie the prairie rises gradually to high table-land skirted by a timbered cover.''

[1] A kind of grouse—the *Tympanuchus Americanus*.

CHAPTER III

STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH IN KANSAS

In 1854 the question which most profoundly interested students of political history in the United States concerned the issue of the struggle between the Free-Soil and Pro-Slavery parties in Kansas. East of that Territory lay Missouri, in the western part of which were fifty thousand slaves, worth, at a moderate valuation, twenty-five millions of dollars. The South bestirred itself to plant colonies in Kansas and Nebraska, and efforts were made to induce slave-holders to remove their human chattels, with their other personal property, to the new Territories. B. F. Stringfellow urged upon men prominent in the Government at Washington his opinion that two thousand slaves ought to be lodged in Kansas in order to make it, *de facto,* a slave State. Few owners of slaves, however, were willing to expose them to the hazards of such a venture.

In the free States, societies were formed to encourage anti-slavery men to emigrate to Kansas. The settlers were counselled to establish themselves perma-

nently in their new homes, and, if married, to take their families with them.

Had the rivalry of parties been limited to honest efforts to outnumber and outvote one another, all had been well; but Pro-Slavery men had no idea of accepting a decision to be reached in this way. Early in July, 1854, at a meeting held in West Port, Missouri, it was resolved, " That this association will, whenever called upon, hold itself in readiness to arrest and remove any and all emigrants who go there [1] under the auspices of the Northern Emigrant Aid Societies."

The struggle in Kansas began at the polls on November 3, 1854. Missourians invaded the Territory in great numbers, overpowered the colonists from the North, who had come in good faith to make permanent homes on the soil, and, having elected to the Territorial Legislature by illegal votes a majority of men subservient to the will of the Pro-Slavery party, returned to Missouri in triumph.

Mr. Brown, recording the incidents of this election, mentions that he set out from Osawatomie with a number of other settlers. " We met one hundred and fifty men," he writes, " mounted, armed, and officered, who had voted at ' Dutch Henry's Crossing ' early in the morning, and were now on their way back to Missouri, via Paola, where they voted in the afternoon! " That is to say, three hundred votes for members of the

[1] Into Kansas.

Legislature of Kansas were cast by one hundred and fifty men who, having their residence and citizenship in Missouri, had no legal right to vote in Kansas at all.

"The next day," continues Mr. Brown's testimony, "a protest signed by the legal voters was borne over the prairies forty-five miles, by the writer, to Governor Reeder—the first that reached him. The soft breezes were burdened with the Pro-Slavery men's curses against the Governor should he dare to withhold certificates from the members fraudulently elected to the Legislature." "These threats had reached him. At the Shawnee Mission he sat alone, calm, resolute, silent, with the knowledge that the Secretary of the Territory was in full sympathy with his sworn enemies." The Governor "received the protest with dignified reserve, which put me on my guard. He expressed doubts as to the regularity of its form, but assured the bearer that it should receive due consideration."

Mr. Brown hurried to Kansas City. Some of the "bolder and more experienced leaders" of the Free-State party had arrived there from Lawrence. These hastened to the Shawnee Mission to defend the person of the Governor—a Governor appointed, as was the Secretary, by the Administration at Washington; which, as dependent upon the votes of Southerners for continuance in power, was plastic to the will of the

South. So it came to pass that one governor after another who was expected to pursue in Kansas such a policy as would conciliate Pro-Slavery men, took, on the contrary, in fidelity to his oath and his duty, a course so manly as to give offence to the class of Southerners that in those days murdered Abolitionists, and burns negroes at the stake in our day. Courtly and chivalrous as the best people of the South were and are, slavery made the mass of the inhabitants of that part of our country less than humane. It was inevitable that this should be the case. Women, hardly less than men, were biased, as to their judgment of moral questions involved in the relations of the races to each other. Summary vengeance was to be wreaked upon offending black men. White men who openly showed their pity for the slave and their disapprobation of slavery were beyond the pale of mercy.

"Already," writes Mr. Brown, "sagacious guards were secreted at convenient stations near the Governor's room. A ruffian entered his office, but was promptly repulsed by the exhibition of a revolver which had lain under a newspaper on the office table."

"In the election, twice as many votes were cast as there were legal voters domiciled in the Territory." The Legislature constituted by this fraudulent election met at Lecompton and framed a Pro-Slavery Constitution. Representatives of the Free-State party convened at Topeka and prepared a Constitution hos-

tile to slavery. The latter was acceptable to a majority of the legal voters of Kansas. These commonly spoke of the Lecompton Assembly as the "Bogus Legislature," and of its enactments as "Bogus Laws." The Constitution devised at Lecompton was disowned by the Free-State citizens of the Territory and the statutes adopted there were set at defiance. But the Administration at Washington threw the weight of its influence in Kansas on the side of the Pro-Slavery party. United States marshals and the army enforced the iniquitous laws of the illegally chosen Legislature.

Lawrence, a town originally settled by a colony from New England and named in honour of Amos A. Lawrence, of Boston, was pre-eminent as the centre of Free-State influence. Early in its history, when only one hundred emigrants were settled on the town site, living in tents and busily engaged in building houses for their families, "Lawrence was visited by two hundred and fifty Missourians who camped near the canvas village and sent formal notification that the 'Abolitionists must leave the Territory, never more to return to it!' Time to leave was extended from 10 o'clock A.M. to 1 P.M. In the meantime the 'Yankees' organized themselves for defence. The ruffians, seeing this, stole back, in the night, to Missouri."

The Lecompton Assembly adopted an "Act" which forbade any one to entice slaves to run away

from their masters, affixing the penalty of death for transgression. Imprisonment for two years was to be the punishment for writing, printing, or publishing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in Kansas! This law was to take effect on the 15th day of September, 1855. On that day the Kansas Tribune, edited and published at Lawrence by John Speer, printed, on a full page of the newspaper, a challenge remarkable for the courageous expression of the spirit of freedom.

On the 21st of November, 1855, Charles W. Dow, "a peaceable Free-State man," was murdered by Franklin N. Coleman. Jacob Branson was rescued from a Sheriff Jones (who was carrying into execution the offensive statutes of the contemned Legislature) by a band of Free-State men "about equal in number to the Sheriff's posse." "Twelve hundred Pro-Slavery men," writes Mr. Brown, "most of them from Missouri, besieged Lawrence. Six hundred Free-State men, commanded by Governor Charles Robinson and James H. Lane, defended the place. Earthworks were thrown up and all preparations were made for a vigorous resistance. However, a truce was called and the Missourians returned to their homes." This was but the beginning of what was called "The Border Ruffian War."

It is not my purpose to review here the course of events, but only to convey a clear idea of the condition

of things in Kansas in the years during which that Territory was Spencer's home. The period was characterized by strife, midnight pillage and murder, and the burning and sacking of towns. Blood was shed on more than one field where battle was waged between hostile factions.

The Free-State party was not always in the right; but Pro-Slavery men began the war when they invaded the polls in Kansas, and they were responsible for shifting the contest from peaceful competition of ballots to bloody battles with bullets. Then, as afterward in the "Great Rebellion," they "sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

To Kansas came bad men from all parts of the country to seize the opportunity to ravage and rob. Their attachment to one party or the other could not sanctify them or justify their crimes. In the end the fierce exertions to make Kansas a slave State failed. Overwhelming numbers of Northern men poured into the field and secured the triumph of Free-State principles. Admitted to the Union in 1861, Kansas has become one of the brightest stars in the American constellation. Her significant seal bears the appropriate memento—

"AD ASTRA PER ASPERA."[1]

[1] "To the stars through difficulties."

CHAPTER IV

REMOVAL OF MR. BROWN'S FAMILY TO OSAWATOMIE

In the spring of 1855 the family of Mr. Brown joined him in the new home. Spencer kept a journal which was written in a cipher of his own invention. Concerning the journey from Utica, New York, to Kansas, he writes:

"Early in April, Mother, myself, Rockwell, Fanny and Freddy started for our Western home. In about ten days we all landed safely at Kansas City, in Missouri, where Father met us on the levee and took us to the house of Mrs. G——, upon the river bank, her husband being a merchant and the house being over the store. After seeing us well settled, Father and Rocky started, in a few days, for Osawatomie. I went about a week later. We all boarded at Mr. Cronkhite's."

In a letter written in January, 1863, Mr. C. H. Crane thus describes Osawatomie and the surrounding country as these appeared in March, 1855, a month before Spencer's arrival there: "Osawatomie *was not* —excepting as a paper town." There were "a few hewn logs piled one upon another, inclosing a load of groceries, covered with 'duck,' without door, floor,

window, roof, or ' chinking.' [1] From that point not a human habitation could be seen. John Surpel had a ' shanty ' on the Pottawatomie, three-fourths of a mile away."

" Mr. W. Chestnut had a cabin over the swell of the prairie, southwest one-half a mile. Morgan Cronkhite had an unfinished cabin one and one-half miles southwest in the Pottawatomie timber,[2] where Mr. Bishop now lives. Still, he entertained travelers in the attic, and stayed there himself. The first floor *was ground,* and was occupied by a horse. Mr. John Carr was in a cabin on the next quarter [3] west, with his wife and two children. . . . Mr. Adair was where he now lives. O. C. Brown had a cabin on the hill. *This constituted the suburbs of Osawatomie.* On that day, the 18th of March, 1855, all else was wild as the native Indian."

I presume that the boarding- and lodging-place of Mr. O. C. Brown and his sons, in May, 1855, was that same unfinished cabin of Morgan Cronkhite. Perhaps opportunity had been found to make room for the horse elsewhere, and to put a puncheon floor above the earth. An interesting fragment—a romance writ-

[1] *Chinking*—the mud or plaster that fills spaces between the logs of a log cabin.

[2] In America, *timber* means (often) standing woods; cut or sawn timber is called *lumber*.

[3] *Quarter section* of land, according to the United States survey.

ten by Spencer after he had lived a few years in Kansas—begins with paragraphs that must have been suggested by his own experience. The hero of his story, a young man, says:

"I never had a friend except my father. We moved out to Kansas and settled upon one hundred and sixty acres of land. All the fall and winter we laboured hard fencing a part of it, and in the spring broke and planted a few acres. We raised enough that year to support us through the winter and to get more land broken in the spring. All winter we were employed in building a log-house (using 'shakes' for the roof, which was held on, without nails, by long logs) and in splitting puncheons for the floor."

I return to Spencer's journal. "Mother remained in Kansas City until after the birth of my youngest sister, in May, at the house of Mrs. W——, a very kind-hearted lady whose husband was a merchant. Such was the rush of emigrants to Kansas, even at that early time, that all who had room had to open their doors to the crowds landing from every incoming boat. At this time Kansas City had less than one thousand inhabitants."

"While at the house of Mrs. Cronkhite, Rocky and I caught fish from the Osage, for which she gave us six cents a pound, by which we earned two dollars."

"While we were living here a man by the name of E—— got possession of Father's house on his claim,

giving him a great deal of trouble; but by aid of the settlers (who, *en masse,* gathered, and set the would-be ' jumper ' off the premises, carrying his wife out in her chair, while persistently she held to it, she being the moving spirit of the act) the house was regained about midsummer, and, Mother coming, we all gathered together in our log-cabin home."

CHAPTER V

THE YOUNG IMMIGRANT

When Spencer arrived in Osawatomie he was between twelve and thirteen years of age. He was tall, for his years, and slender, but well-formed. His hair was then light brown, and curled gracefully at the ends. He had fair complexion that showed immediately the flush of fatigue or emotion. His eyes were blue. In disposition he was affectionate. If "we refer to the heart the power of loving and the power of imagining,"[1] then we may say that Spencer had a large heart. We shall often observe, as we read his journal, that the boy was perpetually craving companionship and affection. His imagination was affluent. I have in my keeping hundreds of pages of fiction composed by him in Kansas. The form is fiction; the spirit is of the essence of truth—such truth as may be clearly discerned and luminously exhibited only by the light of a lively imagination. Adequate instruction and criticism would have qualified him to do brilliant work as an author—for he possessed original endowments which if so schooled would have fitted him for

[1] Rev. F. W. Robertson.

literary pursuits. He delighted in all things beautiful. The glories of the heavens and the earth entranced him. Although he was very sensitive, I do not think he was unusually vain, or self-conscious. He was observant and reticent. His sister "Kitty" (whom he sometimes addresses, in his correspondence, as Cornelia, sometimes as Cora) was at that time his chief confidant. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable. He liked play as well as other boys like it, but his best-loved recreation was to read. While he was in Kansas he made a list of books he had studied, which justifies the conclusion that his mind was unusually active and his literary appetite omnivorous.

He was not fit for life on a farm. More moral earnestness, clearer recognition of moral obligation than he then had, might have reconciled him to such a life; but his bent was towards literature. His occupations in Kansas were irksome to him. He was irritated not by the hardships but by the privations of his lot—especially by the forfeiture of opportunity to obtain a liberal education. In reflecting upon the vicissitudes of Mr. O. C. Brown's family at Osawatomie, I have been reminded of William Penn's Apostrophe to Pennsylvania:

"O Pennsylvania, what hast thou not cost me! About thirty thousand pounds more than I ever got for it, two hazardous and most fatiguing voyages, and my son's soul, almost!"

But the soul of Spencer Brown was not sacrificed. The lad's history illustrates the truth that it is good to bear the yoke in one's youth—but the wearer should not be allowed to feel that the yoke is galling him. Had Spencer been bound to a ranchman's life but a little longer, nothing but the loftiest Christian principle could have saved him from desperation. He was not tried above that which he was able to bear. He endured, perhaps not quite as submissively and graciously as he ought, until a way of escape was open to him.

CHAPTER VI

OLD JOHN BROWN

About the time of the coming of the family of Mr. O. C. Brown to Osawatomie, went, also, to that part of Kansas, Owen, Frederick, and Salmon Brown, sons of that John Brown of whom the soldiers of the armies of the Union used to sing, in the war against the rebellion,

> John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
> His soul is marching on!

These immigrants had the best teams and equipments that had reached the new settlement. "They came to stay," wrote Spencer's father, "and without unnecessary delay established their families on lands claimed under the pre-emption laws enacted by Congress. Their houses were eight miles above Osawatomie, on the Osage River. The men were surveyors, and laid out roads and made improvements with a view to permanent occupation. They were tall, intelligent, fine-looking men, much superior to even the better class of emigrants from the East. . . . As Osa-

watomie was the nearest point where there was mail delivery, and where a store could be found at which to trade, the new settlers were occasionally in the village.'' In May they were joined by their brothers, John and Jason, who '' brought with them fruit-trees and blooded stock.'' In November of that year came '' Old John Brown '' himself, with another son, Oliver, and a son-in-law, a Mr. Thompson, the husband of Ruth Brown, the eldest daughter. '' The old man travelled, under the guise of a surveyor, by ox-team. He went through Missouri, having with him a tent and a supply of arms. When he was questioned by Missourians he told them he was going into Kansas to survey lands for them and the Abolitionists to quarrel over.''

The life of the '' Hero of Harper's Ferry,'' as portrayed by Redpath, or by F. B. Sanborn, is familiar to many persons who will read these pages.

Brown was a descendant of the Puritans. Philosophers whose subject of study is the material universe accept the doctrine of the '' Conservation of Energy.'' The forms in which the energy resides may change, must change. The energy itself is constant. There is a moral energy, too, which is conserved from generation to generation. John Brown and his ancestry illustrate the theory of the propagation of moral forces.

The author of a history of The Harper's Ferry In-

surrection says of him: "He was a decided anti-slavery man, a religious enthusiast, a rigid Presbyterian, correct and conscientious in all his relations and conduct, and modest and unassuming in his manners. At the same time he was a man of iron will, of untiring energy, and of . . . nerve. All who knew him are impressed with the belief that he never knew fear, and that no man ever lived who excelled him in cool and daring intrepidity. . . . He was made the object of the most active persecutions of the Missourians. . . . One of his sons (Frederick) was met alone on the road by a large party of invading Missourians and brutally murdered without a cause. Another son (John) was, for no cause but his political opinions, loaded with chains and driven on foot before the horses of his captors from Osawatomie to Tecumseh. . . . The women of the family were grossly insulted. . . . His friends and neighbours were murdered around him. He was forced into a war of self-defence, and finally a price was publicly set on his head. The effect of these things, in connection with all the other outrage, oppression, and murder perpetrated around him, upon a man of Brown's temperament may be conceived. He became a fighting man and developed qualities that excited the admiration and surprise of his friends and made him the terror of his enemies. Though remorseless and relentless as death itself, he did everything under a sense of

duty and high religious excitement. The more fervent his prayers, the harder fell his blows.''

The above extract from the writings of one who knew John Brown personally, and who was familiar with the events which developed that side of his nature which is here described as remorseless, gives, I presume, a fair idea of the man.

Much has been said about his sanction of what has been called the '' Pottawatomie Massacre.'' I shall not attempt to justify the killing of Wilkinson, Sherman, and the Doyles. The case is one that we who sit in our peaceful homes, hundreds or thousands of miles from the strife, or who are separated more than forty years from the time of the conflict, are entirely unable to judge fairly. Nevertheless I must allude to this tragedy. Nobody who says anything about John Brown can lightly set it aside.

Sometimes the character of an act is to be discerned only when we approach it in chronological progress. Jason, a son of Old John Brown, reminds us that Dow, Barber, Johnston, Stuart, and R. P. Brown, Free-State men, were murdered by the Pro-Slavery party before the stroke fell upon the Doyles and others on the Pottawatomie. He also mentions a speech delivered in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1854—a year before any of John Brown's family had entered Kansas—a speech of the notorious Pro-Slavery leader, B. F. Stringfellow, who is reported to have said: '' I

tell you to mark every scoundrel among you who is in the least tainted with Abolitionism, or Free-Soilism, and exterminate him. Neither give nor take quarter from the —— rascals. . . . I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and the revolver. . . . It is enough that the slave-holding interest wills it—from which there is no appeal.'' Jason Brown then quotes from Phillip's Conquest of Kansas, to show the youth of our country that '' there is more than one side to be heard from.'' I record, as he gives it, nearly the whole passage.

'' On the 15th of January, 1856, an election was held for State officers and legislators, under the Topeka Constitution,[1] throughout the Territory. The Pro-Slavery Mayor of Leavenworth forbade an election being held there. But there was one man, . . . R. P. Brown, who determined to resist this tyranny, and on an adjournment of the polls to a neighbouring town went out there with a few friends to defend the rights of the freemen. The *Kickapoo Rangers,* a gang of Pro-Slavery men, marched out there also. A skirmish ensued, they were successfully resisted and driven back; but Captain R. P. Brown, on the following day, on returning home, was surrounded by an

[1] Drawn and adopted by Representatives of the Free-State voters, who really were a majority of the citizens of Kansas.

overwhelming force, and, at the earnest entreaty of his companions, although against his own judgment, surrendered, under a promise that their persons should be safe. The terms were violated. One young man was knocked down and a ruffian was going to strike him with his hatchet (the *Kickapoo Rangers* carried hatchets), but was prevented by the captain of the company. The prisoners were taken back to Eaton, but Brown was separated from them and put in an adjoining building."

"A rope was purchased at the store and was shown to the prisoners, with the intimation that they should be hanged with it. It was fiercely discussed for hours what should be done with them. Meanwhile, liquor was drunk freely, and they who were brutal without anything to make them more so became ungovernably fierce. Unwilling that all these men should be murdered, the captain allowed the other prisoners to escape. One of them hastened to Fort Leavenworth, in hopes of getting troops to go and rescue Brown; but it was a vain attempt. Protection was refused. Then followed a scene of atrocity and horror. Captain Brown had surrendered his arms and was helpless. His enemies, who dared not to face him the night before though they had a superior force, now crowded around him. When they began to strike him he arose to his feet and asked to be permitted to fight any one of them. He challenged them to pit him against

their best man; he would fight for his life. But not one of the cowards dared to give the prisoner a chance."

"Then he volunteered to fight two, and then three; but it was in vain. These men, or, rather, demons, rushed around Brown and literally hacked him to death with their hatchets. One of the Rangers . . . inflicted the fatal blow. A large hatchet-gash in the side of the head penetrated the skull. . . . The gallant Brown fell, and his remorseless enemies jumped on him, while he was thus prostrated, and kicked him. . . . As they kicked him he said, 'Don't abuse me; it is useless; I am dying.' . . . A few of their number, whom a little spark of conscience, or fear of punishment, had animated, raised the dying man, still groaning, and placing him on a wagon, his gaping wounds but poorly sheltered from the bitter cold of that winter day, drove him to the grocery, where they went through the farce of dressing his wounds; but, seeing the hopelessness of his case, took him home to his wife. The pulse of life was ebbing. She asked him what was the matter. . . . 'I have been murdered by a gang of cowards, in cold blood, without any cause,' he said; and as the poor wife stooped over the body of her gallant husband he expired."

After making this quotation, Jason Brown adds: "No notice was ever taken of these atrocious murders,

by the powers that were—never once did they interfere to preserve the purity of the ballot-box or the right of free speech. No attempt was ever made to bring these murderers to justice. . . . We were all marked (as well as many others) for the bullet and the dagger, and there was no alternative but to fight for our homes and lives, and for others."

It must be remembered that the disgraceful "Administration" of President Pierce was to such a degree controlled by the South that when Governor Reeder, himself an appointee of the President, vetoed acts of the Legislature elected in Kansas by fraud and violence, he was summarily removed from office.

"The one purpose of subjugating Kansas," said Mr. O. C. Brown, "was never lost sight of by the dominant party in the nation, the United States Government, with its military force, being the handy support of the leaders" in Kansas.

Mr. O. C. Brown, the founder of Osawatomie, was acquainted with all the men concerned in these feuds. His testimony is thoroughly credible and trustworthy. A part of it, which relates to the tragedy on the Pottawatomie, I give.

"Later came from St. Louis a German by the name of Wiener, who made a claim and opened a store between the Browns' and 'Dutch Henry's Crossing,' where lived Allen Wilkinson, the Doyles, and 'Dutch

Bill,' the drunken bully of the region.[1] . . . . ' Dutch Bill ' visited Mr. Wiener (who had peaceably pursued his own business) and sought a quarrel, which resulted in his being severely flogged. From this time ' Dutch Bill ' swore vengeance against the St. Louis German. This feud was talked of and well understood by the settlers for miles around, but no one could have believed it would result in such a tragic ending.''

'' In May the Missouri border was crossed by Sheriff Jones, of Westport, for another general raid upon Lawrence. Being in Kansas City, Missouri, I was urged to return to Osawatomie to send a protecting force to Lawrence. The city was full of men who were outfitting for the coming contest.''

''A small company, including the Browns, hastened to the beleaguered city. . . . During the absence of the Osawatomie company a meeting of Pro-Slavery men was held at the ' Dutch Henry Crossing,' when a vote of expulsion was taken against Mr. Wiener, and the Brown families, and Mr. Thompson, son-in-law of Old John Brown. Allen Wilkinson, the three Doyles, and ' Dutch Bill ' were appointed to carry out the threat. The message was delivered to Mr. Wiener, who, with the utmost despatch, bore it to the Free-State camp. It warned Wiener and all the Brown

[1] This " Dutch Bill " was the man commonly called " Sherman " in reports of the " Pottawatomie Massacre "—why, I cannot imagine.

families ' to leave the Territory by Sunday night, or die.' ''

'' The five men who had outlawed themselves by serving such a notice had no opportunity to carry out their threat. The Rev. Mr. Utter calls the men ' innocent citizens.' Of that let the reader judge.''

'' Now, as to the question who did the killing, it is generally asserted and believed that John Brown did not do it, but knew of it, approved it. In view of the facts, who had the greatest provocation to do such a deed? All of the parties suspected remained in the Territory except Mr. Wiener. The following spring I saw Mr. Wiener in St. Louis. He talked freely, but guardedly, of that event, asserting his participation in the killing, and said he was going into the Territory on business, but should not remain. He kept himself aloof from the crowd—which his personal safety required him to do.''

Having given what I believe to be a true outline of events which shed some light upon the mystery of the '' Pottawatomie Massacre,'' I leave the reader to form his own conclusions.

CHAPTER VII

THE LATER CAREER OF JOHN BROWN

Of John Brown's courage and soldierly efficiency no doubt has been expressed by friend or foe. In 1856 a force from Missouri invaded Kansas, determined to destroy several towns inhabited chiefly by Northern families, and to exterminate Free-Soil voters and warriors. This force was variously estimated at from two thousand to twenty-seven hundred men. In the Free-State force assembled to meet the enemy there were only about five hundred men. Governor Geary, with great difficulty, persuaded the Missourians to return to their homes. Because of the disparity of the two forces there was much rejoicing in the Northern States over Mr. Geary's success.

John Brown, on the other hand, was greatly vexed. The odds of five to one he counted as nothing. "What are five to one," said he, "when our men would be fighting for their wives, their children, their homes, and their liberties, against a party one-half of whom were mercenary vagabonds, and enlisted for a mere frolic, lured on by the whisky and the bacon, and a large portion of the others had gone under compulsion

of public opinion and proscription, and because they feared being denounced as Abolitionists if they refused."[1] He believed that the Free-State men had lost the opportunity to put an end to the struggle by one decisive stroke. On one occasion, when three hundred of the enemy rode from Franklin and made a demonstration against Lawrence, "Brown eagerly hurried out, with one hundred men, to give them fight on the open prairie; but the enemy retired, and declined the contest"—to the old man's disappointment and disgust.

The later history of John Brown is known to nearly all intelligent Americans. The family of a poor negro was about to be separated, part of it to be sold to planters in the distant South. The man fled from Missouri to Brown, by night, imploring assistance. John Brown determined to make a bold stroke that should at the same time rescue these slaves from their dreaded fate, free others, and teach Missourians that their continuance of war upon Kansas would imperil their ownership of slaves in all western Missouri. Dividing his followers into two parties, he crossed the border, and by that night's work liberated thirteen slaves and captured several white men. Returning then to Kansas, he released the captured Missourians.

Three weeks later he set out, with a detachment of

[1] From The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

his company, to escort the freedmen and their families to Canada. "The retreat from southern Kansas, and particularly the first stage of his journey from Osawatomie to Lawrence, was one of the boldest adventures of Brown.[1] With a price on his head; with but one white companion, himself an outcast; with twelve fugitives who had been advertised the world over; and with their property loaded into an odd-looking wagon drawn by the cattle taken from the slave-owner in Missouri, Brown pushed forward, in the dead of winter, regardless of warnings and threats, but relying on the mercy of God and on his own stout heart. His next and most dangerous stage was from Holton, in Jackson County, thirty miles north of Topeka, to the Nebraska border. At Holton he occupied the cabin of Albert Fuller, and went forth from there, with his Topeka reenforcements, to win the '*Battle of the Spurs.*'" In this encounter he made that capture of his pursuers concerning which Brown's biographers have romanced a little; saying, among other things, that he forced his prisoners to pray or be shot. As to this the truth, I presume, is given by Mr. Sanborn in this interesting and amusing story:

"One of the party captured was Dr. Hereford, a young physician from Atchison—a wild, rattling, devil-may-care kind of fellow, always ready for an adventure, but who really had nothing very bad in his

[1] B. F. Sanborn's Life of John Brown.

composition. Brown took him under his special care. One evening he called upon the Doctor to offer prayer.

" ' By ——! ' said the Doctor, ' I can't pray.'

" ' Did your mother ever teach you to pray? '

" ' Oh, yes; but that was a long time ago.'

" ' But you still remember the prayer she taught you,' said Brown.

" ' Yes.'

" ' Well, for lack of a better one say that;' and the Doctor repeated, before black and white comrades of the camp, that night, the rhyme—

" ' Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., to the amusement of his fellow-prisoners and others.''

" On his return home he related this, and said, with an oath, that John Brown was the best man he had ever met, and knew more about religion than any man. When asked whether Brown had ever treated them badly, or used harsh language while they were with him, he said ' No '—that they were all treated like gentlemen, had the same fare as the others; but it did go a little against the grain to eat with and be guarded by ' —— niggers.' ''

John Brown continued this work of emancipating slaves in Missouri until he engaged in a greater enterprise with similar purpose. To execute this he made the attack on Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. He was captured, tried for " Insurrection, Treason, and Murder," and was convicted and executed. He and his

few followers, bent on what seems to have been an insanely reckless invasion of Virginia, to free the slaves, were driven into the engine-house of the United States Armory, which, the next day, was stormed by United States marines. Of the seventeen white men engaged in this foray, ten were killed at Harper's Ferry, John Brown and one other were severely wounded and captured, four escaped (of whom three were sent away before the fight), and one was captured unhurt. Two of the killed were sons of John Brown.

Concerning his motives in the course he pursued in Kansas, Missouri, and Virginia, we have his own declaration, made while he was a wounded captive.

"How long have you been engaged in this business?" asked Mr. Vallandigham, a member of Congress.

"From the breaking out of the difficulties in Kansas," answered he.

"What was your object in coming?" inquired Mr. Mason.

"We came to free the slaves, and only that."

To the question, "How do you justify your acts?" Mr. Brown replied, "I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right in any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly."

" I understand that," said Mr. Mason.

" I think I did right," continued John Brown, " and that others will do right who interfere with you, at any time, and at all times. I hold that the Golden Rule, ' Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty."

" But you don't believe in the Bible! " broke in Lieutenant Stuart.

" Certainly I do," answered John Brown.

Later in this interview he said to the men of Virginia, " You had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for. The sooner you *are* prepared the better. You may dispose of me very easily; I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean—the end of that is not yet."

To a kinsman who was a minister of the gospel he wrote, from the jail in which he lay awaiting execution, a very remarkable letter, in which he expressed his firm conviction that God would make his defeat and death the means of forwarding the work he had so much at heart. After declaring his belief that his disaster at Harper's Ferry resulted from his own mistake in yielding to his feelings of humanity, and leaving his proper place to mingle with his prisoners and quiet

their fears, he asserts, "I firmly believe that God reigns and that he overrules all things in the best possible manner; and in that view of the subject I try to be in some degree reconciled to my own weaknesses and follies even. If you were here on the spot and could be with me by day and by night, and know the facts and how my time is spent here, I think you would find much to reconcile your own mind to the ignominious death I am about to suffer, and to mitigate your sorrow."

"I am, to say the least, quite cheeerful. 'He shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines.' This was said of a poor erring servant, many years ago; and for many years I have felt that God had given me powers and faculties, unworthy as I was, that he intended to use for a similar purpose. This *most unmerited honour* he has seen fit to bestow, and whether, like the same poor frail man to whom I allude, my death may not be of vastly more value than my life, is, I think, quite beyond all human foresight. I really have strong hopes that, notwithstanding all my many sins, I, too, may yet die in faith. If you do not believe I had a murderous intention (while I know I had not) why grieve so terribly on my account? The scaffold has but few terrors for me. God has often covered my head in the day of battle, and granted me, many times, deliverances that were almost so miraculous that I can scarce realize their truth, and now, when it seems quite certain that he intends to use me in a

different way, shall I not most cheerfully go? I may be deceived, but I humbly trust that he will not forsake me till 'I have showed his favour to this generation and his strength to every one that is to come.'"

His execution took place at Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia, December 2, 1859.

A man who was acquainted with John Brown gives this estimate of his character: "Wherever he lived he soon acquired the reputation of a man of the sternest integrity of character. In Kansas he was the great, living test of principle in our politicians. The more corrupt the man, the more he denounced 'Old Brown.' It was a true compliment to be praised or to be recognised by him as a friend; for even in his social dealings he would have no connection with any man of unprincipled or unworthy character."

"In his camp he permitted no profanity. No man of loose morals was suffered to stay there—unless, indeed, as prisoner of war. 'I would rather have the small-pox, yellow-fever, and cholera, all together, in my camp, than a man without principle.' This he said to the present writer when speaking of some ruffianly recruits whom a well-known leader had recently introduced. 'It's a mistake, sir, . . . that our people make when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the fit men to oppose these demagogues. Give me men of good principles, God-fearing men, men who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them I will

oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians.' ''

'' His whole character is portrayed in these words. He was a Puritan in the Cromwellian sense of the word. He trusted in God and kept his powder dry.''

'' Prayers were offered up in his camp every morning and evening. His manner, though conveying the idea of a stern and self-sustaining man, was yet gentle and courteous, and marked by frequent and decided manifestations of kindness; and by his friends it is said of him that, amid all his provocations, he never perpetrated an act of wanton or unnecessary cruelty. He was scrupulously honest, moral, and temperate, and never gave utterance to a boast.''

Mr. O. C. Brown, who knew him well, adds his testimony, first describing John Brown's personal appearance. It '' was that of a gentleman of the old school. He was tall, erect, not portly, not slim; had broad shoulders, a well-proportioned, good-sized head; heavy hair, iron-gray silvering to white, stiff, and bristling back from the forehead, and of good length behind; long, graceful, well-formed ears, which were set close to the head; a model face, adorned with Roman nose; gray eyes, with piercing vision, but very mild and gentle in expression, and canopied by heavy, dark brows; a long, clean, white beard—which embellished as fine a head, I think, as ever crowned the shoulders of a man. As to dress, it is enough to say I cannot re-

member anything about it. In address and manners he was courteous, listening to you patiently and replying in a pleasant but brief and decided manner. He never minced matters in giving expression to unpopular truth, God's word and the Declaration of Independence being sufficient authority with him. He let the results take care of themselves. He believed it always safe to do right. All wrongful legislation, all oppressive laws, must be resisted. Under the ' Bogus Laws ' the tax-collector came. A public meeting was called in Osawatomie, and the stern old man showed his mettle, proposing resolutions similar to those of the fathers of the Revolution against the tea-tax."

"After a full advocacy (Brown leading a very earnest discussion) the resolutions were passed. For this, he, the writer, and several others were indicted, arrested and imprisoned. By those who acted with him he was held in reverence for his strict religious life, good common sense, general kindliness, and humanity to his enemies. He would allow no needless destruction of property of even his worst foes. In doing what he regarded as his duty he knew no fear. I saw him frequently, at my own house, in the public meeting, recruiting and leading men for the defence of Lawrence, and in battle at Lawrence, and was much impressed by his courage and his trust in men and in God."

This man was Spencer's most distinguished Kansas

neighbour and acquaintance. No doubt his character and history helped to mould the principles of the boy, who, in his turn, died for that great nation the very existence of which God made to depend upon its proclamation of liberty throughout all the land. The citizens of the United States of this generation need to give heed to the lessons taught by convulsions and warfare that only the old men of the country can remember. As God is God and truth is truth, there will be another reckoning-day for the land if, in theory and practice, it aims at becoming only "a white man's country."

Aready, while he was in Kansas, John Brown seemed to hear the trumpet of destiny calling him to his death for the cause of the bondmen, and to believe that his surrender of his own life would bear some peculiar relation to the disenthralment of millions.

Could he have heard, prophetically, the great and conquering armies of the Republic in the very heart of the Southern Confederacy singing in mighty chorus that stirring battle-song which seemed to bring down every citadel of slavery, the old hero would have rejoiced with unspeakable joy, and would have gone to his death—just as he did go—believing that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and doeth all things well.

On Sunday, April 2, 1865, the capital of the rebellious Confederacy was wrapped in flames that made the heavens, as I looked upon them at midnight, red as

the blood drawn by the slave-holders' lash. The next morning as the hosts of the Federal Union poured through the streets of Petersburg and Richmond they sang with resounding emphasis—

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

At Osawatomie the reader may see a costly monument which was erected in 1877 to the memory of Old John Brown.

CHAPTER VIII

TOIL AND TURMOIL

THERE was no school in Osawatomie when Spencer arrived there. Boys would be occupied, part of the time, breaking the soil and putting in the seed. Days would be given to splitting rails and hewing logs for cabins. This employment would take the workers into the timber that fringed the meadow-lands along the rivers. There Spencer's ear would be thrilled, occasionally, by the versatile powers of the mocking-bird. In the hot days of August the Texas cardinal, or his kinsman, the red-bird of Virginia, the Louisiana tanager, and the indigo-bird would flash like brilliants from thicket to thicket. The humming-bird, minute and rainbow tinted, would dart from flower to flower. In May the wild grape would perfume the air, and the voice of the turtle-dove was heard in the land. Eastern Kansas is so related both to the cooler North and to the great forests of Missouri and Arkansas as to encourage the birds in a migration as heterogeneous as that of the human beings who seek homes within her borders.

In autumn the boys would find recreation shooting

prairie-chickens or wild turkeys, or would be seen angling for jack-salmon, perch, and catfish of different species. Tradition is positive that a blue catfish (*Ictalurus furcatus*), caught in Kansas in 1856, weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and that the aid of a steamboat tow-line and a yoke of oxen was required to land it. But that catch was not made in the Osage River. However, there were plenty of black bass in that stream, and Spencer and his brother had rare sport capturing this king of the finny tribes of fresh water.

At home the children did not forget the simple and refining recreations of their earlier years. In 1856 a piano lent accompaniment to the music of sweet voices. The perils through which it passed on its journey, the scrutiny it underwent, its safe arrival in Osawatomie, and, finally, its destruction, will be mentioned in due order. For a time it added its charm to the love-song, and led the hymns of the morning and evening family worship and of the "cottage prayer-meeting." Books were imported from the East to this dwelling on the prairie, and time was found to read and study them.

Young people would get together and enjoy the various parlour games and amusements known in the distant and diverse parts of the United States and of Europe from which they had emigrated. It is even rumoured that, as a lady of Lancaster could become

enamoured of a gallant of the house of York, so Missourians and New Englanders could together measure love-tape, play Copenhagen, or prove the fascination of the cushion dance.

However, life in Osawatomie was not a holiday. The men and women of that day had more than enough both of work and of anxiety. Adversity soon cast its shadow over the whole Territory. Violence and war soon dispersed families and disappointed the hopes that had lured so many thousands to the fertile West. The children had to share the sorrows and privations of their parents. Very early they had bitter experience of misfortune. I will try to let those who were actors in the history of the epoch tell their own tale.

Osawatomie was growing rapidly. General S. C. Pomeroy was agent of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, under the auspices of which the village was founded. To him and to Mr. O. C. Brown it appeared desirable to have a steam saw-mill there, to provide lumber for the houses of settlers. In November, 1855, Mr. Brown went to St. Louis to procure a boiler for this mill. He prolonged his eastward journey to Boston.

"My . . . trip," he writes, "was down the Missouri River. . . . The water was low. . . . Being sick I was put ashore at Hill's Landing. Here I saw, as at other places also, mounted men, armed, and organizing for the invasion of Kansas and the at-

tack upon Lawrence which followed. In the hotels and stores the excitement ran high, Kansas being the common theme; and Abolitionists were declared the fit objects of Southerners' shot-guns. The prisons were drawn upon for recruits."

" . . . Having spent the winter in Boston, New York city, and towns in New York State,[1] I returned by the first boat, March 4, 1856. In the East the country had been thoroughly aroused by the Southern methods of carrying out Douglas's Bill for the settlement of the question of Freedom or Slavery. Plainly the intent of the South was to carry slavery into the Territory at all hazards. Large numbers from North and South rushed to the theatre of action—from the North, mainly good and true men, singly and with families, to make permanent homes; from the South, chiefly desperadoes, armed and under orders, the first companies of which, under Buford, landing in Kansas City in large numbers (a desperate-looking set of men) were so poor as to require help for subsistence. A large number of these afterward camped on the other side of the Pottawatomie, near Osawatomie. Other companies from the South followed. A steady stream of emigration flowed to Kansas this spring and summer from the Eastern and Middle States, intent on making Kansas the 'Home of the Free.' "

While Mr. Brown was making New York city his

[1] Endeavouring to recruit the ranks of Free-State men in Kansas.

headquarters he went with Mr. Eli Thayer, of the Emigrant Aid Society, to attend a meeting held in the lecture-room of Mr. Beecher's church in behalf of Kansas. Of this he says:

"A good audience of substantial citizens was addressed by Mr. Beecher, who, in the boldest manner, advised the use of Sharpe's rifles. The South had become very pious, counselling the Free-State people to use only their Bibles. This was hardly in keeping with the open murders committed in Kansas under the hypocritical rallying cry of 'Law and Order' which was in every rascal's mouth. We had come to know the true value of Southern ideas of right and wrong. Beecher was considered sound on the subject of personal rights. How to put the guns into Kansas—that was the question."

"It seems that a Mr. Hoyt, with more courage than wisdom, undertook personal attendance upon two boxes of Sharpe's rifles. He told me, in St. Louis, that he had this mission. Dressed in a way to simulate a United States soldier, he shipped the guns to Kansas City, Missouri—the natural landing-place of freight destined for the Territory; but Fort Leavenworth, thirty miles farther up the river, was the military station of the Government. He left a letter on his table, in his state-room, written to Eastern friends, in which he more than hinted at the object of his trip to Kansas. The 'fire-eaters,' in his absence, stole the letter, and

a fearful scene followed. To the whole crowd of passengers in the saloon of the steamboat the letter was read. Hoyt was confronted, denounced, condemned, outlawed, and but for his bold front he would, doubtless, have been despatched on the spot. Silent, not a muscle or nerve quivering, with heavy revolvers in his belt and a huge knife pending, resolved to die game (as the leaders on the other side well understood), he looked his foes squarely in the eye. No one dared draw an iron. His courage stood him well. He was equal to the occasion. His back to the casements, he was enough for the crowd. The guns were confiscated. The roughs at the next landing-place would be enough for Hoyt. The telegraph had notified Lexington of the affair. In the meantime the captain referred the question of the steamboat's liability for the guns to a Kansas Pro-Slavery lawyer, who gave it as his opinion that the boat could be held for the value of the guns—the law of Missouri being that any boat could be tied up at any landing for indebtedness.''

'' This legal opinion raised the wrath of the ' fire-eaters.' Hoyt had raised a one-sided storm, the lawyer a two-sided tornado. He was arraigned, condemned, read out of the party, and his name was to be published in all the leading newspapers of Kansas and Missouri as unworthy of the confidence of Southern people. The short calm that followed the reading of these resolutions gave the lawyer an opportunity to speak in self-

defence. Protesting that he had been unjustly assailed for giving a legal opinion, as an attorney, to a man who was entitled to a true and candid answer, he went on in a masterly manner to let them know who he was and what he had done; said he was the son of a slaveholder in Baltimore; came to Kansas, as a Democrat true to the interests of the South (in proof of which he mentioned that, as a member of the Legislature, he had helped enact the Kansas Code, and was now returning from Baltimore, where he had spent the winter getting the code printed). 'And now,' he asked, rising to a pitch of intense scorn and indignation, pointing his finger contemptuously at a Doctor Porter, of Independence, Missouri (who had been the most boisterous and furious in the attack), and speaking with the bitterest sarcasm, 'on what meat hath this, our Cæsar, fed, that he hath grown so great?'

"'Do you mean me, sir?'"

"'If the coat fits you, put it on.'"

"Like two furies they fought; Porter, tall and agile; the lawyer, rather short, and weighted by his overcoat. He was too much for the doctor, but the bystanders would trip him up as fast as he worsted Porter, who, getting desperate, called for his weapons, which had dropped from his belt. Then the captain came and pulled the lawyer off from the 'Great Cæsar.' Him others seized, and soon all was still. The lookers-on, *excepting one,* were silent. A touch

of humour caused *him* to whisper to a Chicago man ' Kilkenny cats! ' The Chicago man (whom I met in Washington afterward, and who told me he was a detective) withdrew to the other side of the saloon, and I went into my state-room and read Fox's Book of Martyrs, which I chanced to have along.''

'' Now, there were two great offenders of the slave-demon on the boat, and Lexington was near at hand. The son of General Kearney, a prominent Westport merchant, was on board. He was a Southerner in principles, but manly and respectable. Having opportunity to speak a few words to him, outside, when he was alone, I set forth the peril of the situation; the excitement that would follow Hoyt's death, should he be killed on this the first boat; the damage to business, etc., etc. Promptly he said, ' I'll stop it! ' Soon he mounted upon a chair in the saloon and made a speech, giving several strong reasons why they, as ' Law and Order men,' should see to it that nothing violent should be done on the first boat. ' Now, I move you that we rescind all those resolutions, pledge our word and honour that every passenger be protected and safely landed at his place of destination, and that we give bonds for the guns, to indemnify the boat.' This was carried unanimously. A general hand-shaking love-feast and free treats followed. Suffice it to say, the breech-slides of the guns had been sent overland. The guns were paid for.''

" As we approached Lexington, I stole an opportunity to speak a word to Kearney.

" ' How are you to get past that landing? '

" ' When the boat is nearing the dock, and the passengers rush to that side, the captain will slip Hoyt out of the back-door of his state-room and run him up into the *texas* '—the extreme upper part of the pilot-house, the captain's quarters, where no one dared intrude without orders."

" The crowd of roughs came on board, pouring into every nook and corner of the boat; but with all possible despatch the boat swung off, and proceeded up the river. Hoyt and the other Kansas men were landed at Kansas City, without further trouble then; but Hoyt was murdered by Georgians, who encamped on the Wakarusa River, about four miles from Lawrence, in the latter part of August.

" Few men escaped who were doomed by the ' Demon of Slavery.' "

CHAPTER IX

AN EVENTFUL YEAR

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX was a year of great excitement in Kansas. The destruction of Lawrence; the burning of Osawatomie; the putting into the field of the Free-State force of one thousand men (headquarters of Lawrence); the plundering and murdering of defenceless settlers by roving bands of freebooters; the closing of the rivers against Free-State men; the cutting off of supplies of food and aid of friends; the robbing of the United States mails (one with more than three hundred letters for Osawatomie being captured); the disarming of part of the people; the flight of families from their insecure or desolate homes; the aggravation of all these distresses by fever and ague, which laid in their beds at least some members of nearly every family; the poverty of the people—all these events and circumstances spread misery and desolation on every hand.

While Mr. O. C. Brown was spending the winter in the East, doing what he could to arouse the people to more earnest and adequate exertions to secure the

triumph of freedom in Kansas, Mrs. Brown and their children in the new home in that Territory were often disturbed by alarming rumours and happenings. On December 16, 1855, she wrote to her husband a letter which will give some idea of the condition of things in her own household at Osawatomie and in the neighbourhood of Lawrence.

"I had nearly come to the conclusion that we were to have no further communication during your long absence, as it seemed to be prophesied here that any letter directed to you would be prevented. Mr. Oliver goes to New York to-morrow, and that gives me an opportunity to send directly and safely to you. I suppose you have received a letter I wrote you, directed to Utica. I sent it by Mr. S——, who said he would endeavour to see you.

"He came here a week ago last Friday. That day and Saturday were two of the most trying I ever passed. About nine o'clock little Holbrook called and said he was going, with some others, to Lawrence. In a short time a gentleman knocked at the door. He was admitted, and complained of being sick,[1] and took some peppermint; said he was from Leavenworth, had ridden all night, was very cold and much afraid. He said he met the young men and they told him we were from

[1] In America the word *sick* retains the meaning it had when the King James translation of the Bible was made. In England the significance has been changed and limited.

New York. Consequently he called here to rest himself. After satisfying himself that we were all right he said he had deceived us; that he had just come from Lawrence, and had escaped through the guards surrounding that town, riding all night in fear of pursuit, with two men as guides, who were to take back his horse. He said his coat was loaded with important papers. (We have since learned that he was one of the fifteen proscribed men sent out of Lawrence for safety.) He said he was brother to Mrs. P. K., and wished, if he should be taken, that I would inform her of his being here. He was very much alarmed and excited.

" The children spoke, and said some armed Indians were coming up on horseback. Mr. S—— flew into our room, telling us to hide his overcoat, which he threw off, and, pulling out his revolver, said he was sick, and asked to get into the empty bed in our room. So, while Mr. S—— and his revolver were going to bed, I went to the door, all trembling, to attend the newcomers. They looked very hard, and seemed half Indian and but half human. They asked me, ' Is the man here that came on that horse? ' pointing to a horse tied at the corner of the house. As I had not seen the horse before, I hesitated a little, but looked earnestly, then replied, ' Oh! I have not seen that horse before. He must be somewhere about. Have you looked round, back of the house, or towards the woods? '

" They were going to see, when Mr. S——, looking from the window, hailed them as his guides and friends. They all went down to Mr. Geer's to dinner, and (I suppose seeing black Henry) Mr. S—— began to fear, and so carried the idea to the people there that he was Pro-Slavery (not much to his credit). So, more frightened than ever, he came back here and wanted us to get him to Colonel Moore's,[1] about eight miles, saying we should be handsomely recompensed. Brennan[2] came home about this time and I asked him to drive Mr. S—— to Colonel Moore's, and return that evening or in the morning. He said he had just concluded to go to Lawrence with some other volunteers. Mr. S—— said, ' Then he must go to Lawrence,' and asked, ' Why cannot Spencer go? ' I said he was sick. K—— was up and dressed, and he invited her to go along. It was a pleasant afternoon, and, after some hesitation, thinking it a favorable opportunity for the children to make a valuable acquaintance, and that perhaps the ride would be beneficial to K——, I consented to their going, to return next morning.

" The next day was a terrible, windy day, and it was tea-time before they returned. Judge how I felt! And judge of the rejoicing in this house on their safe return!

[1] Colonel Eli Moore was Indian agent, under President Pierce's Administration, at Miami.

[2] Mr. Brown's hired man.

"Not knowing the short route, they travelled twenty miles to get there and twenty back again.

"They had a very pleasant time at Colonel Moore's (his son and daughter being now at home), but a hard ride. It did them much good, upon the whole, diverting their minds. Mr. S—— procured a guide to take him to some starting point, and was bound to Washington with his papers. For two or three days the children seemed to have recovered from their chills—but that was all. They now continue to have them, three or four chills a day. C——, Spencer, Fanny, and Freddy have them. I have had a very hard cold, with chills, hoarseness, and so forth. Between sickness and apprehension, I am not much to be envied. Yesterday was the election for the Constitution. Cranston and Barker go to Lawrence as delegates, and to elect State officers.

"Did you hear of Mr. Pomeroy being taken prisoner, and being detained in the enemy's camp five days, three miles from Lawrence? I was in great fear for some days, and felt greatly relieved when that Lawrence affair was settled."

Having returned to Osawatomie, Mr. Brown, in March, 1856, wrote in better spirits than he would have indulged could he have foreseen the history of the next six months.

"Our cause daily brightens. Let them curse! God reigns, and right will rule. Let the 'Border Ruffians'

rage, and the Missourians imagine a vain thing! The 'Yankees' are not the pusillanimous creatures they had supposed from seeing the poor white men of the slave States. Let us have more men (settlers and their families), and money to aid in paying expenses of our Free-State movements, and mills to cut lumber for houses, and in two years we will defy Missouri and F. Pierce in the bargain. But to do this the North must stand up for us and never flinch, always holding herself ready to avenge wrongs and aid in fighting our battles. Let the North know that the Southerners, accustomed to ride rough-shod over humanity's dearest rights, care no more for law, and for personal and property rights, than so many Arabs do. If their course is continued they must be flogged into better behaviour. Their position over a few poor blacks makes them really believe that they are the only portion of mankind worthy of consideration, and that all others are mere hirelings, fit only to do their bidding."

About the same time he wrote, "The piano arrived, 22d inst., at Kansas City, on the Genoa, and the inclosed letter will show you what the 'Border Ruffians' are 'up to' just now. Each boat gets overhauled by the 'Law and Order' Committee of Lexington." This was an allusion to an incident as annoying at the time as it was amusing to the Browns afterward. "The great box which contained the piano for Spencer's sister awakened, as it went by steamboat

up the Missouri River, the suspicions of Southerners. ' More Sharpe's rifles! ' The box must be opened. It was landed on the levee at Kansas City. A great crowd looked on in breathless silence. The top of the box was violently removed. The men surged towards the centre to get a peep. A piano! Nothing more! The lid of the instrument was raised. Only the keys and wires of harmony appeared. No rifles, no pistols, no cutlasses, or bowie-knives. The voice of one of the leaders broke the silence—' Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' The piano was allowed to go forward to its destination. Because of its history the famous John Brown said that if it belonged to him one thousand dollars should not buy it.''

Mr. Brown refers, in a letter, to the determination of the Free-State men to resist the execution of laws enacted by the so-called '' Legislature '' elected by the votes of Missourian invaders.

'' We have a call out for a mass-meeting here on Wednesday, to unite in open defiance and resistance to the attempt now making to assess and collect taxes under the ' Border Ruffian Laws.' We are a unit. This is the first gentle breeze put in motion in central Kansas towards subjecting us to the yoke. May the earthquake swallow us after the tornado hath blasted us if we submit to this fiendish enactment! ''

The Pro-Slavery leaders were striking with a sledge-hammer the cap of a percussion bomb-shell!

They struck, and struck again. When the explosion came those who wielded the hammer were entirely destroyed.

Kansas was much disturbed throughout this year by incursions of banditti and by camps of Southerners. Some magnanimous and really chivalrous gentlemen allowed themselves to be so influenced by the prevailing sentiment of the communities in which they lived that they joined the invading forces and crossed the border with bodies of armed men who were bent on lawless and murderous work. The soil was open to all the world for settlement. No one disputed the right of Southern men to immigrate to Kansas. Only their attempts to rule the elections by arms and violence, or through importation of illegal voters, are to be condemned. As we have seen, men who were in no sense citizens of Kansas took possession of the polls and elected a legislature which, having no constitutional or legal existence, must have been disowned whatever laws it had passed. It enacted some statutes that were oppressive, others that took away from the citizens of the Territory privileges guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States. The settlers would tolerate no such tyranny. Their battle for their rights was long, and finally victorious; but much hardship, much injury, they had yet to endure after Mr. Brown wrote those defiant sentences.

On June 6, 1856, Osawatomie was sacked at mid-

day. Much valuable property was carried off. The town was the third in size in Kansas, so rapidly had it grown. The invaders approached Mr. Brown's house. He was sick in bed. Spencer ran to his father's room with the tidings. Fortunately a few settlers had armed themselves for the defence of their property. Their gleaming guns warned the enemy of danger, and the house of Mr. Brown was left unentered; but every other house in the neighbourhood was plundered. The stores were robbed. A printing-press, with a copy of the Osawatomie Herald just "set up," was demolished.

After this raid all was alarm. Men stood guard at night. "Weapons were kept conveniently near the sleeper." Horses, saddled and bridled, were hitched to doors and windows, for the double purpose of being out of the way of prowling thieves and of standing ready "to be mounted by their owners in case of surprise or attack. Surmises of outrage, reports of invasion, the discharge of musketry, the shouts of threatening men, and the barking and howling of dogs, filled the night with excitement and forebodings of evil."

CHAPTER X

LEAVES FROM SPENCER'S JOURNAL

Boys, or young men, soon become habituated to the excitements and dangers of such a life as Spencer and his brother must have led that summer. In the war to subdue the great rebellion (1861–65) it was observed that those whose faces blanched at the first sight of but one man slain in battle would soon walk among thousands of the killed and wounded with apparent insensibility. Their feelings were not seared; they were only under control. Soldiers cannot afford to expend emotion and vital force in mourning for every fallen companion. The will represses the feelings, or absolutely controls them. To suffer on each occasion as keenly as at first, in sympathy for the wounded or sorrow for the dead, would unfit a man for military service. He must employ the anæsthetic power of a strong will. It behooves him, as a soldier, to deny indulgence to thoughts and emotions which just then have no useful office to fulfil. To allow them full exercise would interfere with rigorous performance of the duty of the hour. He does not accustom himself to the thought of carnage; he simply refuses to

admit that thought. He cannot afford the wear and tear of its unseasonable obtrusion. My knowledge of these truths comes through experience. No doubt multitudes of soldiers would attest its accuracy.

No historian could register events that took place thousands of years ago more calmly than Spencer writes about tragedies that fell under his own eye. Let no one imagine that the boy's sensibilities were blunted; they were only wisely schooled.

" Then came the war in Kansas, so well known to every one," runs the " journal." " In May the ' Pottawatomie Massacre ' took place. The attack on Lawrence, and the sacking of Osawatomie on the 6th of June followed. On the morning of August 30th, Rocky, Brennan, and I were getting breakfast. Father was in Lawrence. Mother and the other children had gone to the East [1] because of the war. Our house was occupied by some young men set for the defence of the town. I was setting the table, Rock was cutting the beefsteak, and Brennan was attending to the fire and coffee, when, hearing a shot and looking out, he hollowed—' Spencer, the Missourians are coming! '

" I immediately ran to the door, and seeing them I called to Rock. Brennan began to search for his arms, and I, seizing my hat, started for town. My first plan was to go down and look at the safe in Father's office and then go over the river. I ran as fast as I could,

[1] Utica, New York.

and met, or rather overtook, Holmes at the foot of the hill. My desire was to inform the people. The first house I came to was Lake's. They were eating breakfast. Hearing the news his wife began to cry. I then met Mr. Merritt, who said the enemy were forming on the hill and numbered about two hundred—but I afterward learned there were nearly four hundred. Finding the office locked, I got into the window and saw the safe was all right. Got a rifle belonging to my cousin, W., and hid it in a cornfield. Just then the battle commenced and I jumped upon a pile of logs to see the fight. I did not look long, but soon went to the ' Block-House ' and asked if they wanted a gun. They told me to bring it along, which I did, running as fast as possible, as I had to go very close to the Missourians. When I got back to the ' Block-House ' all the men left it and went down to the woods, and I with them. I separated from them and went to the house of Mr. Sears, who was in the fight.

" Finding a horse tied near the house, I brought it and helped his wife to go over the river out of the dangers of the battle. After getting her trunks out, into the bushes, I went back to where they were fighting. I mixed freely among the Missourians, talking, until a man named Taggart, who knew me, took me prisoner. I will acknowledge my blood grew cold when he told me to follow him. I did not say anything, however. He took me to a house where they had four-

teen other prisoners. They afterward took four others, Dutch Charley, Fuller, Reynolds, and Thomas. Soon they began to question me—wanted to know how many Free-State men there were, and if I was ' Old John Brown's son.' I told them I did not know how many Free-State men there were—thought about fifty at the most, but doubted if there were as many. They told me that I lied—that there were two hundred and fifty. I said that I was *not* Captain Brown's son. Then I heard the word given to burn the town, which made a very hot fire.

" After that they loaded the wagon with the goods plundered from the houses. One of them ordered me to put the chairs on the wagon, which I did not do, whereupon he came running at me with his bayonet, cursing, and threatening to ' stick ' me if I did not do it. I remember that two of the prisoners had chills, so they asked and got permission to stand on the sunny side of the house. Several of the Missourians were very badly wounded. On their retreat from the town they stopped at our house, which they plundered and then burnt. . . . They attempted to get out the piano, but in the excitement, and the heat of the rapidly spreading flames, they were compelled to drop it in the doorway. Two partly burnt legs and the iron frame, only, remained to tell the story of its end. Here I noticed one of the wounded enemy shot in the mouth, and another had been shot through the lungs.

The few Free-State men, under the cover of the timber, led by Captain Brown, had an excellent chance to use their Sharpe's rifles upon the enemy, who came down the hill in half-moon shape and closed in upon the boys in their hidden position.

"All this time I was without shoes or stockings. They allowed me, before the burning, to get from the house some things. I met a man with my violin, which I got from him, but not without some trouble. I found two or three suits of clothes and underwear, as they had just come from the washerwoman, and I got a pair of moccasins. One man gave me my fish-hook and line, another my saddle, which I could not take. I walked out to the road, where I saw a man take our horse. They made me ride her a little way. There was a fire raging in one of the chambers when I first reached home, and soon all was in a blaze. After I had ridden a little way, they put me in a wagon, but I soon gave it up to a sick man for the horse, which I continued to ride the rest of the way—nearly forty miles. I had nothing to eat that day until late in the afternoon, when we stopped and got a little dinner. All this time I had been in charge of a man named John Hancock, from Howard County, Missouri.

"After that, we left the road and cut across the prairie. Between there and camp, Martin White and his brother overtook us. I heard the old man tell how

he murdered poor Fred Brown,[1] whose dead body I saw lying alongside of the road. Poor Fred! His grave is only marked by a plain board. William Garrison was murdered at the same time. When we got within four or five miles of the camp, a man came to hurry us up, as General Lane had drawn up his men to fight, near the camp; so after that we rode at full speed. Once, when very tired, and out of breath by riding so hard, I poked my hat so that it sat lightly on my head, and the wind blew it off; so my guard had to stop and get it, and I got a chance to breathe. When we got close to camp he said I could get off and stop there if I would promise not to run away; but I preferred to go on. When we got to camp he went out to fight, and I got a piece of bread—which was very tough. That night I slept, or tried to sleep, in a tent with ten or twelve men.

"I said that Lane had drawn up his men to fight. So when I got to camp all was commotion. The Missourians had formed their men, in number twelve hundred, under the command of General McLean, with six cannon to resist two hundred and fifty Free-State men. There was no fighting, however, on account, probably, of each waiting for the other to commence. The Missouri picket-guards were troubled very much by the Free-State men shooting them in the night.

[1] One of the sons of "Old John Brown."

" The next morning, which was Sunday, August 31st, I was arrested, by daylight, and taken to the tent where the rest of the prisoners were, and put under the charge of twelve armed men, with the observation, ' Look out for him: he's sharp as a thorn! ' So much of a reputation had I acquired. Seated in a tent, on the ground, trying to keep warm, I had my first opportunity for reflection. No room to stand up or lie down—nothing to do but to sit, and hardly room for that, my feet soaking wet—for I had nothing but moccasins on. After the sun had risen a little, the guard marched the prisoners in single file to headquarters. While in the tent we were continually teased by the Missourians with such expressions as ' —— —— Abolitionists! ' and the like. When we were before the officers' tent, Colonel A——, of Lexington, came to us, and spoke to me. He said I was very young to be in such a place, and then asked my name. I told him, and he said, ' Spencer, if you will be a good boy and obey your father and mother, and obey the laws, I will let you go home.' I said nothing. He again repeated it. Still I said nothing. He then took me to the officers' tent and told General McLean to make me out a passport. While he was writing it somebody came and spoke to Colonel A——, who then spoke to General McLean, and then came and spoke to me and said there were men who did not like my being set free and were waiting to shoot me when I left camp,

and that I had better wait and go with him to West Port.

"When Colonel A—— had told me I could go home I turned to the prisoners and asked if they had any word to send home. Those were the last words I had a chance to speak to them, and I was obliged to bear the disappointment as best I could. Then came breakfast, I eating with the officers in their tent, while the rest of the prisoners ate after the negroes, who were slaves belonging to Majors and Russell, the great Western freighters.

"After breakfast, while I was sitting in the officers' tent, Joseph A——, the colonel's son and member of the Kansas Bogus Legislature, brought a knife-basket of Mother's, which had two sets of knives in it when taken away from our house, but only one now; and a music-book belonging to my Aunt Mary Crane. But for some reason I could never bring myself to think much of A——, in spite of all he did for me. While we were sitting in the officers' tent that Sunday morning, one of the officers wanted me to play on the violin, and pressed me to, very much. However, I did not choose to gratify him, because, first, I could not play very well; besides which I did not feel much like gratifying him *then*. However, he excused me himself, by saying that he knew it was Sunday. I am ashamed to say I had totally forgotten that it was Sunday.

"After an early dinner the whole camp was in mo-

tion, preparatory to breaking up for Missouri. I was placed in a wagon with a wounded man by the name of Cline, and my business was to support his leg, which was broken in the shin by a Sharpe's rifle-ball. You may be sure that it was no pleasant job. I had to carry a man's wounded leg fifteen miles. I should not like to do it again. On the way, we were followed by Lane, who burned a house near to where the camp was before, at the head of Bull Creek, on the Santa Fé road. The Missourians camped that night on Cedar Creek, which they said was fifteen miles from Bull Creek. They butchered some of John Brown's cattle, and part of them at the other camp.

"Early the next morning 'Dutch Charley'[1] was murdered by Coleman, the murderer of Dow. From the first, after being taken prisoner at the battle, at Osawatomie, he felt a conviction that they would kill him. He told one of his fellow-prisoners that he knew Coleman was determined to take his life. It was a cold-blooded and premeditated murder. The officers, especially General McLean, exculpated the savage from any blame in the matter. That morning, while I was sitting in the surgeons' tent (I had been placed in their care), Doctor K—— asked me if I would go down with him to his farm and stay with him for twelve months and study either law or medicine. I passed that off, and joked, and made no answer. Some of the surgeons

[1] Charles Kaisér.

afterward advised me to go, and said the Doctor was rich and had some pretty daughters. A little while afterward he again made the same offer, and I, remembering the fate of ' Dutch Charley,' and seeing that the Doctor was serious, accepted it, with the condition that any time Father wrote for me to come home I should be allowed to go.

" That day they broke up camp and moved to Indian Creek—thirteen miles. Crowds deserted daily, whole companies of one hundred and more leaving at once. Doctor K—— said he should leave in the morning. That day General McLean said he had an opportunity to send a letter to Lawrence and I could write if I wished, on condition that I should say nothing about their numbers, etc.—which I promised. I am not sure whether it was McLean or A—— that said this. I wrote the following note, insisting, however, that he should read it, because, if anything should happen, no blame could then be laid to that letter—all of which he thought to be right and proper.

" ' Dear Father: I write this to ease your mind of any apprehension you might have on my account. I was taken in town. As I passed by our house I saw it burned, and the piano in it. I was allowed to take what I wanted in the shape of clothing. I am as well treated as I should be under your own care. There is

nothing to fear on my account. Brennan, Whit,[1] and Rock are safe. So is Uncle Charley—and his family.

" ' No more until I write again.

" ' Your affectionate son,

" ' SPENCER.'

" ' September 2d, 1856.'

" Early in the morning Doctor K—— put my things in the wagon of a man named P——. My things consisted of my violin; half of a double harness, excepting the collar; a music-book belonging to my Aunt Mary Crane; one set of knives and forks, and basket, of Mother's; and a few clothes. That P—— totally disgusted me with tobacco and bad whisky before I arrived at West Port. Doctor K——, in the meantime, went to Little Santa Fé. When we arrived at West Port, A—— was making a speech on the subject of Brown's taking McKinney's train. At the conclusion of this speech he named the ninth day of the month for another gathering.

" There I was taunted by the boys in the street with ' —— Yankee! ' and the like. At this time all West Port was apprehending an attack from ' Jim Lane,' who sent word to the people of West Port and Kansas City that he would come and take breakfast with them some fine morning.

[1] A cousin of Spencer.

" This alarmed them very much, and so they set guards and pickets to watch out for the enemy, who was busy in other directions and wished those in West Port and Kansas City to stay at home while he punished Lecompton.

" ' The wicked flee when no man pursueth! '

" Here P—— had a horse that wanted shoeing, so he took him to the blacksmith's shop, ordering me to follow. When we got there, it being a very warm day, he stood and brushed the flies from the horse, and made me do the same; which thing will fix my remembrance of him. Doctor K—— always calls him my friend P——. While I sat in the wagon at West Port, I, having no stockings, asked a man to get me a couple of pairs, and gave him the money. I had nearly six dollars. He soon brought me the stockings, and gave me back the money; neither would he take any pay. I afterward learned that it was Lieutenant Bledsoe, of Lexington, Missouri. After remaining some time, P—— started on for Missouri. On the way he was continually drinking whisky and chewing tobacco, until he became positively disgusting. He would make me drive, and tried to make me sing.

" When about two miles out, we met Doctor K——, and P—— turned back with him to West Port, of course taking me with him. While there Doctor K——, finding my dislike of P—— so great, offered me a horse to ride with him if I chose, which offer I gladly accept-

ed. So we dragged out an old saddle from the recesses of that wagon and put it on the old white mare called ' Puss,' and I gladly mounted. That night we stopped about six miles from West Port and sixteen miles from Doctor K——'s. In this house (of one of Doctor K——'s friends) we had comfortable lodging, I sleeping with Doctor K——.

" In the morning we started in good season. On the way, speaking of the ' Fugitive Slave Law ' I said it was contrary to the Bible. He asserted that I was mistaken—neither had I the means of proving it to him then. Afterward, while I was in Utica, I wrote, and sent him the following:

" ' Deuteronomy xxiii. 15. " Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates where it liketh him best; thou shalt not oppress him." '

" I remember, on the way, coming to a melon field. Doctor K—— stopped, and dismounting we got all the melons we could eat. We passed through Chapel Hill, where a man wanted me to go into the grocery and provision business with him, I to act in the capacity of clerk—which I declined. Here, at my solicitation, Doctor K—— bought me a pair of very good shoes. Chapel Hill was but a few miles from his house.

" We arrived at Hazel Glen, the Doctor's place,

about twilight, or dusk. Mrs. K—— came out to meet him, crying, but I never could find out why.''

Of the Doctor, Spencer elsewhere tells us that '' He was short in stature and quiet, yet loving his joke and blessed with a keen-thinking mind; and withal a good lawyer and physician.''

With what naïveté the boy's comments are put down!

Such reflections as he condescends to whisper to his cipher journal give great significance to the words of the sagacious guard—'' Look out for him. He's sharp as a thorn.'' His silence means more than another boy's speech. How curious and wise was his manner of receiving Colonel A——'s overtures! '' I said nothing. He again repeated it. Still I said nothing.'' No words could have been as golden as that discreet and strong silence. Of his conduct on the journey, his father tells us that '' The little fourteen-year-old captive excited much interest among the better class of Missourians, and, very naturally, they engaged him in conversation, plying him with questions which he disposed of so readily and wisely as to cause them chagrin and mortification; when some of them were rude to him. Afterward he would say to such as wished to talk, ' If I am to talk as a boy you will say, later in the argument, Shut up, boy! So if you want me to talk it must be as a man.' After this he was better treated.''

But wise as the boy was, he could not tell why that lady was in tears. O Spencer, if you had returned to your home in safety, after the anxiety and suspense endured by your wife and mother and sister in 1863, you would not have wondered to see tears raining from the eyes of all the women that loved you.

Spencer could not comprehend, in 1856, the emotions of the devoted wife of a man whose life had been exposed to the risks of battle.

CHAPTER XI

CAPTIVITY SWEETENED

All that I have to impart as to this portion of Spencer's life the reader shall learn as I learned it—from the boy's journal.

He is writing now about Doctor K——'s home in the country. Hazel Glen was in Lafayette County, Missouri. "The house," the journal tells us, "was in the midst of a lawn of blue-grass so thick and soft as to feel like feathers under your feet. This lawn was thick with honey-locust and thorn-trees, which had been set out, and with hickory-trees growing wild, with nuts nearly ripe. It seemed like an ideal dreamy home which I have so often wished for. Hazel Glen, I often think of you! How I wandered round the house into the garden, like one in a dream! Ah! no one knows the emotions I felt in being led a prisoner to Missouri, and the pleasant surprise of such a charming resting-place and home after the weary days of suspense, privation, and loneliness—to say nothing of the insults of the unthinking crowd. But these are no longer thought of—not even that I was a prisoner, carried by the destroyer of my home more than a hundred

miles into a hostile country—for a single glance of a dear girl, whose name fills my heart with a thousand tender memories, more than compensates for all. Dear Mary!

"We sat down to supper alone, the Doctor and I, all the others having had their tea. We were served by two little negro boys, Harry and Oliver, little imps, not only of darkness but of mischief. I also saw two long brushes[1] made of peacock-feathers hanging against the wall. I certainly ought not to forget to mention the cook, Avina. She was very black and fat, and her flesh fairly quivered all over her when she laughed, which happened neither few times nor far between. Friday, September 7th, Colonel Boone, of West Port, sent the letter I wrote Father from camp, accompanied by the following of his own:

"'MR. O. C. BROWN—SIR:

"'I inclose the letter from your son. I saw and conversed with him in camp. He is very well, and is now at Lexington with Colonel O. A——, who will take good care of him. I asked the staff to let me have him, but they thought he would be safer from insult there than here. I saw an Indian, to-day, from Paola, who said your other son, perhaps the younger one, was much distressed about you and his brother. I sent him word that his brother was safe and well, and for the

[1] Used in America to keep the flies away from the table.

citizens to send him to me and I would take good care of him and send him to his mother, or keep him until I had orders from you. As a number of persons, I understand, will leave there next week for the East, it is possible they may bring him in. If so, I will write you immediately, as I am sure you will be uneasy about him. Should he come, I will do all I can to make him happy, and so will my father. Your son saved the likeness of his grandfather, which General McLean found in the things of one of the soldiers.

"'Be pleased to hear from you.'

"'Respectfully,

"'A. G. Boone.'"

I must here break in upon Spencer's journal to call attention to the expression this letter gives to the spirit of that large class of gentlemen, who, however attached to the horrible institution of slavery, and in some ways perverted by it, were, morally and socially, at the other extreme from that ruffianly element of Southern people which we have had too much occasion to observe in our review of the history of Kansas. I have myself seen too many Southerners of this noble kind, have received from them too much kindness, enjoyed too often their generous hospitality, witnessed in too many cases the fruits of Christian faith and charity in their lives, to miss this fitting opportunity to discriminate between them and the vulgar horde which simply carries to

logical conclusions the false premises on which alone slavery can stand. Those premises lead to contempt for the African; to denial of his rights, social and political; to theories which contradict all republican principles; and to the lawlessness and violence which have ever been a manifestation of the malice engendered by false adjustments of the races.

All over the South there have always been great numbers of men and women whose principles and characters were formed under the instruction of the Divine Teacher. If their interpretation of the Scriptures, on points that bore upon the "Peculiar Institution" of their part of the United States, was wrested, to accord with their social and commercial interests, we need not wonder. Illustrations of this kind of juggling with the Bible are not wanting in the history of the Northern States—may be found, also, I presume to suggest, in many pages of the proceedings of the British Parliament, and even in the records of rudimentary work of Scotch and English missionary societies. Human nature has in it so much of evil that any institution which denies that "A man's a man, for a' that" (as caste did in India, as slavery did in America), is sure to prove a hot-house for the rapid germination and growth of every noxious seed of selfishness and cruelty.

It is a joy to turn from the spectacle of wild beasts and gladiators in Kansas to come face to face with the

gentleman who wrote that letter to Spencer's father, and to allow one's thoughts to share the sweet and simple pleasures of Doctor K——'s family at Hazel Glen.

The journal includes, next, a copy of a letter written by the boy to his mother. Part of this I omit. Describing the position of Doctor K——'s home, Spencer says it is "in Lafayette County, within fifteen miles of Lexington, on the Missouri River." He then writes, "As I said before, I have no desire to leave now. Any time I wish, a good horse is at my service, to go anywhere I choose to ride; and Doctor K—— (for that is my host's name) says he would trust me with the best horse he has, to go even to Lexington. This he told a person, a friend of his, who came to see him, and said there would be a fuss made about keeping me, by my father in particular and the rest of the anti-slavery world in general.

"You can imagine the rest of my treatment, as I tell you a part. I sit at the table, two out of three meals, to the exclusion of the Doctor's children. I have no lack of employments, as there are plenty of books in the house which I have always wanted but never had the opportunity to read. Besides, when these fail, there is either a shot-gun or a rifle and plenty of ammunition, besides my violin, and plenty of nuts and apples; and a young lady to court! This, however, I should not do except as a last resort!

" The Doctor has a fine, brick, two-story house, and a large farm of over two thousand acres, worked by about twenty negroes. You must direct your letters to me to the care of Doctor James K——, Lexington Missouri.

" Rocky and Aunt Mary were not taken prisoners, or harmed. Pa is safe in Lawrence. . . . You must have no thought of coming back to the Territory. I am, at present, as safe as I possibly could be. Give yourself no anxiety about me. Then, ' to wind up de conclusion wid de end,'[1] read the Third Epistle of John, 13th and 14th verses. I will give you a fuller account of what has happened next time. Write nothing in your letters now that will not bear reading by others.

" From your affectionate son,

" S. K. B.

" This letter was published in Buffalo. I received the following from my mother in reply:

" ' Buffalo, September 18, 1856.

" ' My Darling Child:

" ' I received your letter of September 9th. . . . I was very glad to hear from you, as we all were. I am glad to hear you are well, and hope you will behave with so much propriety that you will secure many

[1] Negro dialect.

friends wherever you are. Cornelia is at Miss Kelly's school, in Utica, and I very much wish you were with me here. Can you not come to Chicago, and, finding your Uncle Horton, at 124 La Salle Street, remain there until you can inform me? Will you tell your friend, the Doctor, that I very much desire this?

" ' I have not heard from Rockwell, and am feeling very anxious about him.

" ' We are much amused with your description of the manner of passing your time. You must find some choice books to interest you so much. . . . They all send love to you. If you remain where you are, long, write to me often, and believe me, you are not forgotten. To God I commend you, my dear child.

" ' YOUR MOTHER.'

" Some two weeks after this I wrote another and longer letter home. The first three weeks I passed in reading several select novels—such as 'Rienzi, the Last of the Romans,' ' The Last Days of Pompeii,' etc. During the day, I was with Bella K——, in the morning, and reading in the afternoon. Occasionally I would play checkers or backgammon with Mollie in the evening. The first three weeks, Mollie, Perry, and two others of the children went to Mr. Taylor's school —so then I was almost alone in the house. Doctor K—— gave me permission to use either his rifle or shot-gun; but, although I travelled through the woods

a great deal, I never even got a shot. Of course no game. Time passed slowly until, at last, vacation came, and Mollie and Perry were at home and had some company.

"'Twas then I became interested in that girl, and began to appreciate her good qualities. The more I think of her the more I love her. When I first entered the house, I have said how I felt when Mollie was the first to say, 'Do, Ma, send Perry out to ask him to come in; he looks so sad.'

"Checkers and backgammon were only an excuse to look at and speak with her. I remember one night I got a 'wish-bone' and broke it with her, I getting the longest part. When she had gone out of the room, I got up and put it over the door, black 'Vina' watching me all the time. I soon called Mollie in, and she came, perfectly unconscious of any joke. 'Vina' began to laugh, and we both began to tease Mollie, and she was much vexed. In a few minutes I went upstairs and began to read, and she commenced helping 'Vina' to wash dishes. 'Vina' was joking Mollie, when I heard her suddenly say, 'If he comes down stairs I will box his ears!' Therewith I was seized with a desire to know whether she would be as good as her word; so I dropped my book and went downstairs, through the room where they were, and into the kitchen. I stayed there a few minutes, and then opened the door to go into the dining-room, when Mol-

lie suddenly hit me a slap in the face that fairly blinded me. I did not say a word, but went right upstairs and then to bed. The next morning she inquired if I was hurt. I thought the more of her for that blow.

" We used to go out and gather walnuts simply to talk together. One afternoon we picked evergreens and had great fun in staining each other's faces and hands. I remember, in a letter, even Mrs. K—— joked me about it.

" The first Sunday I went to ' meeting ' I saw Mary T——, and asked to be introduced to her. I was not deceived in my opinion of her at first sight.

" Early in October I received my first and only letter from Father, accompanied by a note from Colonel A—— giving his permission to my return home, and asking me to visit him at his place in Lexington. This was the time of the great ' Fair ' in Lexington; so I put what few things I had into one part of Doctor K——'s saddle-bags, and was soon ready. Perry went with me on horseback, and Mollie and Belle in the buggy with Doctor K——. It was a raw, cold morning, and horseback riding did not seem very pleasant. When we went, Mrs. K—— came out to the gate and shook hands with me and kissed me. Why should I blush to say it? Mrs. K—— was a good woman and one that I could have chosen to be my mother.

"And now for my experience at Lexington. The day being raw and cold, we were glad to reach town in the afternoon. Having reached the Fair Grounds, we stopped on the south side, and Doctor K—— gave Perry and myself some money to get us some dinner. I sat with Mollie most of the afternoon. That evening, the hotel being crowded, Perry and myself took lodgings at Colonel A——'s. The next morning I went to the Fair again, where I met Mary T—— and her friend, Miss A——. In the evening, at the Colonel's, Miss Kate played the piano, which so reminded me of home as to sadden my heart. . . . I concluded to go up-town and see Mollie. I excused myself and started off, and stopped at Walton's Hotel, where the K——s were. Mrs. K—— asked me to go with Mollie and Perry to the 'Baptist Tea Party,' giving six shillings to pay our fare and to spend. Everybody went promenading, so I followed suit; spent the evening rather pleasantly, and went to the hotel, where I stayed a little while and talked with Mollie, and went back to Colonel A——'s deeper in love than ever. The remembrance of those hours is very pleasant to me now.

"The next day, at the Fair, as usual; but spent the afternoon shopping. Bought a penknife and pocket-book for Mollie. At the hotel again in the evening, with Mollie. Heard some very fine music, the guitar, violin, and piano, together. In the course of the even-

ing Mollie said they (the K——s) were going home the next day. I then presented her with the pocket-book and knife. She said nothing, but her eyes looked thanks. That look was something more than thanks. It was love—glorious, soul-thrilling love.

" 'Twas late when I went home that evening. The next day I went to the Fair in a hack with the A——s. Sat with Mollie all the morning. Oh! those looks she gave me! I shall always remember them. I took the pocket-book and wrote words on a piece of paper, which I put in the pocket-book and gave it to her. Can you guess what they were? ' I love you.' I told her to read what I had written when she was alone, and think of me. Another look! She said nothing.

" Doctor K—— left at noon and I said good-bye to all. I kissed my hand to Mollie as we were going out of the gate, and I saw them no more.

" October 5th, that evening, I spent at the hotel with Mary T——, and heard some music. The next day I got things to go home, or, rather, to Utica. I spent the afternoon at the hotel with Mary T——, who endeared herself to me very much in those few days—as a friend, I mean. At that time she made me a present of a book called ' Young Man's Sunday Book,' which I still have. Sunday I went to meeting with Mary. I asked her to write to me and tell me about Mollie, which she promised to do.

"At one o'clock that night I went on board the

William Campbell, a steamer bound for St. Louis. I went to bed on board the boat, kissed the ring that Mollie gave me, and went to sleep.

" I arrived in St. Louis in the evening of the fourteenth. I went to Barnum's Hotel, registered my name, took a room, and went to bed. Rose early, . . . and bought a ticket for Chicago by the Illinois Central Railroad. Got some breakfast and took a boat for Alton, and reached Chicago late that night. When within a few miles of town I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who kindly, on our arrival, went with me to Uncle Horton's house—otherwise I should have been obliged to go to a hotel. The next day Uncle Crane came. He had been lecturing, out in the country, on Kansas. I was very kindly received here, and made many valuable acquaintances of persons who knew Father and took a deep interest in questions relating to Kansas. In the afternoon I went with my uncles to the ' Great Northwest Democratic Rally.' [1] The spirit of the meeting seemed to be that Democracy and Slavery were twin brothers and Liberty a poor relation. In the evening I went to a Fremont meeting [Republican party] and heard some splendid singing. Heard Senator John P. Hale, Theodore Parker, and others, speak. With them equal rights for all was the great idea. Sunday afternoon I heard Fred Douglas,

[1] A meeting of men of the so-called Democratic party, the candidate of which for the Presidency was James Buchanan.

the black man, lecture. . . . Sunday evening I started for Utica by the Lake Shore route, arriving early Tuesday morning.''

The remainder of this year Spencer passed among friends and relatives in the State of New York.

CHAPTER XII

MR. BROWN'S COMMENTS ON CONDITIONS IN KANSAS

On September 2, 1856, Mr. O. C. Brown wrote from Lawrence to his mother and sister, who were in Utica, New York, all he had been able to learn about the sacking of Osawatomie and the captivity of Spencer.

"Our worst fears are being realized. Kansas is the scene of bloody strife. Murder, house-burning, and pillage are the order of the day. Missouri has poured into our border two thousand armed men whose purpose is to starve out Free-State settlers and destroy their homes and utterly rout us from the soil. Our people are in arms, fighting as best they can, and fully determined to conquer or die. Indeed no other alternative is left us. It is fight or starve—for adhesion to the 'Bogus Laws' never will be given. Many of our people are prisoners, and some, we have reason to believe, have been cruelly murdered. Several of the fortified posts of the Georgians, who were stealing and murdering, were broken up by our people. . . . Routed from their strongholds, . . . they broke for Missouri, . . . and then, with Atchison and Stringfellow, they make the seventh invasion of this

fair land in less than two years. . . . Leavenworth is shut out from us, the United States mails stopped, several of our people are held as prisoners.

" Five hundred [of the enemy] go on to Lecompton and are now burning houses and crops of Free-State men about that place. Several were burned last night, others the night before. From West Port twelve [1] hundred march out upon the Santa Fé road, and so down to Osawatomie, and burn and pillage that town, after a heroic resistance by a few noble fellows who killed and wounded thirty-seven of the invaders. Another band of seventy-five go on to Ottawa Jones's (an educated Indian, with a white wife) and burn his house, he barely getting away in his night-clothes. Escaping their bullets, he ran four miles to a neighbour's for protection. His wife left the house, with their treasure, five hundred dollars in gold. Of this they robbed her, when she sat down and saw her house burn while the cowards galloped off. Jones is a peaceable man, but has the sin of being Free State. They took a sick man from the house, beat him to death, as they supposed, and threw him into the creek; but he was found and saved. This party next appeared at Prairie City.

" Here some ten or fifteen men routed them, when they joined the main force at Bull Creek. Learning

[1] Less than four hundred of these went to Osawatomie. See Spencer's journal, p. 50.

all this, the Free-State forces, two hundred and fifty strong, left town at about nine or ten Saturday morning, and, by forced march of thirty-five miles, the cavalry approached the enemy just at dark. Finding them in so large numbers, our cavalry fell back for the infantry to come up. The next day they gave the foe a chance to fight, but he had taken a hasty leave. Getting some provisions, the force returned and are now preparing for another branch of the 'chivalry.' If they stand fight there will be a good chance for them to be flogged.

"*Friday.* Our forces surround Lecompton, having charged the invaders from near Clark's into the town. When all is ready to whip them the United States troops step in and another treaty is made, and Woodson[1] gives up fourteen prisoners. . . .

"At Osawatomie the 'Ruffians' took a lad, Spencer Brown, and, it is said, have sent him down the river. Shall not write his mother about it by this mail. . . . I am to-day utterly stripped of everything but the clothes on my back. And not the first dollar! But I do not despair. God and Free Kansas! My all is burned and stolen but my claim."[2]

To Mrs. Brown he wrote:

[1] Pro-Slavery Secretary of Kansas, appointed by President Pierce.

[2] "*Claim.*" The quarter section of lands he had taken, upon which his house had stood.

"My Dear Wife:

"Osawatomie is all in ashes. The boys are safe, but our house is burned and the safe broken and robbed. Three Free-State men were killed, and there were three wagon-loads of killed and wounded among the Pro-Slavery men. It was a desperate fight between thirty or forty Free-State men and three hundred Missourians. The whole country is now one scene of fighting, plunder, robbery, and murder. Nearly one thousand Free-State men are in the field and giving the 'Border Ruffians' fight where they can find them. . . . A company of cavalry go down to Osawatomie in the morning, to bring up the families still there. . . . I have been sick, but am better. I have not a dollar in money. I shall stay here now. The United States troops will all be here to-morrow with the prisoners. No man can get out of the Territory now. It is fight or die, with many of us. . . . A nobler set of fellows never graced a cause, never were gathered in an army. You see boys of sixteen and men of eighty carrying guns, camping upon the prairie, and living upon melons and green corn, making forced marches by day and night. One hundred and fifty have left this evening to make a forced march to save Topeka. They will, probably, have a fight on the way, as the Lecompton Pro-Slavery forces, five hundred strong, are camped near the road. But they fear nothing—their cause is just, their wrongs unnumbered. But

enough! I am glad you are away from these scenes of strife and blood. I hope to see the boys in a day or two. . . . Love to all. When Hoyt left his friends, just before he was murdered, he remarked (it was in the prospect of a shower), ' The thunder meets my ear.' A sad farewell.

"YOUR HUSBAND."

A week later he wrote to his wife, " Yesterday a grand battle was to have been fought. Some six hundred ' Border Ruffians ' were encamped four miles out of Lecompton. Our army, with General Lane at its head, marched for them at 8 A.M. They fled, as usual, going to Lecompton, around which place were four hundred United States troops. Our army surrounded the town, cannon were all planted—could have knocked them all to ' kingdom come '—when Woodson [1] sends up a white flag, gets the troops to interfere. So another ' treaty ' is made. Colonel Cook agrees to disperse the whole invading army, force open the road to Leavenworth, and give up all our prisoners.[2] We give nothing. Dayton, Gardner, Doctor Avery, . . . and lots of others, are there, taken at Leavenworth. At Leavenworth they are driving the Free-State settlers all out, pressing some of the men into their service, and the women are fleeing—to the woods,

[1] Pro-Slavery Secretary of Kansas, under President Pierce.

[2] Free-State men, in the hands of the invaders.

to the fort, and down the river in boats. Several men have been shot this week. One came in at five this morning who was shot twenty miles from here. They supposed him dead; but he crawled away, and in two nights and two and a half days he found his way here, through the woods. His face was black with powder and his jaw was broken.

"The power of the enemy in the Territory is broken for the present. And yet nothing secures us permanent peace but to break the power of the Missourians. If the States do not do that, we might as well leave.

"West Port is expecting an attack, and will, probably, be demolished before the thing is settled.[1] . . . Several hundred more of our friends from the North are expected here in a day or two." . . .

It was inexpedient to build again while the country was in the disturbed state described in these letters. As soon as it was possible to get away, Mr. Brown visited the ruins of his home at Osawatomie, found his son Rockwell and took him to Lawrence, and then set out to join his family in the State of New York. Leavenworth was the only point at which it was safe to embark for the East. "The boat bore a sad company." Many "were leaving their earthly all behind," and "some had lost near relatives who had

[1] After Quantrill's murderous raid on Lawrence, West Port was depopulated, as was all the western border of Missouri for forty miles from the Kansas line.

fallen in defence of the cause of freedom." It was the " Silent Passage," the refugees remaining in their rooms most of the time. " We were in the enemy's country," wrote Mr. Brown, " and dared not speak the name of Kansas."

CHAPTER XIII

FREEDOM'S RISING TIDE

"THE election for President," writes Mr. Brown, "was coming on, and Kansas affairs agitated the country. Buchanan was elected, so the winter was spent in getting recruits to renew the contest." Of his own efforts to enlist the sympathies of Eastern men, and to induce stalwart mechanics and workmen of all descriptions to go to Kansas, he gives an interesting account. In the winter of 1856-'57 he delivered lectures in Jefferson, Oswego, Oneida, Herkimer, Otsego, and Delaware Counties, in the State of New York. Those who were acquainted with him can imagine the effect of his vivid descriptions, and graphic narratives of events reported in the preceding chapter. In the city of Utica he addressed a large audience in Mechanics' Hall, Mr. Henry J. Raymond and other men prominent in public life being on the platform. He spoke, also, in Rome, Clyde, and Syracuse. Going to New York city, he made the Astor House his headquarters, and advertised in the Tribune, inviting all persons who were interested in Kansas, or willing to emigrate to that Territory, to call upon him and obtain useful in-

formation. He was startled and confounded by the effect of the advertisement. A heterogeneous multitude invaded the Astor House and pressed upstairs to Mr. Brown's room. Men of all nationalities, of all occupations and without occupation, professional men, tradesmen, hair-brained adventurers, gentlemen and beggars, men clean and dirty men, strong men and invalids, came in a surging tide. Mr. Brown found it necessary to fly from his room, lock the door, and ask the clerk of the hotel to adopt some expedient to give him respite.

In the spring of 1857 hundreds of persons met him at Buffalo to arrange for removal to the West. Among " the first out-going boats on the Missouri River," he writes, " about March 1st, I counted seven heavily loaded with emigrants for Kansas. It was a great harvest for the owners of the boats, and they could afford to be very civil, and were so. As these emigrants entered the Territory and were rushing into the different places of destination it seemed that the question was settled. The ' Border Ruffians ' were amazed, alarmed, and for the first time civil. But every calm precedes the storm.

" Many a hard battle was yet to be fought. Every election raised questions that involved the people in disputes, and resulted in violence and bloodshed. . . . We were indicted, arrested, charged with treason, fined and imprisoned. These intimidations

not being enough to drive us out, robbery, burning, and assassination were resorted to, as in former years. Under Governor Medary an 'Amnesty Bill' had to be hastily passed to save from a general uprising. This bill, I think, under God, was brought about by myself. . . . Governor Walker had tried his hand and failed. He made speeches promising us justice. I heard him at the Miami land sales. He seemed in earnest, and believed, I have no doubt, he could do as he said. He was answered by one of our Osawatomie men. The 'Border Ruffians' took exception. A general fight seemed certain, but H. H. Williams, one of our villagers, stood boldly up and said, 'Go on, Charlie. Free speech here!' He did go on, reciting facts that no doubt surprised the Governor, who made no more public speeches.

"Soon after this, he rejected sixteen hundred votes cast by the Missourians at Little Santa Fé. He was recalled by President Buchanan.[1] An attempt to enforce the 'Bogus Laws,'" after the Free-State men had an overwhelming majority in the Territory, "was made by a dare-devil Marshal named Fane, recently appointed from Arkansas. The court of trial was sitting at Lawrence—also the Legislature, a few members

[1] The Administrations of Presidents Pierce and Buchanan were shamefully subservient to the demands of the slave-holders. A number of just and brave governors of their own appointment these weak Presidents recalled from Kansas to please the South, or appease its wrath.

of which were Free-State men. He commenced arresting men at Fort Scott, and moved thence northward, having one hundred United States dragoons to back him. In terror and wrath the fighting element rushed to Osawatomie, determined to make a stand and fight the troops. They came to me and asked me to go to Lawrence, see the Governor, and say to him they would surrender to him, but would not be taken alive by the Marshal. At my request they came to Lawrence and saw the Governor.

" The next day the Marshal came into town with wagon-loads of settlers in irons. The populace attacked him and the United States troops, hooting, stoning, and clubbing them, pulling the soldiers from their horses, and seizing their guns. The Marshal, unhorsed, fled into a drug store in the Eldridge House, and was secreted by some of the citizens, and thus his life was saved. There was a crowd of over one thousand infuriated men in front of the hotel. Jim Lane, mounted on a box, addressed the mob as only a true patriot, who yet was a demagogue of the first water, could. He was a natural ' stump orator,' and could move and sway the masses at will. He lashed the Government, the officials in power, and the Pro-Slavery party in general. After more than an hour of such harangue he quieted the crowd to a better state of feeling, saying we were there to do away wrong by doing right.

" This prepared the way for Governor Medary, who

now appeared upon the balcony of the second story to address the people. As on a similar occasion when Governor Shannon was there, pistols and guns were raised; but seeing me by the Governor's side the men dropped their guns, and listened to his speech respectfully. He gave assurances that all in his power would be done to give the people justice. The next day the 'Amnesty Bill' was promptly passed by the Legislature, and the Governor as promptly signed it. The shackles fell, the prison doors opened, and a general jubilee followed. Fane was fain to be seen no more. I doubt whether he stopped long enough in Kansas to draw pay for his infamous work." In the Territory, the tide turned in 1857. From that time the Free-State men were in the ascendency.

Early in the spring of that year, Mr. Brown's family all returned to Osawatomie. Greater numbers of immigrants than ever before poured into Kansas. The people of the North were thoroughly aroused, and determined to "hold the fort" for freedom. The towns that had been sacked and burned were rebuilt with better and more enduring structures. But a new, sudden, and crushing calamity came upon Mr. Brown's home. He tells us about this in a few graphic sentences. "Seeing a fearful storm approaching, I sent Spencer to secure a ferryboat on the Osage. As he made his way back the tornado, now raging, came crashing through the timber, trees falling, meanwhile, before

and behind him and across his way, he leaping one in presence of another that was falling in front of him. The limbs of trees were flying in the air as he ran the gauntlet of death. He reached the house in safety. The trees in a heavy forest through which he had passed had all been levelled to the ground in a belt some fifteen rods wide. The roof of the family house was carried away and torrents of rain poured in."

Spencer's personal danger, of which his father speaks, the boy, in his journal, does not even mention. "In June," he says, "a big storm, a perfect hurricane, swept the town, blowing over Father's house, nearly completed on the hill, and demolishing Greer's hotel and store, as well as several other buildings."

CHAPTER XIV

LETTERS AND JOURNAL

SPENCER's interest in the friends he had made in Missouri did not soon wane. He inserted in his cipher journal letters received from them in the latter part of 1857. Many that had come in the earlier part of the year he burned, before it had occurred to him to submit them to the process which would at the same time preserve and conceal them. The first letter that appears in the journal is one from Mary T——:

"FAIR VIEW, October 9, 1857.

"DEAR SPENCER: I was much pleased to receive your letter this evening. My long silence was caused by sickness in the family.

"Mollie K—— comes up three times a week to take music lessons, and is getting along very well. Belle also takes lessons weekly. A few weeks ago I spent some time in Lexington visting friends and attending our annual Fair. It brought to my mind a little friend that I found there the year before. I said a friend, for I feel that he will long continue to be a fast friend—will he not?

" Belle and her father are the only ones that attended from Hazel Glen this year.

" Belle and Mrs. K—— have both been over, and expressed a desire to see you. They send love."

Mrs. K——, the wife of the physician and lawyer at whose house Spencer spent such happy days while supposed to be in captivity, wrote to him, in December, 1857, expressing great pleasure at receiving a letter from him, and giving him cordial invitation to Hazel Glen, mentioning the winter parties which he might attend with her own children, and declaring that nobody would be more glad to see him than she herself would be. Perhaps the lines that interested Spencer most were these: " Mollie laughed when she read your letter and said she knew the children would tease her about it."

Miss Mary T——, daughter of the principal of a school, herself sometimes a teacher, seems to have been a young lady of the type exemplified (without exaggeration, let it be said) in tens of thousands of instances in the common schools of the United States. Such teachers exert a religious influence over their pupils, and in all their social life, not in order to fulfil conditions imposed by school boards or clerical patrons, but because their hearts are full of faith in God's Word and of love for Christ and the souls he came to save. Of the heart's abundance the lips and the life must speak. Living waters must flow from the clear, gush-

ing spring. Of the schools under the instruction and influence of such teachers denominational bigots are accustomed to speak in disparagement, sometimes even calling them "Godless," because no church catechism is taught in them. All the creeds and catechisms in existence cannot faithfully and efficiently convey the Spirit of Christ to the children in our schools if the teacher is not under the control of that Spirit. There is nothing molluscous, indefinite, or flabby, in a religion which accepts, as the divine and only Saviour, him who died for our offences, rose for our justification, and lives and reigns evermore, to reign and live in us, our holy and loving Lord. The teacher who supremely values this Lord and his salvation is necessarily a better teacher of religion than any one can be who is merely a frigid channel for the communication of a frozen formula, however orthodox and even Scriptural the creed may be.

Spencer's letters to Miss Mary T—— had laid open to her a spirit of restless discontent. Answering, she counsels him to "Go to the foot of the Cross." . . . "Only there," writes she, "can you be relieved of your burdens: there only can you have that peace of mind you so much desire." She cautions him, lovingly, against grieving God's Spirit and hardening his heart.

I have said that Spencer's journal was written in characters to which he alone had the key. What he

recorded there was meant for no eye but his own. Keeping this in mind, we shall feel the simplicity and sacredness of the last entry made that year.

"It is Sunday night—the last day of 1857. . . . Yesterday afternoon I read Neighbour Jackwood. It is a very interesting book. I have also read, within a little while, Love's Labour Won. Oh! that I had some one to love! My heart pants and struggles for love. Oh! if I could love God, love Jesus, then would I be indeed happy! God help me to love Him first!

"*February 9, 1858.* I went to singing-school in the evening with K——. I am learning to sing by note very well. I have a few favourites from the opera of the Bohemian Girl.

"'I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls.'

"Ah! my soul yearns for music. Kitty is now singing me one of my favourites—Alice, Ben Bolt.

"*Saturday the 17th.* The things have come from Lawrence to-day. There is a flutina, flute, and fife (which I have taken a fancy to), and a flageolet, besides the engravings and some books. There is also a fine large set of chessmen.

"*February 25th* was observed as Father's birthday, and was honoured by a gathering of the old settlers. . . . The folks have gone to bed, and left me here, alone, to write.

"These words of Moore come to my mind:

Oft in the stilly night;
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

" Saturday morning, about two o'clock, we were visited by a band of serenaders, eight in number, accompanied by Holbrook, who sang two pieces. Father and K—— got up and asked them in, and gave them some cake and apples. They stayed about an hour. . . . They played and sang two pieces, one of which was Rosalie the Prairie Flower. They brought a guitar and two violins. . . .

" *Friday, March 15th.* I have been very busy to-day, getting saw-logs out of the river. There is danger of losing them.

" I have been thinking, to-day, ' Cannot I be a Christian? ' How long I have wanted to be one!

" *March 30th.* I answered Mary T——'s letter. I have another tune added to my favourites: ' Cast thy burden on the Lord.'

" I am trying to go to West Point—have great hopes of going. My reasons, as I told them to Mary: (1st) To get straightened up. (2d) The course of study that I can get nowhere else without great expense. (3d) To fit myself for the navy, which I design to enter, if I can."

This is Spencer's first mention of a plan to secure a good education. Many later entries express strong

desire to go to college. It is painful to see how one disappointment after another shut him out from the object of his ambition.

Seeking an appointment to the Military Academy of the United States, he had mistaken the way and means to enter the navy. He should have tried to get to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

"I am learning to play very well on my fife. Sold my half share of town stock to Rock for eighty-five dollars and ten per cent interest until paid. Father sold the little bulls for eighty-five dollars.

"My verse for to-night is, 'And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.'"

To Mrs. K—— he wrote about this time: "As to Mollie, give my respects to her. I shall never hear the last of the teasing on her account, and I believe I will lay it up against her. We are setting out an orchard, Father and myself having put out forty trees. Flowers have here ceased to be a rarity. I am afraid the Doctor is forgetting me. I can't help it. He owes me the last letter. I have my room all alone, where my things can be in confusion without worrying any one. That is very handy, I assure you!"

"*April 21st.* Rode horseback with Kittie this afternoon. . . . Father went to Missouri to-day. I sent my letter to Mrs. K—— yesterday.

"*April 22d.* To-day Cook and myself went to the

river and found the cow. I put up two new boxes for the martens. They have been here all day. Rode downtown this evening.

"*April 24th.* Rocky caught his first cat-fish this evening.

" Weight, six pounds.

" *Sunday, April 25th.* I had a dream last night —truly a dream. I dreamed that I loved and was loved again. . . . The contrast has made me gloomy this morning. Went after the cow this afternoon. Swam the river with my clothes on. Bad consequences. . . . To-night I am cheered with hope.

" *April 26th.* Rather tired this morning. After the cow all day. Got her at last. Worked in the garden. Another to my list of favourite tunes—Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.

" To-night I have obtained a picture of Mollie! It is an engraving of a bust of Spring, by Palmer, the Albany sculptor. I never knew how I thought of her before. That picture entranced me! I could gaze at it for hours together. God bless my dear Mollie! Oh, Mollie! My soul literally goes out after you. I long again to see you. How much more, then, do I long to have you tell me how you love me. Oh! how much do I want your love to cheer me, and steady me in a good and noble purpose! Hope is left. God keep you, Mollie! Good-night! "

Evidently, Spencer was very impressible. His soul

was open to all pleasure and all pain. In his childhood, his older sister had been his dearest friend and confidant. We have seen that his mild captivity in Missouri had thrown him into the society of a girl whose face, spirit, and character enamoured him. She was the object of this susceptible boy's first warm affection. But he was separated from her. Love he must have. She was the moon of his little world, but there were also stars. When the moon was invisible, he did not deny himself the light of lesser luminaries. His youthful fancies were at once so natural and so innocent, that his straightforward account of little love passages, and his admiring mention of numerous maidens, enlist our sympathies.

"*May 14, 1858.* Kitty and myself down-town at B——'s. Had a fine time. Sarah played unusually well. Both of the girls appeared better than usual—Mary in particular. It is strange how much interest I take in that girl! But I cannot help it. I fairly may say, 'God bless her!' Kitty played on the melodeon a great deal and very well. . . . Holbrook at home, on our arrival. Stayed some time. Why does not Mary write?"

On May 19th occurred the "Marais des Cygnes Massacre," an event so prominent in the history of Kansas that I wonder to find no mention of it in Spencer's journal. The boy's wise caution may have warned him to leave it unrecorded, even in his cipher pages.

His father writes: "Later the 'Marais des Cygnes Massacre,' under the leadership of the notorious Hamilton, occurred, south of Osawatomie. A large company of armed men went from house to house calling out the Free-State settlers to the number of twelve. These they marched out upon the prairie, where they were drawn up in line and shot down. Two not fatally wounded, though feigning death, were found after the ruffians had left. A Baptist clergyman by the name of Reid, one of the survivors, now lives in Osawatomie."

Spencer's journal continues:

"*May 22d.* Considerable excitement in town today on account of some of Montgomery's men robbing L. D. Williams of two horses and some four hundred dollars in money. H. H. Williams, the Sheriff, went after them this morning with five men. Yesterday thirty Missourians killed five or six Free-State men. Rumours of parties of Pro-Slavery men around the country reached our ears. The town is preparing for fight, and setting a watch, or guard. We made some little preparations, concealing the guns, etc.

"*May 24th.* Heard Mr. Adair preach this morning."

Here mutilation of a page of the journal has robbed us of the date of an entry.

"I have finished Kane's Arctic Exploring Expedition. It is very interesting.

"*June 9th.* We have been singing, but it does not comfort me—only saddens. Oh! how I long for love! A little word, but comprehending how much! I have one all-absorbing want—love. How much good one of Mary's kind letters would do me to-night! I have a great mind to write and tell her all. Still, I am afraid. If I could only see her! I hear nothing from my dear Mollie. I wonder if she loves me as I love her. I cannot tell. I can only hope.

"Father is going to Lawrence, to-morrow.

"*Monday, July 5th.* The Fourth is celebrated to-day. In the evening, at seven o'clock, Mary B—— was married to Mr. T——. I was happy to see the wedding. Kitty, myself, and Mary C—— were out riding. Enjoyed ourselves much.

"*July 14th.* Received a letter from Mary T—— day before yesterday, which I copy."

He does copy it. A sensible letter it is. His fair mentor expresses her satisfaction at the effect of a scolding she had given Spencer, and acknowledges a letter she had lately received from him.

"I got your letter out of the office myself," she writes, "and was amused when I saw the three large seals on it. I can assure you it had not been opened. The postmaster said there must be some great secret in it. I am glad to hear you are making yourself useful when you are not going to school. It is right for us to work. God has commanded it. . . . I am very

sorry you think you will not be able to visit us in the fall. . . . As to West Point, I think there are many other places where you could get as good an education and where the influences around you would be far better. I hear that the young men that attend that school are generally very wild. I do think a life on the sea would be the very last. I never knew any who traversed the ocean but such as had the character of being worthless. Do not understand me to say that such a one could not be a Christian, for all things are possible with God. I only have to say that I would regret very much to hear that you were following the seas. There are very good schools in our State, if you are not too strong Free-Soil to patronize them. I suppose the Eastern schools are much less expensive—which is something that should be thought of."

After giving, in full, the household news of her father's home and Doctor K——'s, Miss T—— writes:

"Mollie has been to see me twice lately. The more I see of her the better I like her. Have you given her up yet? I think she will be set up as a young lady in about a year. She is larger than I am, now. We are going to have a picnic next Saturday (the third of July) about a mile from here. I anticipate a merry time. Now, do not neglect writing, as I have done. Remember the Golden Rule.

"Write freely to me, for your letters are not seen

by any one else. Remember me kindly to your family, and believe me to be, Your true friend,

"MARY T——.

"P. S.—Spencer, are you ashamed of Christ? You are surprised at the question, but why is it that you wish no one to know that you have a hope in Him? Tell me, do your parents know anything about your feelings? If you were not ashamed of Christ, you would not be ashamed to profess Him before the world. My prayers daily ascend in your behalf, and I trust you will be found at last at God's right hand. Would that I could see that you were doing something for His cause! You are young, and I would love to see that you were fitting yourself for a more useful life than one in the navy. . . .

"Remember, He is a Friend more interested in your spiritual welfare than any other.

"MARY."

After her signature, Spencer has written, in his cipher, "Loved name!" The boy who liked to receive such letters as the one I have just given could not wilfully go far astray. There is reason to believe, however, that his own religious experience and principles, at that time, fell far short of being as satisfactory and fixed as were Mary T——'s. The next words in his journal show how he sought comfort and impulse in human love.

"*July 20, 1858.* I have worked very hard to-day. . . . I had such a nice dream last night. I dreamed that I was loved. It fairly made me work harder all day! Still, I wake to a sad reality.

"*July 30th.* Mother went to New York this morning. Mary and W—— C—— came down and visited us this afternoon. Was well pleased. W—— went home in the evening, but Mary stayed over night. C—— came in the evening, but was very silent. Made a little hay to-day. I worked hard. Rode horseback with Kitty a little while this evening. My verse to-night is, 'Look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as Thou usedst to do unto those that love Thy name.'—(Ps. cxix. 132.)

"*August 1st.* Have done much work to-day, and have been singing this evening. But it was only a sort of show. Oh! how I long for love and confidence! I fear I am growing cross and crabbed. And yet I cannot help it. To-night Kitty said, for the third time, she would tell me something, only she feared I would tell. I think I do not deserve this. Now, I long for Kitty's sympathy and love. Still, I have done all that I could to invite it, and would willingly repay it. I do hope she will not think so of me long! I do not forget Mollie. How can I? She is my main hope. God bless her!"

Under the date of August 16th he writes concerning one of his sisters and himself: "Nor do I think

either of them would make a suitable husband for her. She should have one who lives by music, as she does; otherwise I fear she will not be happy. 'Tis the same with me. Music masters me, or makes me uncontrollable. If I ever marry, may I marry a girl who can sing and play! If I am tired, music rests me; if I am angry, it tames me in a minute. The Marseillaise Hymn makes me uncontrollable at times. The sweeter the music, the sadder I am. But enough of this, though never enough of music. Mollie—the question is, Can I be happy with her? I think, yes; but not so happy as if she had a soul for music. I think I will go and see. But if I go, I cannot resist her silent power over me.

"To-morrow will be my birthday, and I shall be sixteen years old. I am glad of this—glad to be growing older, and for this reason: as I grow older I progress toward that time when I shall be my own master, free to go, free to come, and free to love. And love puts me in mind of Mollie. Do I love her? The point is this—Can I love, to the full extent of my nature, one who has no such love for music as I have? This is my hesitation about going to Missouri. If I go I shall get yet more deeply in love with Mollie.

"No answer yet to either of my letters to Missouri. I am anxious to hear from both of them—from Mary T—— especially. At times I am sorry I wrote that letter."

He speaks on the next page of a "band" he had organized. What it was, I can only guess. His fondness for music led me at first to think he had got together a number of boys to practise on musical instruments; but he wanted strong and mettlesome boys. I infer that the company had some military character.

"*August 25th.* Things are progressing finely as far as my band is concerned. I added one member two or three days ago, and one to-night. There are ten now, and we shall soon have more. Our members are all good strong boys, and I think all are good pluck. I am yet conducting all the business—think of sharing it with Potts, a new and good member. I shall soon have every good, right kind of boy, in town.

"Rocky and I have been busy to-day making elderberry wine. We have some two gallons of clear juice, and shall have as much more."

It could not have been long after this time that his father wrote of Spencer as "disapproving both of liquor-drinking and liquor-selling. At a public discussion of the license question, he assumed the negative, and advanced arguments against license that his father, on the side of license, could answer only by reasons of public policy. Spencer took the ground that legislators had no right to license an evil."

"*August 28th.* Received a letter from Mary —— yesterday, which was indeed welcome, and I will in-

sert it here." Of which, however, only a few extracts need be given. "I am very glad," writes his correspondent, "to hear you speak of visiting your friends here, and hope you will not disappoint us. What time do you expect to come? Come prepared to make a good long visit. . . . By the way, when I am married your request shall be gratified; but, Spencer, I am telling the truth when I say that I think I will never marry. As long as I have a happy home I shall be content. But should I ever change my mind it will be to marry one that I can have all confidence in as a Christian. I think I have given you quite a chapter of my sentiments on the subject of matrimony.

"I am glad to hear that you enjoyed the Fourth so much. We celebrated the third with a picnic, and a pleasant little party it was. You would have enjoyed it much, for Mollie was there, looking as sweet as ever. She and I are great friends. I have seen her twice since the reception of your letter. She seems to feel very kindly towards you, and wished to be remembered to you. She is loved by all who know her."

The next pages of the diary contain a copy of a later letter from the same good and loved friend.

"My Dear Spencer: I this morning received your letter, which gave me a sad pleasure—sad, because of your many troubles. I was pleased because of your confidence in me, and, above all, your confidence

in a higher Power. I truly sympathize with you, and can only say that God doeth all things well, and often afflicts us to draw us closer to Him. When you feel your angry passion rising, offer up a silent prayer to God that He may keep you continually. There is much I could say, but I think it best to wait until I shall see you, as I hope to, soon. Your situation is a peculiar one. I know not how to advise, but would encourage you to ask directions from your Heavenly Father. He loveth His children, and as they come in faith to Him He will hear and answer. You are often remembered in my prayers, and I hope that you sometimes remember me."

Spencer comments upon these letters. " I like to hear and read such letters as those. They show me how good and unselfish some persons can be without knowing it. Who would have thought that I should find in Missouri a friend who, in God's providence, would be the happy instrument of bringing my soul, as I humbly hope, to Him? God be with her, and bless her for this, and save me to praise with her a good God to all eternity."

" *September 5th.* I went to a lecture by a woman, last night. Rather funny, but didn't amount to much."

His reply to Miss Mary T——'s letter is dated:

"One Thousand Miles from any Place,
September 2, 1858.

"Dear Mary: I received your letter last Monday, and it was indeed most welcome. If you only knew how welcome your letters were, and how much good they did me, you would write oftener.

"Yours came on the anniversary of the battle of Osawatomie, and of my departure for Missouri as a poor and almost desolate prisoner. 'Twas thus I found what I wanted and needed so much—a friend, and perhaps something else, too. However, we will let all this drop, and I will go to telling you the news.

"Since my last letter Father went to New York, on business, and Mother, hearing of her Mother's being ill, went soon after. Now they are both gone, and Kitty does the housekeeping, and I have the care of the farm. I shall come and see you all, probably, as soon as Father comes back.

"I don't know what to make of your chapter on matrimony, but one thing I dislike, exceedingly, and that is ——. You ought to see the way I stamped when I read that part of your letter. If you were married to him, I would feel like going seventy-five miles farther off instead of so much nearer. But I am apt to say too much on disagreeable subjects, and we will drop this."

On September 21st he writes: "Father and Mother

came to-night. Of course there is a great deal of bustle and hurry. They have brought us all something—to me a pair of gold sleeve-buttons and a piece of the Atlantic telegraph cable. It would be needless for me to say, I am thankful.

" In looking over some old magazines to-day I saw something bearing on my favourite idea—metempsychosis. . . . Last night I had a beautiful dream. I dreamed that I was about to be married—yes, and was on the way to the altar. I remember that I was walking with my intended, and I thought that I was still a boy and she a little girl. Yet I remember how, ever and anon, I caressed her and kissed her, Ah! would that it were verily so, even now! Oh! how I long for some one on whom to bestow my love! I feel a mine of it in me. . . .

" I heard some sweet singing lately which I must not forget to mention. It was by my new friends, Mrs. L—— and her daughter Lizzie. . . . I am a great friend of Mrs. L——, or, rather, I think a great deal of her. Lizzie goes to the same school with me, . . . and I like to look at her, but she is only a little child yet. She is so neat, and gentle, and mild. . . . I do not think I like her nearly as well as I do my Mollie. But I should not write so. I do not know whether I shall ever see her again. Still, I will think of her with silent, lasting love. . . . All I can say is, ' God bless her! ' At times when I was with her I could

scarce refrain from casting my arms about her and telling her how much I loved her.

"*October 11th.* . . . I still go to school nearly every day. . . . Steadily progressing in geometry. Father begins to talk about my teaching school, or some other such nonsense, to get a living, or, in other words, to be earning something. I do not know whether I would like teaching school or not. When I think of the troubles one so young as myself would have to meet, I do think it would be unwise; but when I think of the advantages I should gain, I still think it possible.

"Still no letter from Missouri, from Mary, Mrs. K——, or Mollie. Now that I am writing about this I will say I do not know what to think of myself. When I am with that girl I forget everything. I forget myself, I follow her around like a baby. I am then a perfect fool. When I am away, such complete fascination is gone. Even now, I go to school every day. What for? To look at Lizzie L——. Sometimes she smiles, sometimes she frowns, sometimes she tries to stare me out of countenance. Whence comes this power of hers? All I can think of is that she can sing. Yet why am I such a fool when with Mollie K——, who does not sing? Who knows?

"Now for something else. I play a piece on the accordion, a schottische, which I am almost sure I never heard before. Yet it seems perfectly familiar to

Kitty and myself. When I think of it, it seems to be connected with grand chandeliers of gaslight, with myriads whirling to the beautiful schottische. Yet I know I never heard that tune in any such place. Metempsychosis?

"*October 12th.* I have an idea in my head to-night. I will write the life of him whose soul I now have; or the life of the man whose soul went into me when I was born, and who, consequently, died then. This is my theory. I will believe in the pre-existence of the soul.

"Now, to commence with, I will find some person who died on my birthday, August 17, 1842, and then I will set myself to finding out that person's life; but chiefly find some one whose life corresponds with my own, who has uttered those words, beheld those scenes, and done those actions the doing, speaking, and acting of which come over me like a flash of light, so that I seem to have done, spoken, or seen those same things. I will always carry a book and pencil, and write such things whenever they come on me. In the first place, the piece of music I mentioned yesterday—I set this down as fact first, that I have heard that music in such a place or way that it instantly brings to my mind visions of numbers of persons, in a large room brilliantly lighted with chandeliers, all dancing in the whirls of the schottische. Then, hearing words spoken as I know I never heard them,

either as to the words themselves or the manner and set circumstances in which they are spoken. I say, then, if I hear such words, which I know I have never heard spoken in such a way, yet find them familiar to me, then will I put that down as material to work on. Next, as I see a place, or a picture, or anything which I know I have never seen before, and which, yet, is familiar to me, I will set it down. Or as I am placed in any situation or circumstances which cause the flash which always comes (seeming like a sudden increase of knowledge), I will set it down. The first instance that I can remember now was when I first saw Adele, at Kansas City, dressed in sailor-boy's clothes. . . .

"*October 16th.* I was at Mrs. L——'s day before yesterday evening, and we sang about an hour and a half. Their singing always pleased me much. We have arranged to sing regularly, once a week—this week, on Tuesday.

"*October 17th.* Yesterday was the anniversary of the day that Father first came to Osawatomie, with others, who celebrate it regularly.

"*Sunday, November 28th.* Yesterday I received a letter from Mary T——, dated November 23d."

Part of the letter I copy from Spencer's journal.

"Last week we had protracted meetings. . . . Nine persons connected themselves with the church, among whom was our dear Mollie. Oh! how happy I

was to see her come forward and proclaim herself to be on the Lord's side! . . . I have promised to go to the Doctor's this evening, and shall have to put this up till I come back. You say your sister Kitty wishes to know what I look like. I am afraid to describe myself; she might be disappointed if she ever saw me. But she need not be afraid of my being sister to her, as I am in my twenty-third year—though I have several brothers, and will give her a choice! She can have Gussie, if he doesn't cut you out of Mollie. Give her my love, and tell her I would very much like to see her. . . . I have been at the Doctor's and enjoyed myself while there, as I always do. He has a teacher in his family whom I like very much—Miss G—— S——, from Cape Girardeau. . . . Mrs. K—— has another little daughter."

Answering this letter, Spencer writes: "And Mollie is now a Christian. Aside from the interest which I feel in her personally, I can rejoice at the conversion of one sinner—much more at hers. I cannot say all I think about this, Mary; but do not imagine, on that account, that I think the less. . . . I am hoping that God will not reject me from among His children—hoping, and trusting in Jesus. God bless you for your instrumentality in this, Mary; and may you never lack that grace which you so much desire others to have.

"There are incomprehensible things in the last part of your letter which I would like you to explain.

You say, ' She need not be afraid of my ever being sister to her.' The other thing is that which you are all the time writing about—Gussie cutting me out—which I do not understand. Do you want to plague me, or what? Perhaps it is really so. If so, tell me, without jesting. About Mrs. K——'s little daughter—I want you to tell her for me that I should like to name it, and that I would like to have it called Elizabeth.[1] I know I ask a great favour, but perhaps she won't object to the name.''

To those who remember the destruction of the former instrument, one item of Spencer's letter will be not without interest. '' I forgot to inform you, our piano is come.''

On December 23d Spencer received a letter from Mrs. K——. It gives evidence of the kind and friendly regard for him which that lady and her husband seem constantly to have cherished. '' The Doctor,'' writes she, '' is in bad health. He speaks often of you, and of writing to you. I want you to write to him, for he is quite dejected in spirits. You recollect A—— K——.[2] He was returning home from Lexington. Night overtook him, it was snowing, and quite stormy, and he lost his way, and lay out all night. When he was found next day he was cold and stiff. . . . A little life remained in him for two days,

[1] Mrs. K——'s own name.

[2] The Doctor's brother.

but he was never conscious of anything. He has left us to mourn his loss. Oh! you don't know what a shock it was and how sad we all feel. It looks as if the Doctor would never recover from the shock. . . . I hope you will come and see us soon. I would be so happy to see you again. . . . Perry will be home to spend Christmas. He is going to school to Rev. Mr. Clarke, of Saline County. The Doctor has employed a lady to come and teach the children. She has been here eight weeks. She gives lessons on the piano, also. Mary and Bettie are taking lessons. . . . We have a Bible class established in our church. Mr. Coulter still preaches for us.

"There has been a small revival among the blacks. Ten have joined our church lately. The Doctor instructs them, every other Sabbath, at home.

"I hope you will write often and not wait for me. If I fail to write, you may know there is something the matter. In me you will always find a true friend. Mollie is quite large. She weighs one hundred and eight pounds. The Doctor's only sister is staying with us for a short time. . . . Come and spend Christmas with us. Also, your sister might come, and see how she likes our country and people. . . . There is snow on the ground now, and it is good sleighing. You must write to me often, and write long letters. All join in love to you. Your affectionate friend,

"Lizzie K——."

Before the end of the year Spencer had received from Miss Mary T—— tidings that made his heart sink. There were reasons to believe that, while Mollie had very kind and friendly regard for him, she did not understand or reciprocate the ardency of his affection. She was about to enter society as a young lady: she remembered him as but a boy. Mary T—— dared not encourage him to an assurance that circumstances did not justify.

CHAPTER XV

JOURNAL FOR 1859

"To-day is January 1st. . . . Christmas passed with very little notice. Hard times press hard on Father.

"There was a large ball at Mr. C——'s last night. I stayed until five this morning, and consequently came home not very wide-awake, or lively.

"Miss R—— was there. She was, in my opinion, the best-looking person in the room, and, I suppose, was the belle of the ball, with one exception.[1] I had never before met a person whose looks I admired so much. All that long night it was my best pleasure to look at her.

"I do not know what I think about Lizzie. She is not in my thoughts as much as she was. When I love a person it cannot last long with me if not returned. When I found that she liked Will better than myself it caused me many troubles, for some days, to be reconciled. Still, I always take pleasure in being near her, and in receiving a kind word from her. I am

[1] His sister Kitty.

sometimes sorry that I ever thought so much of her. Yet, perhaps it was better so.

"I came very near going to Missouri a day or two before Christmas. Nothing but high water prevented me. I was much disappointed. I would be much pleased to see my two Mollies."

On the next page of the journal he inserts a copy of his answer to Mrs. K——'s letter, which was given in his journal for December 23d. It speaks volumes as to his confidence in that kind lady's friendship for him, and her youthfulness of heart. He had suffered pangs of jealousy on Gussie's account. Should he suffer alone? Not he! The boyish audacity of the letter almost takes one's breath away!

"DEAR FRIEND: I received your welcome letter some time since, and, in answer to your kind request, came very near visiting you. Nothing but the Osage being so high as to prevent crossing kept me from coming.

"You said nothing about when Belle was to be married, and to whom. . . . You may tell Mollie that I wish she could find something to write, once, or twice, or more frequently, in the course of the year; and, if she cannot find anything else to write, to tell me about Gussie. I think I should be very especially pleased to hear more about him, and I guess she can tell as well as anybody.

" There is a girl here with whom I am hard struck, and who certainly does beat all the girls I ever did see. She isn't so much of a beauty (although she has hazel eyes and brown hair), but then she's such a bouncing fat girl—just my ideal of beauty. But tell Mollie that, as I never kissed *her* (I should like to try the experiment), I cannot tell how good it would be; but when I kissed this girl (none of your hastily snatched picnic kisses!) it was almost the nicest feeling I ever did have! She used to think a great deal of me, but thought, lately, that she would plague me; so she pretended to think so much of some one else, and to hate me so much, and even went so far as to call me ' Mr.,' which, I assure you, is a very disagreeable title, especially when one has such a nice name of his own. However, she doesn't succeed in plaguing me much. In fact, I get along better at that game than she does. Oh! she is such a nice ' gal! ' And such a splendid singer! But I must stop. I am always carried away with this subject. But, as I was saying before, I wish Mollie would write soon.

" I am going to school now, and studying as hard as I can. . . . I inclose this letter to Mollie. Give my love to all, in general, and to Mollie, in particular, and remember me as,

" Ever your friend,

" SPENCER K. BROWN."

On January 20th, his journal records, " Father, Kitty, and myself started for Lawrence. Passed through Stanton and Peoria, and when we got to Wolf Creek it was too high to be forded. Stopped on the banks about an hour. This gave us an opportunity to get something to eat, which we needed, as we were very hungry. Forded the creek and came on to Ottawa Creek, where the water was so high we could not cross. We all went over on a log. The stage-driver stopped on this side over night. Peterson, who had started on foot the day before, overtook us here. We stopped at Heck's over night, getting a very good supper and breakfast. The stage came over, on the bridge, early, and we started again for Lawrence. Passed through Prairie City, over the Wakarusa bridge, and through about two miles of an awful slough called the 'Wakarusa Bottom.' Stopped at Mr. Reynolds's place, when he took the reins and drove us on, slowly enough, towards Lawrence. Arrived, almost frozen, about two o'clock, and stopped at the Eldridge House, a splendid hotel that would do credit to any place. I could not give a complete description of all that passed there, even if I should try; but that visit will probably have an effect on me for life. The preparatory course of the university commences either in May or April, and Mr. Reynolds, the rector of the Episcopal church there, gave me a scholarship for the entire course,

and I shall commence that which I have wanted so long.

" There were many pleasant things connected with my visit to Lawrence which I shall always remember. Many friends made, many pleasant games of chess, and—what I needed most of all—an intercourse with the world. I must not forget Colonel E——'s daughters, J—— and A——; nor must I forget my friend Hattersheidt (I believe I have spelt his name correctly) a good-hearted German—a traveller. However, that is all over now. ' Home again.' "

To a letter in which Miss Mary T—— had explained that " Gussy " did really think a good deal of Mollie K——, who, however, did not seem " to care particularly for any one," Spencer replied:

" Dear Mary: Some days ago I received your letter, which I think was only an apology for a letter, and . . . a long time in coming. . . . I will not say I was not glad to get it, for I am always glad to hear from you, and you explained some matters very much to my satisfaction. However, do not let this keep you from writing sooner, next time, and a much longer letter. I expect you will have to address your next letter to Lawrence, as I am going there to college, which opens on the 22d of April. The Episcopalian minister there presented me with a scholarship for the entire course, for which he has my thanks. I will send

you a circular, which you will be good enough to let Mr. K—— see; and let him know, for me, that I should like very much to see Perry there to graduate with me—that he can commence with me the studies of the second year of the preparatory department. You cannot tell how pleased I am with the prospect before me —something that I had long hoped for but not expected.

"But, to return to your letter, . . . since you tell me that Mollie does not care particularly for any one, I am without any loadstone in the shape of a little girl. Still, I do not love her the less for not loving me. Do you think she has outgrown me? Try my height (five feet five inches) on the wall, and see if I am not three inches taller than I was when I was last there."

Spencer had now come to a very trying period of his life. Young as he was, he had begun to feel that mind and heart were unsatisfied. He had literary tastes which he could not gratify. He had read enough to feel keenly his ignorance of many things that he wanted to know. He had caught a glimpse of an Eden in which the fruit of the tree of knowledge was good, accessible, and unforbidden. He might pluck and eat, if not to his soul's satisfaction, yet to its content. As he was about to enter this paradise, the door closed and shut him out.

The misfortunes which had overtaken his father

had left him in circumstances which seemed to make it absolutely impossible to spare Spencer the means to go to college. The next extract from the journal refers to this overwhelming disappointment.

" Father, who has been, for some time, trying to dishearten me, has decided that he cannot pay board, and I cannot go to college, as there cannot be found some place where I can earn my board outside of school hours. I have hardly any more hope of going. It seems as if I had to drag out a weary life of dead work until twenty-one, and then come out on the world, penniless and ignorant, to live for nothing but to drag through. I cannot write how I feel at this prospect."

In May he made a new acquaintance. " This morning I was introduced to Mr. N. L. P——, son of the sculptor P——.[1] I was very much pleased with him. He is a short man, about five feet six, with a large and very round head and a full sandy beard, and always wears spectacles. I never saw a more pleasant *man's* face to look into. It sends a thrill of pleasure through me when he looks me in the eyes. I played chess with him to-day. About an even matter. He will write to me from Leavenworth.

" Mr. Leonard and Mr. Ewing were here this evening; also Mr. Ward, of New York. Horace Greeley, of New York, spoke yesterday. I was well pleased.

[1] Powers, famous as the creator of The Greek Slave.

"I have been shooting revolver with P—— to-day. He is much the best shot."

Chess is mentioned, more than once, in Spencer's journal. In that game he excelled. While he was in Lawrence, with his father, he became "the wonder of the public men assembled there, by his superiority in this recreation. He easily mastered legislators, lawyers, and judges, and seldom met any person who was his equal."

On May 26, 1859, Spencer began to write his journal in characters different from those in which he kept it before.

"On account of my having found a person who was able to read my cipher, I have adopted another, which I think is more difficult. I like the old feeling of security too well to write my thoughts in any other way."

"*June.* I have been waiting to go to Missouri. . . . But Father has put it off from time to time, until, the other day, he proposed that I wait until September. I agreed to wait until the 30th of August, provided he would certainly let me go then."

Urged by Spencer so to do, Miss Mary T—— at last wrote very clearly to him as to the nature of Mollie K——'s regard for him. "I appreciate your friendship, your regard for me, very highly, and will now talk to you more freely, . . . about Mollie.

In the first place I thought it was a child's love you had for each other, that would soon be forgotten by you both. But time showed me that on your side it was different, and I thought it not right to encourage you to hope when I did not think she loved you more that as a friend. . . . Mollie is young yet, and I think has not truly loved any one. Her Pa discourages any thought of the kind, and wants to send her to school several years yet."

As the hope of winning Mollie's love diminished, memories of the friend whose kindness won Spencer's affection at Charlottesville revived in strength.

"*July 26th.* Last Sunday I wrote two letters to Mr. Britton[1]—one to Newark, New Jersey, and the other to Louisville, Kentucky, simply asking him to write to me and give me his address."

On July 26th he wrote to Miss Mary T——:

"Kitty is going to Kansas City. We shall miss her very much. I think *I* shall as much as any. The piano goes too. As I have been trying to learn, I shall miss that also.

"Father has secured awards to the amount of $6,111 for property lost in 1856, and will, probably, be awarded some $8,000 more. Our troubles here in Kansas have left us comparatively poor. Father has refused to sell his farm. . . . I regret losing

[1] I question Spencer's spelling of this name. Several branches of a family found in the United States spell their name *Brittain.*

the best part of my life out of school, but there is no help for this.

" I feel more than ever alone since I received your letter, although I might have known that even did Mollie love me once she would have forgotten in so long a time. . . . I know not how she may look or think now, but when I was there she was all to me."

During this summer Spencer tried hard to find suitable employment in Kansas City, St. Louis, or Utica, but the applicants for such work as he could do were too numerous in each of these places to allow him any chance. On September 19th he records the failure of his endeavours, and closes with this sentence: " No news yet from Mr. Britton."

On October 5th he writes: " Grandpapa and Kitty came this evening. K—— going back, Tuesday. Grandpapa will stay some time longer, I expect. He has set my mind at ease on some things that I did not understand before. " Rock and I are working-up sugar-cane on shares, but it is not paying very well.

" *October 10th.* Grandpapa is still with us and last night he proceeded to give us a great many desirable remarks.

" I feel very lonely. The old feeling comes on me after a hard day's work, as I have no one to turn to. If I could only see Mr. Britton again, it seems I could be happy. I cannot see my friends in Missouri, Father declaring it to be impossible to obtain the money.

"*October 16th.* I have read Bulwer's Eugene Aram. It is a fine novel—especially the part of Aram."

In November he renewed his correspondence with Miss Mary T——, and the letters that passed between the two tell a sweet story of the boy's trust in the friendship and wisdom of that young lady. I do not know whether she is living on earth or has gone to heaven, or whether she ever heard of Spencer's later history and tragic death; but I earnestly hope she survives, to read these records, and learn from them that her loving interest in him is gratefully remembered by his friends.

CHAPTER XVI

SPENCER REVISITS MISSOURI

"To-day is the 28th of February, [1860] and is Tuesday," wrote Spencer, "and on Thursday I go to Missouri, to Doctor K——'s folks. I have had a letter from Doctor K—— which I have answered.

"*March 15th.* I got home, last night, from Missouri, and will try to write here a short account of my trip and its consequences.

"I arrived at the Doctor's about four in the afternoon, and found him very busy with a fire in his fence. After helping him about an hour, I went into the house and saw the rest. Mrs. K—— was still the same. In a few minutes Mollie came in from school—seven miles away. I should not have known her. She was between three and four inches taller than when I left and proportionately larger. Her face is deeply marked with two dimples near the mouth; the face round oval, eyes blue, cheeks red, hair dark brown—almost black. Hands and feet medium size, if not large. She wore a sun-bonnet and a long riding-skirt. She held out her hand and said 'Spencer.' I took her hand. There was no shake, hardly a clasp, and I said nothing."

Concerning this meeting with the young lady in whom, four years earlier, and ever since that time, Spencer had felt such deep interest, he wrote to his sister Kitty: "Last of all came Mary. Grown? . . . A very little taller than yourself! . . . She held out her hand. There wasn't much shaking done. Curious, wasn't it? Without many words she started for the upper regions, shoes creaking, and riding-skirt trailing. Heavy steps above—then light ones. Change of shoes, probably. Silence. Active use of brush and comb is the inference. Reappearance. Different dress, smooth hair, lighter shoes, besides having shed the sun-bonnet, riding-skirt, and shawl. Good-sized hoops—not large. Hair combed smooth back over the ears, and large knot behind. Came and sat down near the fireplace, very straight. Says 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, sir,' to father and mother."

Elsewhere Spencer tells us how common the use of the sun-bonnet was among the girls of Missouri, as they rode through the country to church or school. The pretty face was hidden, far back in the bonnet, as a train in a tunnel, if the wearer did but slightly turn her head from the observer. "You could not see their faces," he shrewdly remarks, "*unless they choose to let you.*"

"Next day," continues his journal, "we went over to see Belle"—Mollie's sister, who had been married since Spencer had last seen her.

On Sunday, at church, he met his good correspondent, Miss Mary T——.

"*Monday.* The boys and Mollie went back to school. The house seems very lonely. To-day Mrs. K—— and myself visited Mary T——. I only saw her alone for a few minutes. She said I had better drop all thoughts of Mollie, if I could. She did not know that Mollie thought a great deal of any one in particular, but, if any one, a certain Johnnie P——. At any rate Mollie and his sister were intimate friends. I simply said that as long as there was any room I would hope. Tuesday, Belle had a daughter born. Doctor and Mrs. K—— away all day. Wednesday Mary T—— stopped in at the Doctor's. Played, as she also did at her own house. I walked part way home with her, and bade her good-bye, as I expected to go home in the morning. I also told her that I was going to learn my fate in the evening, if possible. I went home. Mollie rode up, shortly after. In the evening, after she had played some time, I asked her if she remembered that first letter I sent her. She said 'Yes.' I apologized for the awkward manner in which she had received it.[1] Said that I had no intention of concealing the matter from her parents; that I had told her mother so the day before. I asked her if she loved me. No answer. Would she not give me hope? No answer—and we left the parlour. She did

[1] He had written to Mary T—— at the same time, I believe, and accidentally inclosed Mollie's letter in the wrong envelope.

not go back to school next day. Eyes were so sore that she could not study.

" As she objected to going herself, knowing that I was going to stay longer, I argued favourably. She went back to school Friday morning, and came home again at night. Saturday evening I asked her how I was to know if she loved me, as I could not judge by her actions, and she would not tell me. Wednesday, Mrs. K—— had given me a book and a ring, making me promise not to tell who gave it to me; but I bought a dispensation to tell Mollie, as she had an idea that Mary T—— gave it to me.

" The same day Mary T—— told me that she had shown my last letter to Mollie.

" Sunday, rode to meeting together. Saw John P——, also Miss P——.

" How did I like Mr. P——? was her question as we rode off together.

" I said I was disappointed.

" How was I disappointed?

" I hardly knew. I couldn't say how—only that I was disappointed.

" I said I thought he was self-conceited.

" I was the only person that ever said he was conceited, she replied.

" It shows itself in ways not easily noticed, that I could see, having been conceited in those ways before, myself.

" At any rate, hadn't he the smallest hands and feet that I ever saw a man have?

" I said that I had not noticed his hands, but that his feet, like those of all men who always wear tight boots, took up more room perpendicularly than horizontally—words that I was ashamed of the minute I said them. I could not help glancing at my own heavy cow-hide boots, two sizes larger than my feet. I thought that perhaps she admired that which she had not herself.

" Well, how did I like Miss Evvie?

" ' I did not see her to know her,' I said; ' did she have on a red dress? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' With black spots? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' She looked pretty fat,' I said. ' We call the colour of her dress " Devil's mourning." '

" ' You'd better hush,' she said, half laughing.

" I laughed, and said, ' I beg your pardon, but you asked me '—and we dismounted.

" Her mother had gone over to Belle's, and I asked Mollie to take a walk. On a second invitation she consented; but two of the young ones went with us, and I could say nothing.

" The next day she went to school. I, determined on ' Yes ' or ' No,' went with her. It was so cold and windy that I said nothing on the road, and we went

into school together. I was introduced to Miss Jennie H—— by Mollie, and seated myself. I had ample time for a little look around me, and my observations were these: The school consisted of about fifty scholars. The school-room was a log-house divided into two rooms, one of them warmed by a large fire-place, the other by a coal stove. In the other room was a piano, and I could hear some one practising. Several classes were called up, until finally Miss Jennie said she was sorry it was not Friday, as there would be more then to interest me, and asked me if I was fond of music. Forthwith the door into the other room was opened, showing the piano moved into the middle of the room. Several of the young ladies played, and among them Miss Evvie P——. Then came recess, during which I asked Miss Jennie herself to play. She played two or three times, and ended by urging me to play or sing. I said I knew but one tune and I would sing that—and I sang,

'I am not myself, at all.'

"From the effect I had a right to feel flattered. At noon Miss Jennie asked Mollie to show me up to dinner. As we sat in the parlour [1] alone, before dinner, I felt that it might be my last chance, but I could not speak. On the way back to the school-house, almost

[1] The boarding and lodging department was in a separate house from that in which was the school-room.

there, I said, ' I shall not see you again for years, Mollie; will you say " Yes " or " No "? '

" ' No '—quietly, firmly, and with no trembling in the voice.

" We walked on three or four steps.

" ' Give my compliments to Miss Jennie,' I said, ' and ask her to excuse me.'

" ' Good-bye,' I said, and held out my hand.

" She gave hers with a steady clasp, and said, ' Good-bye.'

" I bent over to kiss her hand, but she put it down, with a strong effort, but I bent still lower and touched it, with my face almost to the ground.

" ' I touched it! ' I said wildly, exultingly, yet not knowing what I said or why I said it.

" I record these facts without any departure from truth, though they are to my shame, my sorrow, and to my great pain, and I would willingly omit them.

" I got upon the mule, and I have not seen Mollie since.

" ' No.' There was no pain then. Though I had long expected it, it came like a stunning blow. My mind was numb—frozen—to feel too soon the pain of thawing out.

" ' No.' She whom I had loved above all others, above father and mother, she had said ' No.'

" Oh! that she may never feel the loneliness that I felt then. I, that had said I would hope while I had

life, I had lost hope. This was, this is my visit to Missouri. Farewell, sweet memories of departed days!

"Home again to feel the dull pain grow sharp. Home again, now doubt, now despondency, then hope, bright hope! May our Father grant that if I am to go through the world poor, sick, despised, forsaken, at least I may have a friend."

CHAPTER XVII

DROUGHT IN KANSAS

"May God make me humble and contented with His will," wrote Spencer, soon after his return from Missouri. "I wrote to Mrs. K—— on Monday," he records on May 11th. "For about a month back I have been amusing myself by writing stories. They are sources of real pleasure to me, and perhaps it is better than writing bad feelings in this journal."

As to these literary recreations of his son, Mr. O. C. Brown told me that the lad wrote at a table or desk in the same room in which Mr. Brown slept. "Often I would awake about midnight to find Spencer still writing. I would say to him, 'Come, Spencer, it is time to stop that and go to bed.' He would put away his papers without a word, and get ready for bed. This happened over and over again." Many fragments and some complete stories that he wrote at that time are extant. Whatever may be their defects or blemishes, they are all interesting, and all pure as snow. The plot is usually strong and well-wrought."

But little more remains of Spencer's journal

written in Kansas. His close and intelligent observation of the love affairs of a young lady whom he frequently met will amuse her fair sisters who read the entertaining comments.

" R—— has given her a splendid gold ring and a guitar, and sends her ' goodies ' almost every day. They go out riding two or three times a week. She is all the time receiving presents, not all of them from R——. He sent her a dozen or more oranges last night. Besides, she received a large packet of magazines and papers from some one else."

The next extract is very pleasing. His mother and his eldest and youngest sisters were away from home, visiting friends in the State of New York. A bachelor's hall is not at any time a paradise. To a boy who is not well, a motherless home is most depressing. Spencer writes: " I have been very sick. . . . Day before yesterday I went over to Aunt Mary's in the afternoon, and stayed all the next day until night. I had a very good time at my aunt's, and we had talk such as we never had before. I was more than usually disgusted with the life we are leading, and spoke very plainly to her about it. I have always had a restraint about going to see my aunt, I think because I love her so much that I don't like to make her trouble. I made some light remarks—' She would like to get rid of me before the afternoon was out.'

" This, in connection with one or two others, she

answered in this wise: 'I don't like to have you sulk so. I love to have you come and see me, and it isn't any trouble at all to auntie.'

"'I believe you,' I said, and going across the room to her I kissed her face, held up for me. I have loved my aunt, for a little while lately, better than any other of my relations."

I have not attempted to give, side by side with Spencer's journal, the contemporary history of Kansas from 1856 to 1860. It is enough to say that private and partisan zeal and malice were busy, staining the map of the Territory with blood and charring it with incendiary fires. The boy wisely refrained from writing about these things, even in cipher. Moreover, he was used to them. They were too common to merit mention unless they touched his own town or people. He only wrote about that which, on account of its personal or relative bearing, was engrossing his thoughts at the time.

The drought of 1860, disappointing all hopes of income from sales of crops, involved Mr. Brown's family in distresses that finally dispersed the different members of it. He gives some idea of the condition of things at Osawatomie, and throughout Kansas, in a letter written on July 16th.

"Cornelia left us, in company of Uncle Ed and his wife, one week ago, for Utica, by way of Leavenworth, St. Joe, Chicago, and Buffalo. We all leave

Osawatomie for somewhere, soon. We have not had six hours of good rain in ten months. Winter and spring wheat will yield less than the seed. Vegetables there are none. Some corn [1] may seed. The heat is 114° in the shade (Fahrenheit), the simoom drying and crisping vegetation in an hour. The springs and streams are all dry; but, thank God, we have plenty of good water from wells, in town. I have nothing in my garden but a few small onions. Early corn, potatoes, peas, and everything else, blasted, dried up. There can be no hay cut, as my hill will burn like tinder. Money there is none. The biggest oxen in Kansas, worth formerly one hundred and forty dollars, now find no buyers at fifty to sixty dollars. I have a wagon and oxen. Shall ' roll out,' and, with the boys, get work where we can get something to eat. Sha'n't leave under four to six weeks. All well as usual. My own health, as usual, bad."

A circular issued early in 1861 to the citizens of Oneida County, New York, more fully exhibits the pitiable plight to which the inhabitants of Kansas had come in consequence of the drought.

" At a meeting of ward committees, appointed by the citizens of Utica, to solicit relief for the starving and destitute people of Kansas, the undersigned were requested to issue a circular to you.

[1] *Corn*, in the United States, means only *Indian corn*, or *maize*.

"We believe a knowledge of facts is alone wanting to induce you to contribute of your abundance to relieve the destitution of others. It is undisputed that for thirteen months immediately preceding last October there was a drought in a large part of Kansas back from the Missouri River. Fields of winter wheat yielded nothing. Corn planted in spring came up but never matured, and vegetables planted in gardens withered. In some instances three or four crops were planted, in the vain hope that rain might fall sufficient to secure at least one of these. And thus these people entered this winter, which has proved to be one of unusual severity and depth of snow. Then commenced the selling of stock, furniture, and every available thing—for the American people do not beg until it is that or starvation. The people of Kansas have not only no crops for immediate use, but no seed for the coming year, and no cattle to work their land. The people are not political adventurers; they are chiefly *bona fide* settlers, women, and children. But even if they were not, we should feed a dog if he was starving.

"Below we give you the evidence which we find in the hands of our own citizens, and from other authentic sources. We will only add this . . . for your consideration: A drought in Oneida County of twelve months would produce beggary and incalculable suffering among farmers, merchants, and mechanics, notwithstanding all our wealth. How much more disastrous

must such a drought prove in a State so sparsely settled as Kansas, among a people most of whom are just breaking the soil, and whose all is invested in their land.

" Such contributions, in money or clothing, as you feel disposed to give, after an examination of the facts submitted to you, you will please send to Mr. J. S. Peckham, of this place.

" A. HUBBELL, Chairman.
" J. F. SEYMOUR, Secretary."

Part of the evidence given is a letter written by Mr. O. C. Brown.

Mr. W. F. M. Arny published a petition from the Legislature of Kansas to the Legislature of New York, setting forth the story of the suffering and destitution of the people of Kansas, acknowledging the liberality of citizens of New York, who had supplied food and clothing for the needy, and appending certain startling statistics taken from reports of township committees that had applied for relief at Atchison. These showed that in two hundred and twenty-two townships there were forty-seven thousand destitute persons. Mr. Arny then called attention to the great need of suitable horses to draw the wagons engaged in transporting the provisions and goods contributed for the aid of the impoverished people. " In my trip of ten days in the interior of Kansas," wrote he, " I found over seventy teamsters with frozen feet or hands.

. . . Teams reduced to skin and bone are too weak for long journeys. . . . Unless legislative aid is furnished hundreds will perish for want of food."

The conclusion of the appeal consists of the narrative copied below.

"ATCHISON, KANSAS, *Feb. 21st* [*1861*].

"A deputation from the Pottawatomies,[1] consisting of three chiefs, came in yesterday and applied for relief for their tribe. After sitting a few moments in General Pomeroy's office, Lassonibane, a venerable chief, arose and addressed the General as follows:

"' We have heard that you are the great father of the whites. Will you become father to my starving people? Two of my tribe have died already, and many are in danger of starvation if not immediately supplied. Our wives and children were crying about us when we left. They said, ' If you come back empty we shall starve. The annuities have been cut off; the traders will not sell us food, for we have no money; our horses and cattle are dying; and we have no seed. We left our home on Lake Michigan. My wigwam stood where now is the great city of Chicago. We were removed from Council Bluffs. Never in my life have I seen such suffering among my people. If you will help us, we shall live; if not, we shall die.'

"Lassonibane is a fine-looking Indian, and spoke fluently and with great emotion. He represented two

[1] A tribe of Indians.

hundred and fifty of his tribe to be in the most destitute condition, which account was corroborated by statements from that part of the country.

" General Pomeroy loaded for them ten wagons with provisions, which will last them till spring."

In that dreadful year of dearth and famine the family of Mr. Brown was broken up, for a time. Only the father and three children stayed in Kansas. Spencer, when not engaged in duties on the farm, or in helping his father to write the records of the town (of which Mr. Brown was agent), employed his hours in study. " He read many standard works of history, poetry, or general literature." He kept notes of what he read, and wrote hundreds of pages in which he gave his views upon the subjects of his reading. When there was no longer any field that had not been parched and destroyed by the drought, when there was no remunerative business to induce him to stay longer in Osawatomie, the days passed wearily enough, and Spencer could not contentedly apply himself to study or composition. He resolved to quit home, to find elsewhere, if possible, profitable employment. He wrote to Colonel Boone, who had taken such a kind interest in him, when he was a captive: " You will perhaps remember my name . . . as that of the little prisoner you had in the Bull Creek camp in 1856. I am young and am willing to do any honest labour by which to make a living. . . . I would prefer, however, a

situation in which by remaining permanently I could rise in the business, whatever it might be."

The minds of his father and mother had been much exercised to find suitable place and work for him. On November 5th Mrs. Brown wrote to her husband from Buffalo, New York, on the subject: "I am pleased that you see an opportunity for Rockwell, and conclude you must be the best judge of matters *there*, though it occurred to us all *here* that that was just the opportunity for Spencer. Mr. Kingsley thinks Spencer has a decided literary taste and was, years ago, a good writer for one of his age. He thought such an opportunity would open the way to literary advancement. I hope something as good [1] will soon open for him. I think his talents have been buried long enough. . . . Spencer will die, mentally and morally, if he does not soon have some incentive for living." Then, contrasting the dearth in Kansas with the plentiful provisions in New York State, she writes: "Apples are so abundant and cheap that they are a drug. Potatoes have been very cheap. I never saw finer grapes and pears. The only drawback in the enjoyment of them is that you are not here to share them with us. . . . Tell Spencer to keep up good courage, and I trust there will soon be just the right opening for him."

[1] Employment had been found for Rockwell in a newspaper office.

To Rockwell she wrote: "I trust Spencer is able to get that situation in the Journal of Commerce office, Kansas City, which your father spoke of. We feel, Kitty and I, as if that would be the best for Spencer."

A few days later she wrote to Spencer. Speaking of her journey and voyage from Kansas to New York, she said: "It was considered very hazardous to come by the lakes at this season of the year, and some wondered that I should do so; but you know it was the only way I could come.[1] I came on the propeller Mohawk, Captain Pheatt. We were wind-bound at Milwaukee one day and night, and it was very rough when we left there. It was very rough all down Lake Huron, and we were so sick, Lily and I, that we kept our beds till noon of the next day. We were five days from Milwaukee. We had a good boat.

"The captain's wife and one other lady, with a Methodist minister, a Mr. Millard, and the captain, made a pleasant company. The very next trip this same steamboat burst her boiler, and five men were killed and the boat immediately sank. It was a merciful Providence that brought us safe. . . . I hope and trust some way will soon open for you. Kitty and I talk and think and study to devise some way for you. . . . When I think of you all[2] so far from me, it is hard to be reconciled to such a stern necessity, and

[1] Transportation by water was cheaper than by railroad.

[2] Three of the children were with Mr. Brown, in Osawatomie.

if I could not, as nightly I lay my head upon my pillow, commit you to the care of One who is all-powerful and all-gracious to aid, protect, and cherish and comfort you, I could not sleep. Spencer, my dear boy, can you not look to Him for comfort, as when, once before, you sought, and, I believe, found Him? If so, He is your Father still. Then look to Him again, with a penitent, believing heart, and He will not turn you away. If you have loved Him once, He will surely perfect the good work He has begun with you. Write to me, and tell me all that interests and concerns you. I can hardly suppose your father is still with you. If he is, tell him and Rockwell I wait for answers to my letters. . . . Give my love to Fanny and Freddy; and Lily sends hers to you all. She gets a little homesick sometimes. Kitty expects to go to Utica this week.

"Your affectionate mother,

"M. A. Brown."

On November 1st Spencer wrote to young Mr. P——, a son of H. P——,[1] the celebrated sculptor. Although he mentioned the drought and scarcity of breadstuffs, so characteristically sprightly was the letter that his correspondent would little suspect the extremity to which his friend had come—the dire necessity, the desperation, which would drive him into exile on the morrow.

[1] Hiram Powers.

On November 2, 1860, he bade good-bye to his father, brother, and sister, taking his way towards Missouri, where he had often been urged by Doctor K—— to teach a school. He had gone from home before his mother wrote the loving letter given above. For a few days he taught the school obtained for him through the influence of his good friend. Then he was warned to be gone from that neighbourhood within forty-eight hours. His name was Brown, and he was from Kansas. Having no means of support, taking with him only the clothes that were on his back, to save his life he fled towards St. Louis, stopping here and there to earn by manual labour enough to supply his daily need.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE IMPENDING CRISIS

That certain Missourians banished Spencer from their school and neighbourhood was no occasion for wonder. His name and origin were enough to excite suspicion. The memory of Old John Brown's slave-freeing incursions into their State alarmed these people. Spencer went to Missouri at the wrong time. The Republican party that very month elected Abraham Lincoln President of the United States. To the oligarchy of the slave-labour States Mr. Lincoln seemed to incarnate enmity to slavery and the South.

It had been declared by the Republican party that there was " an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery "; that " the Republic cannot exist half slave and half free "; and that " freedom is the normal condition of all territory." On the other hand, it had been declared by that wing of the Democratic party which nominated John C. Breckenridge for the Presidency " that no power existed that might lawfully control slavery in the Territories "; that slavery existed in any Territory, in full force, whenever a slave-holder and his slaves entered it; and that it was

the duty of the National Government to protect slaveholders who should practically assert this doctrine. The men who conspired against the life of the nation were in this faction. Their aim was to annul the principle of popular sovereignty maintained by the regular Democratic party, which had nominated Douglas for the Presidency.

For this principle all Pro-Slavery Southerners had rigorously contended only six years before. They had found it to work against them in Kansas. To enact positive laws that would allow them " to call the roll of their slaves even under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument," if they should choose so to do, became their new purpose. Their bolder leaders counselled the slave-labour States to see to it, in case their extreme requirements should be refused by the country, that concerted action be taken to precipitate the South into revolution. These men had struck down their great political party merely because it had declined to go with them to the length of their preposterous demands. They had thus made possible the election of Abraham Lincoln. They had sowed the wind, and were yet to reap the whirlwind.

Probably Spencer was but just installed teacher of a school in Missouri when tidings of the election of Lincoln filled the State with fury. Perhaps we should praise the moderation that at such a time, in such a place, allowed a Free-Soil man from Kansas to escape

with his life. I cannot think that anything else than the friendship of Doctor K—— preserved him from death. Already the politicians of the South were busy preparing to bring about the secession of the slave-labour States from the Union. Although they had clamoured so loudly for " popular sovereignty " in 1854, believing then that they could depend upon the ingress to Kansas of overwhelming numbers of Southern men, these astute politicians knew better than to appeal at once to the masses in the South for a mandate to dissolve the Union of States. The conventions that declared the independence of the several Southern States had no faith in " popular sovereignty." They were made up of political demagogues—not of chosen representatives of the people. Arrogantly they took things in their own hands, and declared their respective States out of the Union. From the date of the triumph of the Republican party the decree went forth to organize a separate " Confederacy." They hoped to carry their plans by a *coup d'état*. Their temple should rise as did the house of the Lord in Solomon's time. The stones should be made ready before they were brought upon the ground where the building should stand.

" Suddenly, while no sound of hammer, or axe, or any tool of iron, should be heard by the millions of the North, the mighty minster should be reared. The North should awake some fine morning to be confronted

and confounded by the completed structure. African mothers, as bowed caryatides, should support the magnificent pile. From its lofty dome Southern chivalry, on horseback, should look down, with stony gaze, upon fields tilled under the crack of the overseer's lash. This was the Midsummer's Dream of the conspirators in 1860. They had forgotten that God planned Solomon's temple, whereas the designs for theirs had very different origin.

The men that quarried made too much noise. Their blasts roused the nation. As the appointed time to rear the edifice drew near, opposing hosts began to muster in the North.

CHAPTER XIX

A SOLDIER

In his flight towards St. Louis, Spencer stopped long enough to write a brief memorandum, which he sent to his sister, then in Utica, New York. Mrs. Brown forwarded the note to Kansas. It gave her husband the first tidings of his son's safety. The short and stained original lies before me.

"Independence, Missouri, *Nov. 23d.*"

"Prospects a little better.

"Spense."

"*Independence, Missouri, December 12th.* Times improving '*slightually.*' Send me a letter immediately if you want me to get it, and be sure to address it to Spencer Kellogg, Independence, Missouri. Don't write the word *Brown,* inside or out. I do not expect to be here long. Send this home, and write immediately on receipt. I shall not write home until making something.

"Spense."

Sad as the boy's plight is, his drollness must express itself in one word of slang.

"Henceforth," wrote his father, "the name of

Brown was dropped, and Kansas was not to be mentioned in any letters from his friends. Nor did he dare write to his father in Kansas, but sent his letters to his mother and sisters, then in Utica, whither they had gone because of the drought.''

In a letter to her husband, Spencer's mother expresses her anxiety for the safety of the fugitive. She found comfort in faith. '' I hope I am learning to trust my heavenly Father, or, as Fred Williams [1] says, ' to take Him at His word.' ''

To his mother's letter Spencer's reply came from Kentucky.

'' Newport Barracks, Kentucky, *Jan. 27, '61.*

'' Dear Mother: I was much pleased to hear from you, for the first time since leaving home. I should have answered your letter before, only I had a little attack of dumb-ague on top of the most clinging cold of nearly three weeks' duration. But there's no great loss without some small gain, and my gain is that I am thus enabled to give you the required information on the subject of the care I get when sick.

'' If you look up the sheet a little way you may read, ' Newport Barracks,' and at this place about two hundred and fifty men, myself included, are wearing Uncle Sam's livery, and awaiting orders.

'' When three weeks away from home, I knew, hav-

[1] Brother of S. Wells Williams, Professor of Oriental Literature.

ing done my best to get work, that the alternative was to enlist or go back, and so I enlisted.

" But we are getting away from our subject. After feeling as mean as the ague *can make* a man feel, for a day and a half, I went to the hospital (at the appointed hour) and the doctor gave me a strong dose of ipecac, into which was stirred a cathartic (calomel). Both together weakened me so much that I could hardly leave my bed five minutes, and at night I did not get to sleep until, after one o'clock, I heard the guard relieved. But it was all right, and to-day, by the doctor's order, the steward gave me quinine three times—at nine, eleven, and twelve—and I begin to feel quite convalescent. So much for being sick.

" And now, as I am still very weak, I know you will excuse the brevity of this, and when I feel a little more ' prosy ' I'll tell you about the barracks and much more that you will be interested in.

" I have only one favour to ask. Send me a Tribune once in a while, if you can, for I am in a great dearth of news.

" Let me hear from you often.

" SPENCER.

" Did Sister K—— receive a letter from me dated from Independence, Missouri?"

A month after his enlistment Spencer wrote to his father from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, explaining

that he had enlisted because he was unwilling to go back to be a burden to his parents while times were so hard in Kansas; declared himself contented in his new lot, but alert to seize the first opportunity to improve it; and asked his father to consider what the political state of the country foreboded for the army. He thought it probable that the company to which he had been assigned and other troops would be ordered to Washington to help " keep everything straight at the inauguration " of President Lincoln, but expected to be sent, first, to the arsenal at St. Louis, to repel attacks threatened by the faction that favoured the movement to organize a Southern Confederacy.

Indeed, nothing but wise and prompt action kept the " Secessionists " from seizing that arsenal, with all the ordnance stored there. To supply the South with muskets, sabres, and all equipments, and also with artillery, the conspirators tried to get possession of forts and arsenals within the bounds of the Slave-labour States, and endeavoured to remove such stores from United States arsenals on Northern soil, to ship them to military posts in the Cotton States. Perjured traitors who were members of President Buchanan's Cabinet actually issued orders to effect such removals. At Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by command of the Secretary of War, heavy artillery was taken from the Allegheny Arsenal to the wharf on the Monongahela River, to be shipped down the Ohio and Missis-

sippi Rivers. The intensely loyal citizens would not allow the orders of the Secretary to be carried out. The guns were taken back to the arsenal.

Spencer thought it a good joke when he was detailed one of four cooks for the company to which he was attached! No doubt his experience in Kansas had taught him all the rudiments of his culinary calling.

"It would do you good to see me writing now. I am perched upon a bunk about twelve feet from the floor and on the third tier, with my feet hanging over the edge, the paper resting on a piece of pasteboard on my knees. . . . This is my second letter, notwithstanding my busy cooking duties, which are something besides nominal, as you can imagine.

"(Next day.) It is about ten o'clock now, and we were obliged to have everything done up for 'inspection' an hour since, and I have a few minutes before getting ready for dinner. I don't object to the cooking, much, as it has its privileges, such as unstinted rations, no roll-calls to answer, and no drill. . . . There is a good allowance for clothes—$45.97 the first year, and, successively, $33.43, $38.86, $33.43, and $36.25—and, as the things are almost all furnished at cost prices, the money covers a great deal. Our pay is $11.00 a month. . . . Yesterday made just a month since I enlisted, and I have only spent one dollar and forty cents. To-day (Saturday) our privileges stick out a little, for it is 'general police,' and the

whole company (except eight for chopping and carrying wood) are scrubbing floors, dry, with brick and sand, washing windows, scrubbing the mess-table and benches and the brick floors, and chopping extra wood for Sunday.

"As for us, the cooks, we stand and look on. . . . Of course, on 'general police' there is no drill, and, as there are twice as many men as are needed to do the work, there is not much growling, but very often a good deal of fun. To-morrow (Sunday) is 'general inspection,' when the whole garrison turn out with their arms. Every button must be in the highest state of polish, every shoe shining, and all clothes well brushed. The arms are all examined closely, and generally are in the highest polish. The iron ramrods are rung in the bottom to see if the guns are clean inside. If any man's hair is too long he gets orders to cut it. . . . Immediately after parade all go into their rooms, the knapsacks are spread out on the floor, with the overcoats neatly folded on one side and all the clothes on the other, and the men stand behind them and in front of their bunks while the major and lieutenant make the tour of the rooms. . . . In the kitchen, every knife, fork, and spoon is shining, the cups are stacked up in bright order, and the tin plates are ranged in neat order in the cupboards.

"Of course the tables and floors are clean, after Saturday's scouring. The men stand behind their open

knapsacks, and the head cook is responsible for anything that is wrong. Two men are detailed every night as room-orderlies (on Sundays there are two assistants), and they are obliged to see that the room is clean, that no one spits on the floors, that nothing is stolen (if anything is stolen they are responsible), and they must stay in the rooms while the company is absent, on drill, at meals, or otherwise. They must also see that good fires are kept, if needed; that every man's things are in order, fit for the morning inspection; and that all lights, fires excepted, are put out at 'taps.' . . .

"Tell Aunt Mary that I should like to see her. Tell Uncle Charley that he will 'never see his darling (overcoat [1]) any more.'"

The strain upon the affections, and the anxieties that tried the separated members of many a Kansan family in those days, are apparent in the next letters.

Mrs. Brown wrote to her husband, on February 15th, from Utica, New York: "The world seems dark to me, so long without you. When shall we meet? . . . What do you conclude? I little thought of such a long separation when I left you. If I had one hundred dollars I would go back in April—unless you

[1] Which his uncle had lent him when Spencer went away from home, but which the boy had been obliged to leave when he was warned away from Missouri.

conclude it is best to come here. . . . I am feeling so distressed about Spencer that it takes the spirit all out of me, but I do try to commit him to my Saviour and trust that He will take care of him. If you come, if we can learn whether he is still at Newport, Kentucky, would it not be well for you to come by way of Cincinnati [1] and get a proper situation for him, and take him, he being under age? ''

Appended to the letter given above is one to Mr. Brown from his eldest daughter.

'' My dear Father: . . . I presume you have about made up your mind to come this way as soon as possible. I want to see you very much, and a change will perhaps do you good; but I hope you will not take final leave of Kansas, because a roof there, though humble, is better than no roof at all—to say nothing of a farm. . . . With a friendly President, who knows but brighter days are dawning for us? After living in the West, the East does not seem so pleasant, unless one is very rich.

'' What do you think about Spencer? It seems dreadful to me.

'' *Monday morning, February 18, 1861.* We received your letter Friday evening, and a portion of it was published in this morning's paper. . . . There also came a letter from Spencer, from Newport Bar-

[1] Which was not far from Newport, Kentucky.

racks, Kentucky. He has been sick. Grandpa seems to feel very bad about him, and says he thinks you could claim him, as he is under age. . . . Could you not write and claim him?

"Your loving daughter,

"KITTY."

In the letter to his father, Spencer mentioned the recent removal of the command to which he belonged from Kentucky to Missouri. These were both border States of great importance, and the protection on the one hand of St. Louis, and of Cincinnati and Louisville on the other, required such shifting of troops as perplexed all observers who did not appreciate the entire inadequacy of the small regular army of the United States to the exigencies occasioned by the threatening attitude of the South. Military organizations were forming and drilling in all the Slave-labour States. As a black cloud, surcharged with tempest, hangs above the western horizon on a summer eve, fringed with fiery light, so the gloomy portent of rebellion wherever it hovered over our Southern States was outlined by gleaming bayonets. The brilliancy of the spectacle could not cause the country to forget that soon must come the night of war, the lightning and thunder of battle.

However, Spencer does not seem to have indulged

gloomy apprehensions of the future. There is delightful union of gaiety and affection in the opening of his next letter, written on February 20th, from "St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri."

"My Mother: I salute you! That's soldier-fashion, isn't it? You see I write in spirits, being well and hearty, although a little tired, having just come off guard.

"I wrote to you and Kitty from Jefferson Barracks, and, as I expected, was soon after (some ten days) ordered, with two hundred others, to this place. There are now collected here five hundred men, or nearly so many—the Government evidently fearing some attack upon the large amount of stores, arms, ammunition, etc., collected here. We are confined as closely as convicts in a penitentiary, and a large number of guards continually on post, with the strictest orders. Monday we threw up several earthen breastworks, and yesterday some unfinished ones were completed. Yesterday morning I mounted guard at nine, and, being on the third relief, I was not on post until one P. M. There are three reliefs on every post, each standing guard two hours, and consequently it is two hours on and four off; so, being on from one to three P. M., I came on again from seven until nine, and again four hours after, at one, and, the last, from seven until nine this morning; when there was a new guard,

and we were marched off to the shooting-grounds, to fire off the loads in our guns at a target one hundred yards distant.

" We were then marched towards the quarters and ordered to ' Break ranks—*March!* '—upon which every one started for home (quarters) as fast as he could run. Thus, you see, in the twenty-four hours we are eight hours ' walking post.' But, then, on guard one has his little privileges, such as no drill on the day that he comes off, and no ' fatigue duty.' For instance —a few moments before I commenced writing there were orders given to parade the company, and we were all turned out; but on the parade-ground the ones that came off guard were ordered to fall out, and while we returned to our quarters the remainder of the company marched away for some fatigue, probably placing the artillery behind the breastworks lately thrown up—all of which are pierced for cannon.

" There is strong probability that the arsenal may be attacked, but it will be a most desperate job taking it, on account of the great facilities for defence, and the desperate determination of both officers and men.

" I wrote to father about twelve days since and have yet received no answer. I saw, in the Missouri Republican, that Conway had presented a bill for indemnity to the losers in the political troubles in Kansas. Please tell me of its progress if you see any report in the papers.

" Tell Kitty that I should be glad to hear from her, and that I will write to her.

" In case of an attack I will write to you immediately afterwards; and if I should be injured, a friend, if he lives, will write to you, I doing the same for him if he should be harmed.

" SPENCER.

" Don't write until you hear from me. S."

His mother, fearing that Spencer would be ordered to Washington, wrote to her husband urging him to seek their son in St. Louis. Doubtless she expected Mr. Brown to take some steps to obtain the young soldier's discharge. She, and the boy's grandfather, could not be reconciled to the thought of the degrading associations which they supposed must be his lot as an enlisted man in the regular army.

In truth, little else than the scum of immigration from foreign lands found its way into the American Army in times of peace until just before the opening of the Civil War. Already, when Spencer enlisted, the character of the recruits was beginning to change. Some of his new companionships were not pleasing, but he contrived, on the whole, to accommodate himself to the necessities of the case. On March 8, 1861, he wrote from the St. Louis Arsenal to his sister Kitty:

" I have ' raised ' five cents, the first ' show ' I

have had for paying the postage on a letter since I finished the stamps that you and Mother sent; and after due deliberation I have concluded to use the money to send a letter to Mother and yourself in preference to Father and Rock, from both of whom I have lately heard. Money is very scarce, or I should have written to you before; but most of the men are in daily expectation of a pay-day, which will give me fifteen dollars, or thereabouts, clear money, and, after paying Newman, I shall have ten dollars to lay away towards my stock-money. That means that I am trying to save two hundred and fifty dollars to buy stock, to go into stock-raising in Kansas—with Rock, if he is able—by myself, if I must.

"You see, I get eleven dollars a month, of which one dollar is kept back until the end of my five years. I also get one hundred and ninety-eight dollars, lacking four cents, in clothing, during my five years' term. That may look very little to you, but everything is of the best, and furnished at cost prices. Very many men save as much as seventy-five dollars in clothing money, which is paid to them at the end of their term; so I hope for at least fifty dollars clothing money.

"So you see that a man need have very little trouble in saving a hundred dollars a year—which is my mark—more if I can. I am sorry to say that I fear my bright prospects, before spoken of, are likely to be disappointed.

"Tell Mother she need not fear that I will hurt myself romancing, as I have entirely quit it since I left home. This enlisting one is apt to find a most sober reality, and I am getting over *some* of my foolishness, at least. Still, I cannot help wanting to see loved ones again, when I lie down after a good 'sing' in company with two or three gifted ones. But I comfort myself with the prospect of better times—even with five years' probation. I should be glad if Rock is able to have money to put with mine for the business I spoke of, for we should then have quite a good capital. I have not given up my old idea of going South to live, and I hope, having good success, to be able to retire, at the age of thirty-five, to a pleasant seaport, either in the South or in South America. That may look a long way ahead to you, but soldiers get into the habit of considering a five years' enlistment as but a short thing; nor is it to be wondered at, judging by the way the days slip by.

"As I stay away from home I begin, slowly, but I think surely, to find out where I am weak, and where strong. I do not think a few years in the service will do any harm. I would like to introduce you to a little of my company.

"There's C——, not a very prepossessing face, but full of mischief, and as full of music—what else he is I do not know, but he's a good singer. I sold him a shirt and pair of drawers (Government)—a dollar

and a half in all; but it was not a business transaction, though I shouldn't be surprised if I got my pay.

" Then there's K——, from Canada—not very strongly English—wears a Masonic breastpin, has taken five degrees—wears a beard half an inch long. He is a little tall, but straight—pleasant-looking—plays whist with me—not a bad companion anywhere—knows a few songs, correctly.

" There's O'C——, my little Irish ' bunky ' (that is, we sleep together)—short, stubby, red-faced, drinks whisky, but does not get ' tight '; smokes, but is trying to quit; gets mad in a flash, and over it as quickly; and has, in all probability, seen better days. There is one thing—he speaks good English and grammatically, although sometimes with a little emphasis.

" Then, there's G——, our corporal. Knows all the German operas and is all the time singing or whistling them—I try to help him once in a while. Without bragging, I think I am developing a very good voice. We succeed in having some first-rate music—perhaps the more pleasing to me that much of it is new. There's much, after all, that *takes* in a soldier's life—for if we see but little pleasure, there is under the average of care and trouble—although some hardship.

" Never mind, K——, when I get to living on the coast of South America I will try if I cannot find *comfort,* even if happiness is denied. . . .

"Please let me hear from yourself and Mother often, and do not wait for me, as I may not always find a stamp."

"St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri, *March 25, 1861.*

"Dear Sister: I came off guard the day after I received your letter, and, getting a pass to go into town, I only had time to write part of a letter to Matie, which letter I inclose for you to give her, giving her the preference because I felt more like writing to her than to you—you understand? You may read it, or not, as you please. If you see her, give it to her; if not, please inclose and send it. You cannot understand what an intense longing some of us poor sinners have for some ladies' society; and next to that will be receiving a letter occasionally from a girl such as I believe Matie to be.

"Pay-day has come and gone, making life here, to me, but so much harder. While I had no money I was contented; now I begin to have longings. I shall go to South America, first you know!

"I have spent five dollars since pay-day, and in its place I have now gloves, chess-men, stamps, cap-cover, pocket-inkstand, writing-paper, pocket-knife, and porte-monnaie; besides some other things that I *did* have but haven't now—in one sense at least. It is impossible to keep stamps—only look: I bought six stamped envelopes (twenty-five cents) three or four

days since, and you sent me one; well, one friend has the stamp, and three or four of the envelopes my chum, O'C——, must have. It's no use to talk of refusing—'twould be cutting my own throat. There, one whom I would oblige as a friend; here, one who lent me paper. O'C—— would not refuse me anything that he has. Comically enough, and unusually, too, he likes me better than I like him. I record the thing because it does not happen every day. So, if you want to hear from me regularly, you must send me a stamp. Keep account of them, and next pay-day I'll send them back.

"You ought to have seen how miserable I was last night. I had just come off guard, and, getting a pass, rambled round St. Louis a good share of the afternoon. Well, I was pretty tired, and when my friend C——, who has been in desperate trouble for months, came to tell me about a letter setting it all right, and showed me a fine ambrotype, and some brown hair, fine and soft as silk, why, of course, I was feeling the contrast, and was proportionately wretched. 'Tis the first time I have given way since I left home, and there was a good deal pent up, you see. Well, I have partially recovered this morning—enough at least to clean out my gun (I just now am interrupted by an application for a postage-stamp, and 'twon't do to refuse the cook, you know—he could almost starve you, if he liked), and finish my letter to Matie, besides writing you one.

"Tell Mother that I *will* write to her once a week, if she will send a stamp, although I cannot help being 'shoppy.' I shall probably make an application to be transferred to the detachment of artillery that C—— belongs to. I shall let you know the result."

"St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri, *April 2, 1861.*

"Dear K——: . . . I want to tell you about I——n, our second sergeant. I——n and myself struck up an acquaintance at Newport, Kentucky; but at Jefferson, from circumstances, this acquaintance was necessarily interrupted, and when we came to the arsenal I succeeded in doing something that angered him. So, the acquaintance hasn't progressed much here. But during the last two weeks, or thereabouts, we have been on somewhat better terms, and I am now in the squad of men under his charge. I——n is a fine-looking fellow, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years of age, with a most peculiar turn of mind, generous, and so just that having power he does not abuse it. He has also a most reserved manner, making no friends, admitting but few acquaintances. At Newport I used frequently to sit upon the side of his bunk, while, most curiously, he would speculate upon the small amount it would take to set up a small farm upon which one could earn a nice living, sojourning betimes in the neatest of little white cottages, with the prettiest of graceful little women. 'What is the mat-

ter with I——n?' thought I. 'What is his main point?' 'What has made him so misanthropic, and so reserved?' But last week I think I found out the reason. I will not tell you what I think it was, but only the incident which made me think I knew.

"I happened to speak of wanting to be transferred to the artillery, and he inquired my reasons. I told him that I liked the service better, and that I had a friend—he interrupted me with a violent exclamation, at the same time striking the bench upon which we were sitting with his clinched fist. 'There is no such thing as a friend,' he said. The reason of the remark struck me in a moment, and I could not help saying, 'You didn't always think so.' In less than a minute after he went away, with some half-spoken excuse. But since then he has been very much more cordial and pleasant, and a day or so afterward we were divided into squads, and when I fell to his squad I had to leave my old abiding-place and take up my sojourn in a strange land, which happened to be the next bed but one to where I——n slept. 'Why don't you take *this* place?' said he, pointing to a place still nearer to his bed than where I was. 'The bed was my bunky's,' I began, 'and I—' He cut me rather short: 'Oh, it doesn't make any difference to *me,* but I thought you wouldn't like to sleep so near that B——.' I smiled inwardly. I think I was pleased. What dif-

ference was it to him whether I slept near B—— or not, and why so much anxiety to excuse a little apparent interest? We'll see by-and-bye. So ends this little episode for the present."

CHAPTER XX

IN THE ARMY IN TIME OF WAR

During the dreary winter of 1860–61 loyal Americans held their breath and asked, "What next?" Mr. Buchanan's embarrassed Administration at Washington accepted for its guidance the counsel of Attorney-General Black, whose opinion it was that the Government had no right to "coerce" States or people. They might secede from the Union at pleasure, and set up within the territorial bounds of what had been the United States a new nation or nations, and the President must make no armed resistance to the revolt! This monstrous decision was acknowledgment of State Sovereignty with a vengeance! Because the consent of the States was necessary to form the Union, the States were Sovereign—supremely and exclusively—and might withdraw at pleasure! Apply the principle to marriage: at once its falsity is apparent.

The traitorous Secretary of the Navy had sent warships of the Government to the other side of the globe. A traitor at the head of the War Department had robbed the arsenals in the North to supply the South with ordnance, proportionately impoverishing the na-

tion. A vessel sent to provision Fort Sumter, in the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, and to reenforce the garrison there, was fired upon by rebels. Traitors in Congress were busy all winter devising ways and means to dismember the Federal Union. Millions of Northern men clinched their fists and ground their teeth, waiting impatiently for the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. His inaugural address had the right ring. It threw out no foolish boasts, or threats. " He expressed the most kindly regard for the people of every portion of the Republic, and his determination to administer the Government impartially, for the protection of every citizen and every interest. At the same time he announced his resolution to enforce the laws, protect the public property, and repossess that which had already been seized by the insurgents." He reminded the conspirators that he had taken a solemn oath to protect the Constitution and the Union.

Early in April the Government informed the authorities of South Carolina that supplies would be sent to Fort Sumter, " peaceably, or forcibly." On April 12th the insurgents, under General Beauregard, opened fire, with " full thirty heavy guns," on Fort Sumter and the flag of the United States. Thus began the Civil War. Immediately the loyal multitudes of the North ran up the Stars and Stripes on tall liberty-poles in every city, town, and village; decked almost every public building, including churches and

school-houses, with bunting; filled the land with flags; and made ready to vindicate the supremacy of the National Government, at any cost of treasure and of blood. The struggle was about over when the gallant officer [1] who had defended Fort Sumter until only its ruins remained, and, evacuating the post, had borne away with him the insulted but not dishonoured flag, was delegated to raise again, in triumph, that self-same flag above the shapeless and blackened pile that had been Fort Sumter—a mass of débris now, which fitly symbolized the doom of the "Southern Confederacy."

In April, 1861, Mr. O. C. Brown, taking his little daughter Fanny with him, set out from Osawatomie to join that part of his family which was in the East. As he went down the Missouri River, his wife ascended it on her way to join him in Kansas. Thus they missed one another. Eager to see Spencer, despairing of Mr. Brown's being able to join her in New York, the devoted wife and mother borrowed money to return to Osawatomie. On the way she stopped in St. Louis to see her soldier-son.

"OSAWATOMIE, *April 22, 1861.*

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: Ascertaining at St. Louis that you had not been there, and, through Mr. Bailey, that you had not been in Chicago, I flattered myself

[1] Anderson.

that I should get here before you left. I was greatly disappointed when told at Kansas City that we had missed each other on the river. I wished very much to see you before you left, yet I am rejoiced that you could get away; also that you have taken Fanny. She ought to go to school. I had reasons for wishing to come back which I did not wish to commit to paper, but I would gladly have conferred with you. I believe I am acting judiciously.

". . . I came sooner than I intended, and without delay on the way, as I wished to see Spencer. I did see him daily while I was in St. Louis, and it was a great satisfaction to me. I hope you saw him. I had not sent you his last letters, because I was expecting soon to bring them to you. If you called on Mr. Cozzens you heard from Spense in St. Louis. I was there nearly a week, and had a very pleasant visit. . . . The weather is very warm, but windy, as usual. We had a thunder-shower this morning—not very much rain, however. The garden looks beautiful, and I hope we shall soon be able to get along and make it comfortable for you when you come back. I heard there was to be an effort to raise a Secession flag in Kansas City, yesterday. . . . Will you forward this letter to Utica, when you have read it, as I cannot write any more to-day, and they will wish to hear from me? . . . Send these flowers to Grandpa; Lily has just picked them."

From Utica, on April 23, 1861, "Kitty" wrote:

"DEAR FATHER: Grandpa received your letter, saying that you were in Chicago, a day or two since. We think that Mother and Lily must be in Osawatomie by this time—but we can only conjecture, as we have heard from her but once since she left. She was then at St. Louis. She stayed at William Cozzens's—that is, when he found that she was in the city he came to the hotel where she was and insisted upon her accompanying him home. He then went for Spencer, who got leave of absence, with some difficulty—making Mother a call of an hour or two in length. When he left, Mother wrote a note to the officer, requesting permission for him to spend the next day, which was Sunday, with her.

"This was granted, and she thought that the visit did him much good—the change of diet, society, and scenery—and it appeared as if he would devour Lily. I felt so disappointed that you did not see him at St. Louis. I am exceedingly anxious to hear from Mother. I cannot imagine what she will do. Grandpa is quite distressed about her going, and in these critical times, too: but she was so anxious to see the children, and she supposed they would remain there.

"What a mistake that was about Spencer's being at Litchfield! *That* was *Uncle* Spencer. Dear child! I only wish it *had* been so. Grandpa wishes you had

stopped to see William Cozzens in St. Louis, even if Spencer had not been in that place, for you would have enjoyed the visit, he says, as that gentleman has a beautiful place, and he would have been very glad to see you. He took a great fancy to Spencer. There is a great state of excitement here about the war. I was out, for the first time in several days, this morning, with some friends, to see the 'Utica Citizens' Corps,' and our brave volunteers—who are among the first young men in the city—some of them mere boys. Many companies were in zouave costume, and although an imposing and interesting spectacle it was a very sad one. . . .

"Your affectionate daughter,

"K."

Mr. Brown wrote from Chicago, May 2d:

"My dear Wife: I am in receipt of yours from Osawatomie of the 22d ultimo. I did hope to see you ere you went West, but missed you on the river; also failed to see Spencer, supposing him to be in Utica, and having only money enough to bring us here, Fanny at half-fare. . . . If the war goes on, in the Volunteer service Spencer might get some promotion, but where he is perhaps it is doubtful. As I am so entirely in the dark, I am not prepared to act, or judge of what is best, and must wait until I hear from you again. Here all is bustle and busy preparation for a vigorous

and protracted war. The whole nation can now see something of the Kansas struggle with Pro-Slavery power. This move is looked upon as leading to the final overthrow of slavery. . . . I cannot say when I leave here. May go down to see Spencer, when I hear from you. I am pleased that he is now occupying so important a position in the defence of the Government property at St. Louis. I should be quite willing to have him volunteer if he were not now in the service. I am very anxious to hear from him, but don't wish to put him in a false position by writing before I can learn something of the facts. . . . I can see no good reason for leaving off his surname,[1] as he is now safe from 'Border Ruffian' violence. Spencer has committed no crime, and *now* is safe, and no longer needs to disown a name which is immortalized by the heroism of John Brown."

Mrs. Brown replied from Osawatomie, on May 9th: "I received yours of May 2d this morning. I regret that you did not see Spencer. You were misled by Abigail's letter, where she mentions Kitty and Spencer coming. She meant Ambrose Spencer, who went out with Kitty. . . .

"Spencer seemed sad, and we thought he wished to get away. I had written you to go to him, and you thought you could not; so I resolved to go myself, and

[1] He had enlisted as "*Spencer Kellogg*," dropping the *Brown*.

came away a month earlier, at least, than I should have done, to be sure and see him and do what I could for him. As for his name, I certainly am not pleased with his course about that; but, as he has enlisted as Spencer Kellogg, he does not, probably, find a convenient time to make it right. My friends in St. Louis understand about it and call him Spencer Brown. Spencer has no intimacy or interchange whatever with officers, to explain or recommend himself. Mr. Cozzens has acquaintance and influence with them, and you can do nothing, very well, except through him. You would enjoy his acquaintance much. . . . He had the impression that I was Captain Brown's [1] wife (the only Osawatomie Brown he had any knowledge of) until father went there. . . .

"He did not relish the idea of my marrying Captain Brown. . . . I wrote you a letter from St. Louis to Osawatomie, which you did not receive, telling you all about Spencer and my visit there. . . . He felt very bad about some things. He felt so much the want of education, and said that he had neither trade nor education. He would have thought best to leave there if anything else were in view. I do not know about his being a volunteer, but I never was pleased with his enlisting. . . . They were very much interested in him and about him at Mr. Cozzens's, and would be glad to do anything for him."

[1] "Old John Brown's."

Missouri was soon to suffer from war even worse things than she had inflicted upon Kansas. The Governor, Jackson, was disloyal to his country, but he and his clan were outnumbered in his State by the loyalists. In February, at Jefferson City, a convention was held in which no "openly avowed disunionist appeared." It reassembled at St. Louis, March 4th, when Sterling Price, a secret enemy to the United States Government, presided. "The loyal men gave the right tone to the proceedings, and the Governor, despairing of using that body for his treasonable purposes, turned to the more disloyal Legislature for aid. The latter yielded to his wishes, and, under the inspiration of Daniel M. Frost, a native of New York, and a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, they made arrangements for enrolling the militia of the State and placing in the hands of the Governor a strong military force to be used against the power of the National Government. Arrangements were also made for seizing the National Arsenal at St. Louis and holding possession of that chief city of the Mississippi Valley. For this purpose, and with the pretext of disciplining the militia of that district, Frost, commissioned a brigadier-general by the Governor, formed a camp near the city. But the plan was frustrated by the vigilant loyalists of St. Louis and Captain Nathaniel Lyon, of the United States Army, commanding the military post there.

When it became evident that Frost was about to

seize the arsenal, Lyon took the summary action of which the next letter gives a report.

"St. Louis Arsenal, Missouri, *May 11, 1861.*

"Dear Cora:[1] I just a few minutes since finished reading your letter, and have immediately sat down to answer it; for you will undoubtedly get the news of our raid upon the Secessionists, and hear that men are killed; so I will relieve your anxiety as soon as possible.

"The interval between reading your letter and commencing this has been employed in cleaning my gun, for we have not long been back.

"I suppose you will learn all about it in the papers, but perhaps my account may be interesting.

"Yesterday (Friday), about 9.30 A. M., we got orders from our captain to 'fall in,' and we then received a close inspection, both of arms and ammunition, to see if they were in serviceable order. Meanwhile the rumour amongst the men was that we were to attack the Secessionists gathered in a body at Lindell's Grove, passing under the name of the regular annual State encampment. At 1.30 P. M. we marched out at the main gate of the arsenal, Company B, Second Infantry, in the van, an attached recruit company following, and our own, the second company G. S. recruits—all commanded by our own company com-

[1] Usually addressed as "Kitty."

mander, Captain T. W. Sweeney, second in command only to Captain Lyon. A little distance from the gate we halted while the volunteers came on with the artillery, most of which were twelve-pound howitzers, fine brass pieces, with the men working them by their side, each armed with a sword bayonet.

"Then came the volunteers, variously estimated from three thousand to five thousand men; also an artillery company (Fourth Regiment Regulars) and F Company, Second Artillery. We had to march six miles to reach the grove, in the vicinity of which a strong secession feeling became manifest, venting itself in frequent insulting remarks, of which, however, the volunteers (nearly all Dutch [1]) received the great portion. When we were within fair gunshot of the encampment the command was halted (Captain Sweeney's being on the right), and almost immediately the volunteer regiments, under the command of Boernsteen and Shütner, surrounded the place from the left. But, quickly as the manœuvre was made, it was not complete before Captain Lyon had demanded the surrender of the encampment. There was no chance for refusal. The light field-pieces had already been planted on three neighbouring heights, on as many different sides, loaded with grape and canister, with their round, black throats pointing so directly towards the Secessionists that they could see nothing but the muzzles.

[1] *Germans* he should have written.

The demand to surrender was complied with. A company of cavalry rode within pistol-shot of our men, sheathed their sabres, turned and rode away.

"At this time a most unfortunate accident happened to Captain Lyon, but happily without fatal consequences. He had dismounted from his horse for a few minutes when a major in one of the volunteer regiments rode up for some order, and, turning to go, his horse kicked the captain full in the stomach. As soon as he recovered his breath, he walked to a neighbouring booth, supported by a doctor and one of his lieutenants, and lay down. Almost immediately after this Captain Sweeney gave us the command, and we marched into the encampment, surrounded by crowds of citizens who were screaming and yelling the most abusive language they could invent. We marched through them with easy gait and smiling faces, quiet as on parade, for the order was most strictly given ' No cheering,' and not a word was allowed to be spoken by those in ranks.

" Not so with the enthusiastic volunteers. Cheer after cheer went up from the assembled crowds, each intent upon screaming the loudest. So we took possession. B Company was immediately, with part of our men, posted around the grove. Sentinels from our company were placed over the officers' and sutler's private property, and the first company recruits were marched off with the prisoners, some six or seven hun-

dred, who had previously stacked arms. Part of two regiments of volunteers, a few regulars, and a brass band guarded our fallen foes back towards the arsenal. Meanwhile, those of our company not on duty scattered over the camp, into the lower end of which General Sigel's regiment of volunteers had already entered. Along the road back to town could be seen, drawn up, the prisoners of war, on each side of which were files of volunteers, behind them regulars, and in advance the band.

" We could hear the infuriated mob on each side of the road cursing and reviling, at many places trying to break the ranks of the prisoners' guards by pressing against them; but it was useless, and soon ended at the command ' Charge bayonets,' quickly obeyed. The band was playing Yankee Doodle. In a few seconds the mob became bolder, pressing still closer, and throwing sticks and stones taken from the macadamized road. But at last one man bolder than the rest fired two shots from a pistol into the ranks, and, turning the horse upon which he rode, galloped away. Too late! The abused soldiers, like one man, fired into the close-pressed mob. Those on the right of the road, as one looks down, were by far the greater portion, and breaking through the frail fence of the grove, frightened men, boys, and horses ran wildly, at full speed, away from the fire of the volunteers.

" Suddenly, the men stationed at the lower end of

the grounds opened upon them another fire, and between the two, dozens fell. But the last-opened fire injured many of General Sigel's command, and perhaps killed some. I cannot tell. In three minutes it was commenced and ended. As the last shot was fired our company had ' fallen in,' but only to stack arms and find quarters for the night.

" General Frost's fine tent was taken possession of by Captain Sweeney, and from all parts of the camp were supplied ice-water, wash-water, a table, blankets and robes, wash-basin, towels, candles, and lanterns; and the captain and myself (his orderly) spent a dry night in the tent, notwithstanding the heavy rain outside. In the morning everything was packed into wagons and sent away, with five or six battalions, back to the arsenal. We waited until the wagons returned, put everything upon them, and moved homeward, arriving, without any trouble, early in the afternoon. There was much spoil with which many of the volunteers loaded themselves, but for myself I only threw out two dirty handkerchiefs and took two clean ones; but, the two blankets and a splendid robe I had used for my bed being thrown into the wagon and brought to the arsenal, the captain said I might keep them. So here you have my history of an expedition of which it is likely you will see many accounts. . . . Give yourself no fear about my desertion. I would never take a discharge, even, in a time like this. More an-

other time, my sister Cora. Let my using that name tell you my love. Of course you will send this to Mother."

Mr. Brown wrote to Spencer, from Chicago, on the 22d of May:

"My dear Son: I was in St. Louis, on the 15th ult., with Fanny, *en route,* missing your Mother on the river. Your Aunt Mary received a letter informing us, we supposed, of your arrival at Litchfield. I am very sorry, as I could have seen you, and learned your views and desires much better than by letter. . . . Five acres in spring wheat I left looking well. Rockwell has planted garden, potatoes, carrots, and corn, Mr. A—— doing the ploughing for him. They have a cow and calf, two pigs, and fowls. There were no late frosts, and fruits look well. Have had plenty of rain. Cistern is full. . . . I have delayed writing to you, as I did not know how to address you, supposing you had taken on your full name again. Why longer leave off the Brown? . . . Write me news of your captain, etc., etc. . . . Lane went to Kansas to raise several regiments of cavalry, under the auspices of Government, by State authority. Eleven regiments are raised, or to be raised. We read with great interest Captain Lyon's capture of Frost's band of rebels, and feel not a little gratified that my son should be

allowed to participate in so bold and important a move for disarming and disbanding State treason.

" Write me the particulars, and how things look to you from that standpoint. The Government is making very formidable preparations to put down the rebellion. . . . Missouri will be held to her allegiance, and her loyal citizens will be protected. . . . Large numbers of volunteers, more than could be received, have been offered. The regulars will fare much better than the volunteers, and, if you remain in the service, it is far better to be in the regular army in that particular. Of your standing truly and faithfully by your country's flag in this its hour of greatest peril I cannot doubt for a moment; and that God will protect your life and health is my daily prayer."

" St. Louis, Missouri, *May 27, 1861.*

" Dear Father: I heard from you Saturday, and, hearing there was to be a payment to-day, put off writing so as to have the means to repay you the debt you paid Newman.

" I am well, and prospects are continually brightening for me. I think enlisting will prove one of the most fortunate things that I could have done. I expect to call for a furlough in a week or two, which my captain (T. W. Sweeney) has signified his willingness to give me. Let me here acknowledge the receipt of three papers from Chicago, for which I am obliged.

" I have just returned from the United States Express office, where I sent you six dollars, which you can get by calling for it. Charges paid.

" You will hear all about the Camp Jackson expedition in the papers, but if you wish my account you must apply to Kitty. I have a good situation now, company clerk, and mean to hold it, if possible. There is not much to do, and very easy times. If I do not get a furlough I shall send the balance of my pay to Rock, to buy a heifer with—at least, I think so now. If I get the furlough I am going South, and will probably return married to age and money. I contemplated, at first, very seriously, getting a discharge, but, on account of the fine prospect offered me to stay, I concluded I should only want a furlough. For the present, therefore, I shall not trouble about my discharge, and I have no doubt will eventually spend much of my life in the service. Of course my prospects are something better than those of a common soldier, although we are now leading a most particularly lazy life.

" My friends here are very kind, and seem to find it difficult to do enough for me. I can only repay them with gratitude.

" If you wish me to get your answer, it must come by return mail, or thereabouts. Please acknowledge receipt of package.

" P. S.—Adding the Brown to my name now would

result in considerable inconvenience and some shame: so it's no use."

Spencer's experience in the service seemed to inspire hopefulness. No officer of the old regular army will be surprised at this. Before the rebellion the men who enlisted as common soldiers were nearly all from the refuse of society.

Exceptional cases, such as Spencer's, were marked, and private soldiers of intelligence, in many instances, were helped forward by their officers. A prospect of advancement of some kind soon opened to them.

What he meant by the threat to go South and "get married to age and money," I do not know. Probably he was jesting.

On June 14th he wrote to his sister: "Just now we are quartered in the city of St. Louis—have been for nearly a month—but we have new business on hand, and are under marching orders, expecting to be sent to Jefferson City [1] this morning. Governor Jackson, of this State, has called out fifty thousand militia to defend the State,[2] and General Lyon has already sent several thousand men to attack him. Jackson has burned two or three large bridges between here and the capital, and, I have no doubt, will give us a 'spirited reception.'"

[1] The capital of the State of Missouri.

[2] Against the United States Government!

IN THE ARMY IN TIME OF WAR

Important military changes were taking place in Missouri. Captain Lyon's capture of General Frost's camp of conspirators was soon followed by exposure of the plans of the Governor and other enemies of the National Government, who began openly to range themselves in line with the forces of the Southern rebellion. On June 12, 1861, Governor Jackson's call for the service of the militia was issued " for the purpose of repelling invasion." He raised the standard of revolt, and appointed General Sterling Price to the command of the army he was bringing into the field. On the side of the United States, Captain Lyon was promoted to be a major-general in command of the Department of Missouri. About the middle of June he moved to attack the insurgents, who retired as he approached Jefferson City. He pursued, and overtook and defeated them at Booneville. Lyon held, for a time, military control of the most important points in the State. This was the beginning of earnest warfare on the part of the Federal Government. Spencer was detached part of the time from his company and sent on special duty as a scout. He was constantly in the saddle, with a number of men under his command, and had " a general roving commission," and " authority to take the best Government horses, or anything else that he needed." He must have been in this service when he wrote to his brother the following letter.

"SPRINGFIELD, GREEN COUNTY, MISSOURI,
"*July 3, 1861.*

"DEAR ROCK: Please send me news in Osawatomie, particularly where Montgomery is, and how many men he has. Be very careful to send as correct news as possible, something that can be relied upon, as it will be of great importance to me if correct.

"Please address me as dear brother, and do not speak of Father in your letter. Do not express any wonder at what I ask.

"To set your mind at rest about my safety, I am doing well, but can do still better if you can send me this information that I ask. If you know where Lane is, and how many men he has, it will be useful. Address 'Spencer Kellogg,' Springfield, Green County, Missouri, and write, *sure*, by return mail.

"Love to Mother. SPENCER."

That month, while the arms of the nation and its enemies were clashing in Kansas and Missouri, "the new stone Congregational Church in Osawatomie was dedicated, the Rev. Mr. Adair, the pastor, preaching the sermon on the occasion, and the Rev. Mr. Copeland offering the dedicatory prayer. The communion service was celebrated in the afternoon."

Spencer's life soon came to an end; the rebellion waxed, waned, and was extinguished. The Congrega-

tional Church in Osawatomie still worships in the building which was reared and dedicated in the time of the people's trial and distress.

"Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

. . . . .

"Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,"

and shall stand—not the outward structure; not, necessarily, the same ecclesiastical organization; but the everlasting, invincible body of God's believing, praying people.

On July 22d Mrs. Brown wrote from Osawatomie to her eldest daughter: "To-day we hear there are eight hundred Secessionists at Squiresville, coming on to burn Paola and Osawatomie. Mr. Adair told Charley and Rock it would do no harm to have some bullets ready. . . . We have to expect danger, for we are threatened. . . . Poor Spencer! I tremble for him. . . . He is in General Lyon's army, at Springfield, Missouri, where they are waiting for accessions, to have, I suppose, the greatest battle they have had yet. If his life is only spared, let us be thankful for that; but I think he was never before so exposed."

Spencer began to think he could do better for his country and for himself as a commissioned officer. Accordingly he wrote about the matter, on July 31, 1861, to his father.

"The time has come at last to apply for my discharge. . . . Once having my discharge from the regular army I could obtain, without much difficulty, a commission in one of the companies rising like mushrooms everywhere around, and my drill and experience in the regular army would fit me for it."

Before Mr. Brown could act upon this letter news was received of the battle of Springfield, in which General Lyon was killed.

After the battle at Booneville the insurgents retreated through southwestern Missouri towards Arkansas. A force of federal troops commanded by Colonel Franz Sigel advanced from St. Louis, through Rolla, and came upon the main body of the enemy, much superior to itself, near Carthage, the county seat of Jasper County. After a sharp engagement, Sigel fell back to Springfield. There Lyon, with his troops, joined him, and took command of the whole force. By the end of July the army of Jackson and Price had been re-enforced by troops from the South, and is said to have numbered about twenty thousand men. McCullough and Rains, of the Confederate Army, were among the officers. Lyon had but six thousand troops, four hundred of whom were cavalry. Nevertheless he

fought McCullough and Rains, at Dug Springs, nineteen miles from Springfield, and defeated them. On August 4th he returned to Springfield. . . . On the 10th, before dawn, he attacked the combined force of the rebels, commanded by McCullough. At nine o'clock in the morning he was mortally wounded. He had won a most enviable reputation for courage and military skill. He was succeeded by Major Sturgis. Although the Federal Army seemed to be victorious, it was withdrawn the next day, by Sigel, to Rolla. It was not deemed safe to risk another encounter with a force numerically so superior, or to attempt to hold the field in the face of such a foe.

When Spencer's friends next heard of him he had returned to the banks of the Mississippi. From St. Louis he wrote, on August 20th:

"DEAR MOTHER: You have undoubtedly heard of our battle at Springfield, . . . and as you knew I was there I supposed you would be anxious to hear from me. Immediately after the fight we returned to Rolla, from which place I was sent on here, by General Sweeney, to make out some papers. . . . I was not in the fight, as I belonged to the commissary department and could not obtain permission from Major Mudd, my commanding officer.

"The fight was very severe, and we must have lost nearly a thousand men.

" Since my last I have been seeing much better times, have been made an acting sergeant in the commissary department, getting about eight dollars a month more than before. But better times are coming still, if all works well. I have been promised a captaincy in a new regiment, and I expect to get my company in a few days.

" Inclosed you will find my picture, taken since the battle. I have had no opportunity of ' fixing up ' yet. Government owes me over forty dollars. I hope to get it in a few days; also some new clothes.

" Give one of the pictures to Aunt Mary. Take your choice.

" Tell Rock I would like to hear from him."

Spencer had now been in the regular army between eight and nine months, and much of that time had been passed in garrison, where he had been carefully instructed and drilled in military tactics. He had seen service in the field and had taken some part in actual warfare. As a scout he had ridden a distance estimated at nine hundred miles. In all this experience he had so conducted himself as to merit the approval of his officers and comrades. On September 16, 1861, General Frémont gave him an honourable discharge, and appointed him first lieutenant to recruit the " Lyon Legion "—a body of scouts which would be attached to the Twelfth Regiment of Missouri Volunteers.

To his sister Kitty, Spencer wrote from St. Louis, on September 21st, rejoicing in anticipation of increased pay, and ability to help the loved ones of his father's family.

"The war is fairly beginning," said he. "Lucky for me was the apparently untoward circumstance of my enlistment in the 'regulars,' for it fits me to fill the position I occupy, and, perhaps, for future advancement. Ah! your little, unpractical, theoretical brother has had many of the sharp, uncompromising corners rubbed from him, and is getting, more than ever he thought, a man of the world. I am sorry! almost ashamed! When I look back it seems that if I had married happily, with the old notions and greenness, and retired to some out-of-the-way town, life had been full of much keener enjoyment than can ever come to me as worldly as I have got to be. Yet I have friends—that is, acquaintances—now, that I had not then, and money, too—better, you see, in every worldly view; yet I am sorry for the exchange.

"And how fares my sister? Is life gliding away quietly and happily, or are the rubs frequent? Please tell me, Kitty, when you write, and let me know. I should be happy if I could only do something for you. Let me make you an offer! After I get my first month's salary, how would you like to live with me? that is, make your home in St. Louis, and keep house, so that your brother, when he was in town, could have

some one to be proud of. Do you like the notion? Is the salary enough? I should need seventy-five dollars a month, or nearly so much. Would the rest be sufficient for you? That last looks selfish, but I fear I could not get along with less. Let me know. Let me hear from you soon. . . .''

On October 6th, to the same beloved sister, he wrote:

'' Dear Kitty: You do not know with what pleasure I have heard from you at last—for I have written to you more than once. I get up from reading yours and Father's letters to answer immediately.

'' How selfish I have been, darling! I deserve more humbling yet. I never knew how poor Father suffered; and, Kitty, much as I love you, I must help him first. You will wait—will you not, Kitty?—and let me do what I can for him first. You are young and brave yet, and I can help but one at a time. I know how much I am asking, Kitty, but do not think it is a loss to you only. But I leave it to you. My plan is this: Rock must take care of the folks in Kansas.'' He then elaborates a plan for the help of his invalid father, proposing to bring him to St. Louis, where all attention, medical and other, that he might need, could be bestowed upon him while he was ill and without money. He goes on to say: '' So, at least he can live comfortably; and I can willingly make the sacrifice for either

him or you. . . . It will be much of a sacrifice, for I shall have to go without money in my pocket, and live like a common soldier instead of an officer; nor do I wish him to know, Kitty—only you—so that you can see how it is.

" Next month, and after, with good fortune, I can do for you. . . . If you approve of all this, Kitty, and like it, send the inclosed letter to Father, and endeavour to get him to consent. Dear, *dear* Kitty, I know how much this will disappoint your bright hopes; but can I do differently?

" I have no money now, Kitty, and am living on credit, so I cannot send now, but am hoping before Father's answer comes to have it to send. I had another plan, before you told me of Father, that would have given me much pleasure; but I am fortunate in having a pleasing *duty*. Let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this. . . . Remember me, with love, to the friends. Imagine my arms around your own neck. SPENSE.

" Do not tell Father of anything but the favourable parts of my plan—nothing about me."

Spencer was nineteen years of age when he penned that letter. Could anything have been at the same time more boyish, more beautiful, more dutiful?

To his father he sent, inclosed to his sister, the following letter.

"St. Louis, Missouri, *October 6, 1861.*

"Dear Father: I was much pleased to hear from you at last—for I had written and received no answer. But let me get through with business.

"I have been very selfish this long time: now let me make amends. Let me ask careful attention to my plan following, and if you think you can live happily and comfortably in the manner I speak of, let nothing prevent you from accepting the offer I am about to make. Remember how much you have done for me—as *I* remember. Remember, and reflect upon your present situation (forgive me for speaking of it), and let me do for you what I can, not reluctantly, but with joy and love. . . ."

Here he unfolds his plan, and then proceeds to say: "When I look at it, this is very little, dear Father, but it is the best I can offer; and I am happy in being able to offer so much. I shall await your answer with much impatience. I would like to hear from you immediately."

All Spencer's plans were frustrated by the removal of General Frémont. It became impossible to recruit a company of scouts. He therefore either threw up his commission or it failed of confirmation. After his letters of October 6th his friends knew nothing of his movements until, six months later, they received tidings of his reappearance in St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

THE upper Mississippi, when not roiled by freshets, is a clear and placid stream. Not far from its source its volume of water becomes considerable. Below the Falls of St. Anthony the river has a width of about half a mile. After it receives the St. Croix it expands into beautiful Lake Pepin, a sheet of water more than twenty miles long and from two to four in width. The Mississippi in its upper course flows among hills that rival in their beauty those of the Ohio River. There are many islands in the Mississippi, some of which are of considerable size, and some are clothed with trees and vegetation of inferior growth so luxuriant as to remind one of the banks and islands of rivers in tropical lands. The shores and sand-bars are frequented by countless birds—cranes, flamingoes, ducks, geese, swans, and other wading and swimming fowl.

For a great distance above the mouth of the Missouri River the Mississippi broadens gradually as it flows southward, until, at the confluence, it is fully one mile and a half wide. After receiving the Missouri

the Mississippi changes much, both in colour and in depth. It also loses the placid dignity and beauty that characterize the upper river; and its tide, majestic although turbid, rolls onward troubled in many places near the shores by boiling and dangerous eddies and whirlpools. Between the confluence with the Missouri and the mouth of the Ohio the river has an average width of only three-quarters of a mile; and for the remainder of its course to the Gulf of Mexico its average width is said not to exceed a mile. The influx of all its great tributaries only deepens its channel. Four hundred miles from its mouth the river has a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet. Between New Orleans and the Delta, at places far distant from each other, a large anchor was dropped three times by a vessel descending with the current, and it did not reach bottom in any case with less than three hundred and sixty feet of cable.[1] I remember to have put into one of the mouths of the Mississippi in June, 1865, to get a supply of fresh water, which we were able to do as soon as we had entered the "Pass." The river repels the salt water and is fresh until it pours itself into the Gulf. The muddy current of the Mississippi is said to be distinguishable at sea when the mariner has not yet come within sight of land.

Because of the directness of its flow from north to south this river differs from nearly all others in respect

[1] Encyclopedia Americana.

of the diverse climates through which it passes, and the very numerous and various productions of the regions it waters.

As the warm season advances slowly from south to north, unfettering the ice-bound waters and melting the snows of the northern part of our land gradually, the great river is seldom subject to destructive and dangerous floods. Sometimes, however, they do occur, inundating vast areas in Louisiana, where the embankments, called "levees," which commonly protect the lowlands along the river, are broken through, in places, and great damage to adjacent plantations, the drowning of horses and cattle, the wrecking of houses, and even dreadful loss of human life occasionally result. Such a breach of the protecting dyke is called a "crevasse." The embankments are made of stiff earth and sods, strengthened with cypress logs. They are from five to fifteen feet in height and from ten to thirty in width. When the river flowing between these embankments is full, to the stranger, viewing the scene from the deck of a passing steamboat, the prospect of rich fields, teeming with luxuriant crops and studded with villas and villages full of life and animation, lying below the level of the river, is novel and startling to the last degree.[1]

Below the mouth of the Ohio the islands in the Mississippi have all been numbered, but the numbers

[1] Mitchell's General Geography.

have become very irregular, owing to the washing away of many islands and the formation of new ones by the force of the moving waters.

The volume of water carried to the sea by the Mississippi is immense.

The courses navigable by steamboats on the Mississippi, its tributaries and their affluents, were estimated, many years ago, at seventeen thousand miles, but are really much more; for some of the branches which were not then supposed to be navigable have been opened to traffic by steamboats.

To possess the mouths and the control of the Mississippi was the great motive for the Louisiana Purchase, made by the United States in 1803.

When the Civil War began, in 1861, the people of the northern part of the Mississippi Valley (which comprises hundreds of valleys) soon felt the inconvenience that resulted from the obstruction of the navigation of the great river. They believed that the Almighty meant the Mississippi to be a lasting and effectual protest against any separation of the South of the United States from the North; and they were resolved never to tolerate any political arrangement that would resign the control of any part of the river to a foreign power. The proposal to divide the ownership of the Mississippi not only touched the patriotic pride of these people, but threatened the arteries of their commercial life. They determined that "the

Father of Waters should go unvexed to the sea,'' and that his whole course should lie within the United States.

The river soon became the scene of extraordinary naval and military activity and prowess.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WESTERN FLOTILLA

On the breaking out of the war in 1861 it was immediately seen by the Government at Washington, and also by the leaders of "The Rebellion," that the control of the Mississippi River by either side would, in the end, give to that side victory.

Before General Frémont had been appointed to the command of the Western Department, the Secretary of the Navy began to arrange with James B. Eads for the construction of gun-boats, which, according to the contract proposed, were to draw six feet of water, carry thirteen heavy guns each, be plated with iron two and a half inches thick, and be capable of a speed of nine miles an hour. Notwithstanding this prior consideration of the matter, it strangely came to pass that "Mr. Eads signed a contract, in August, 1861, with Quartermaster-General Meigs, of the Army, to construct seven vessels, and to have them ready for their crews and armaments in sixty-five days. The engines that were to drive this, our first iron-clad fleet, were yet to be constructed. "The timber for their hulls was uncut in the forest." The machinery and

the huge rollers that were to make the iron armour were not yet in existence. The short time allowed for the doing of the work made it necessary to engage, for the undertaking, many of the greatest iron-mills and boat-building yards in St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg.

Instantly, when this extraordinary contract had been entered into, great firms, and individual "masters of industry," were employed, by telegraph, to push forward, with tremendous energy, different parts of the work. Special agents were despatched in every direction; saw-mills were set to cutting the timber required for the construction of the vessels, simultaneously in Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota, and Missouri; and railroads, steamboats, and barges were engaged for its immediate transportation. Nearly all the largest machine-shops and foundries in St. Louis, and many smaller ones, were at once set to work day and night, and the telegraph lines between St. Louis and Pittsburg and Cincinnati were occupied frequently for hours together in transmitting instructions to similar establishments in those cities for the construction of the twenty-one steam-engines and the five-and-thirty steam-boilers that were to propel the fleet. "Within two weeks not less than four thousand men were engaged in the various details of its construction." "Neither the sanctity of the Sabbath nor the darkness of night was permitted to interrupt" the work. To the workmen on

the hulls a handsome bonus in money was promised if they should steadfastly keep to their task till the work should be completed. "Many thousands of dollars were thus gratuitously paid by Mr. Eads."

"On the 12th of October, 1861, the first United States iron-clad, with her boilers and engines on board, was launched at Carondelet, Missouri, in forty-five days from the laying of her keel."[1] This vessel was called the St. Louis, but when the gun-boats were transferred from the War Department to the Navy her name was changed to De Kalb, "in consequence of the fact that there was already a man-of-war known as the St. Louis." Ten days later the Carondelet was launched, "and then, in rapid succession, the Cincinnati, Louisville, Mound City, Cairo, and Pittsburg. The construction of an eighth vessel, larger and more powerful, to be called the Benton, was undertaken before the hulls of the first seven had fairly assumed shape." And so Mr. Eads began and finished, within one hundred days, the construction of a powerful flotilla of eight boats capable of steaming at nine knots an hour, "each heavily armoured, fully equipped," and ready for their armament—in all one hundred and seven large guns. "That such work was done is nobler praise than any that can be bestowed in words."

There was another vessel not mentioned hitherto. With that Spencer's career was to be connected.

[1] Century Magazine for January, 1885.

Two sons of Commodore David Porter, "the hero of the Pacific"—officers of high rank in the United States Navy—fought in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion. William D. Porter was ordered, September 27, 1861, to take command of one of the gun-boats of the "Western flotilla." When this vessel was bought by the Government she was a St. Louis ferry-boat. Her metamorphosis made her a gun-boat of enormous power for resistance or attack.

"Porter was allowed by Commodore A. A. Foote only eighteen days to get her together. Within that time he had her off the docks, and in three days more she was steaming down the Mississippi River. Of course there was still much to be done and no place to do it. Porter therefore seized three large coal-scows and converted them into a movable navy-yard. Of one scow he made a blacksmith's shop and iron-working establishment; another was a boat-shed and carpenter's department, while the third became a coal depot. When the gun-boat moved up stream she towed the scows with her. When she went down stream they followed her. Sometimes she went into action, fighting at one end while carpenters, calkers, blacksmiths, and painters were working at the other. The crew was divided into gangs—wood-choppers, coal-heavers, carpenters, calkers, etc.—constituting a complete workshop in themselves."

This gun-boat, in memory of the frigate lost near

Valparaiso in March, 1813, was named the Essex. She was of about five hundred tons burden. She fought, at Lucas's Bend, the first naval battle that took place on the Mississippi in the Civil War, whipping three hostile gun-boats that were on their way to attack Cairo, and driving them beneath the protection of the rebel batteries at Columbus. At that time her bow only was iron-clad, but all hands on board were making the boat stronger hour by hour.

Her armament consisted of three nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns, one ten-inch Dahlgren shell-gun, two fifty-pound rifled Dahlgrens, one large thirty-two pounder, and one twenty-four-pound boat-howitzer.

In due time the Western Flotilla was transferred by the Department of War to the Navy Department.

CHAPTER XXIII

SPENCER'S ENLISTMENT IN THE NAVY

In the autumn of 1861 the Confederates' line of military defences in Kentucky and Tennessee was already drawn. Zollicoffer, strongly posted at the Pass of Cumberland Gap, in East Tennessee, held the right of the line; Polk held the left, at Columbus, on the Mississippi River, in Kentucky; Bowling Green, Fort Donelson and Fort Henry were the most important points between these extremes. Here, then, were three fortified positions, believed by the insurgents to be impregnable, against which the Navy of the United States and the Army could co-operate.

Indeed, a naval force was indispensable, and the utility of the gun-boats was soon manifest.

When General Frémont was removed from command of the Western Department there was great discontent among those who had been under him. In some places meetings were held by civilians to express their indignation. Many of the General's officers threatened to resign.

Although Spencer's disappointment fairly stunned him, he wasted no time in vain regrets. He was to have received a captain's commission from Frémont. After that general's removal the "Lyon Legion" could not be recruited, and Spencer felt himself to be without a calling. He enlisted in the Navy as a common sailor, and was assigned to the Essex.

Blake declared, in Cromwell's time, "It is our duty to serve our country, no matter into whose hands the Government may fall." So believed Spencer Kellogg. Still passing under this abridged name, he entered the new service.

He must have believed that the disappointment of all his plans and hopes for himself and his parents would prove a blow no less severe to them than it had been to him.

For a long time they heard nothing from him. At last they read, with poignant suffering and deep humiliation, that Spencer Kellogg had deserted, one night in January, 1862, from the gun-boat Essex, and was believed to have gone over to the enemy. Such was the report published, by authority, in the St. Louis newspapers. The agony of mind endured by his relatives for the next three months may be conceived by those who, intensely loyal themselves, were afflicted in that dreadful war by the disloyalty, or reported treachery, of sons or brothers.

Their first relief came in the subjoined letter:

"St. Louis, *April 11, 1862.*

"Dear Cousin: I have this moment seen Spencer. Although he had only a moment's time to spend with me, he assured me (and of course I have the utmost confidence in his assertion) that he was just on his return from a secret expedition to Dixie,[1] and that when he left it was understood with his officers that he was to be reported as a deserter.

"I am so rejoiced to learn this fact that I am quite too nervous to write; so I will close by sending the kind regards of myself and my family.

"Yours truly,

"Wm. F. Cozzens."

This kind note from Mrs. Brown's cousin was soon followed by a few lines from Spencer himself to his eldest sister.

"St. Louis, Missouri, *April 12, 1862.*

"Dear Kitty: Just returning to St. Louis yesterday, I found for the first time the anxiety on my account, and the reports about me, which I never dreamed of *your* hearing. You see I am very nervous, so I will not be prolix.

"I have been South on scout service, examining the rebel fortifications of the Mississippi River for over two months, and have just returned and reported,

[1] A name for the South—the "Seceded States."

with maps and plans, to the Secretary of War, day before yesterday.

"But Kitty, how came you so far to lose confidence in me as to believe such stories, simply because something was unexplained? I would never have done it of you, Kitty, though the whole world spoke against you.

"Address Spencer Kellogg, care of William F. Cozzens, firm Cozzens and Hull, St. Louis, Missouri.

"I await your immediate answer.

"SPENCER."

CHAPTER XXIV

SECRET SERVICE

To Mr. Levi Cozzens, of Utica, New York, Spencer wrote this account of his dangerous exploits in the South:

"St. Louis, Missouri, *May 6, '62.*

"Grandfather Cozzens.

"Dear Sir: I received your letter yesterday, and hasten to answer it with pleasure.

"I sent Kitty something of an account of my experience in 'Secessia,' but perhaps a more detailed one will not be uninteresting. Here goes!

"During the last of January there was, you will remember, the calm in military and naval movements that usually precedes a storm. At that time . . . Columbus, then still held by the rebels, was the point upon which much anxiety centred from both North and South.

"At the time I speak of I belonged to the gunboat Essex, Porter commander. To say the least, I was uneasy, and, after deliberating on the matter, I spoke first to a comrade, whom I knew well, and on the evening of the 29th of January asked permission of

the executive officer, Captain Riley, to have an interview with Captain Porter. Granted, and I stood at the door. *' Come in, young man. Speak quick! '*

" It confused even me somewhat, and I have some brass.

" ' I would like a few words in private,' I said, but so confusedly that I had to repeat. Ejecting his secretary by some verbal violence he bade me enter and sit down. I volunteered my services for an exploration of the river batteries at Columbus, meeting his approbation of my plans for action, as I unfolded them, and retired as much relieved as if I was returning instead of being on the point of setting out upon a dangerous expedition.

" The time allotted for our absence was ten days. In my pocket I had a leave of absence for my comrade and myself: also a pass through the pickets. The next day the tug attending upon the Essex took us up to Cairo to make some little preparations, and I had with me nearly a hundred dollars, given me for purchases, deposits, etc., by the men. At noon, having satisfactorily acquitted all our business, we had a good dinner of fried oysters, etc., and we spent the afternoon at billiards, getting back to the boat about dark. So far, all good. I had taken a pair of irons with me to Cairo, getting them twisted apart, although the work was done most awkwardly.

" In the afternoon Captain Porter had caused a

small skiff that was lying near us to be put in perfect order and attached to the stern of the gun-boat, with oars handy. I then went up to the purser, depositing seven dollars and a half, and keeping three dollars in specie, and taking a receipt, which I gave to a friend to keep. We also left word with him to wake my comrade and myself at half past two.

" We woke late, however, but got on an extra amount of clothing (for it was extremely cold), and, dropping into the skiff, succeeded in making good our *escape*—the bell noting three o'clock as we left the vessel in the distance.

" After half an hour, spent with frequent interruptions of warming ourselves by some little exercise, we succeeded in getting the irons upon my wrists, soon to remove them, however, on account of the intense cold; nor were they replaced until we were within sight of Columbus.

" We searched ourselves carefully for letters and papers, destroying, among others, our leave of absence and pass, only keeping one *for effect*. Meanwhile, we muffled the oars with handkerchiefs, which were soon rendered useless by the water freezing upon them as hard as rock. We also, at first, secreted, each, a fine saw and file, to cut steel, but afterwards threw them over as useless, and, if found, criminating.

" On the passage down the cold told upon us with fearful effect, benumbing us in spite of our most se-

vere exertions. My comrade, who had been injured in one arm, suffered very severely. A little before dawn we passed the Grampus (a notorious craft) at anchor in the river, unnoticed and without hailing. At last, as the dawn was beginning to make things show a little, we passed the town, and finally effected a landing on the steamer Charm, our repeated hails having failed to bring any answer.

" Here, once fairly on board, we succeeded in raising somebody, and, telling him we were deserters from the North, got him to take us up to the floating battery. Here we reported to Captain Guthrie as deserters, got kind treatment, and I was released from my irons. But still the suspicion was very great, and Captain Guthrie refused to allow us to leave the ship (we did not ask him), while he went up to Major-General Polk, then commanding at Columbus, and consulted about us. He asked us many questions, which we answered in a way that seemed remarkably like prevarication to each other.

" However, after he came back from General Polk's we were put aboard the ' Floating Battery,' where we spent three days of idleness and anxiety under a cheerful countenance. On the fourth of February we were sent aboard the Confederate gun-boat General Polk, and were immediately sent below and put under guard. The day before, Captain Guthrie said that as we wanted to join the army he

would send us to Island Number Ten, to Captain Gray's company, and so we were finally on the way. The gun-boat got under way in about two hours, after which we were brought up from the hold and sent forward among the men. They were very kind, giving and offering everything but clothes, of which the deficiency was everywhere apparent.

" At noon they made us drink grog with them, and gave us a dinner which seemed excellent. Indeed, I may say we were in no place so trying during the whole trip as to take away our appetites.

" Meantime we walked about, improving the opportunity for seeing, among other things, the peculiar construction of the boat, her four rifled Parrott guns, mounted on a carriage and slide of Southern invention, and apparently, by a unanimous verdict of *two,* superior to anything we had seen in the North.

" After a while we were had up to a very severe cross-examination separately; but we had previously compared notes, and came through all right.

" On the way down to Island Number Ten we passed a little place on the river shore where we saw a severe bite-and-gouge fight. We arrived the same evening at Number Ten, but did not leave the boat, the men giving us a good bed.

" The next day the gun-boat steamed down to Madrid, giving us a good opportunity to see the fort and town; but we did not try to go ashore. I shouldn't

omit a laughable remark of the second master of the gun-boat at the time of our examination of the day before. He said we were a couple of —— sharp-looking fellows, just such as they would send on such business; upon which I made laugh, remarking that he complimented us.

"We did not stop at Madrid over two hours, and on going back to Number Ten we still stayed aboard. They used every effort to induce us to ship on their gun-boat, but the excuse (if we should be taken by our boat we should certainly hang) seemed so plausible that they could not insist. After spending the second night on the gun-boat, on the sixth of February we were finally sent ashore, and hired ourselves very readily to Captain Gray, of the Engineer Corps, as men of all work. Gray immediately set us to work building a house, leaving us the first opportunity to speak in perfect security and leave when we wished. We worked hard that day with the carpenters, and the next also on the house. Afterwards we were put to work cleaning a sixty-eight-pound gun that had just been mounted, which we put in perfect order. Later, having charge of the magazine, we moved it a couple of miles on a boat, and guarded it until we were relieved by soldiers. Then we did sailors' work with needle and palm, and all sorts of job-work, never hard nor very constant, but a little vexatious. I did not know how long this

would last, and begged Trussel, my comrade, to return with me;[1] but he insisted upon our staying a while longer, and we finally agreed to do so. About this time Trussel went with Captain Gray to Columbus, where Gray stayed about four days, and, getting drunk, returned without him. Trussel stayed nearly a week longer in Columbus, getting complete information in regard to fortifications, guns, and torpedoes, and finally returned with an assistant engineer, Mr. Pattison, who proved to be our future 'boss.' But a rumour had already begun to circulate that Columbus was to be evacuated, and he thought he saw evidence of this while there, and so refused to return North with his information. He was in much better repute with the officers than I was, and his facilities for getting information were large. He demurred to the idea of returning until the matter of evacuation was permanently settled; and he was right.

"One bright day, while we were at work surveying, with Mr. Pattison, boat-load after boat-load began to come in sight, land, and encamp; while ammunition and commissary stores poured in in enormous quantities. Of course there was immense waste in both. At this time (of the evacuation) there were only seven guns mounted at Island Number Ten, and if our gun-boats had attacked 'twould have been 'a take' worth having.

[1] The time allotted for their absence was only ten days.

" Our work now was with Pattison, surveying, sometimes on the opposite shore, sometimes on the Island, and mostly on the mainland, where we lived. I managed to get all the important distances by stealing a glimpse at a map. We were then waiting impatiently for Madrid to be taken, to make our escape by floating down the river to that place.

" Meanwhile our course of life began to improve under Pattison, Trussel being flag-man, while I walked alongside two lusty negroes who carried the chain, noting the distances. At first I was tempted to give them inaccurately, but upon reflection acted differently, and with success, as the ground was afterward rechained and my chaining found correct.

" On the day of the capture of Madrid we were nearly eleven miles from the island, surveying at the foot of Reelfoot Lake, to see if there was any passage by which Yankee soldiers could enter. Found none, but on our return found that Madrid was evacuated and the troops at Tiptonville.

" During the whole of the preceding trip, and for some time before, I had suffered with diarrhœa; but upon that trip I was feeling pretty well, but my comrade suffered terribly. He being mounted and I afoot (because he was not well), Pattison took him on a cross survey with a prismatic compass, and sent me home, so that I arrived and heard the news first.

" On arriving at Number Ten, I found a number

of gun-boats (five), transports, and a few mortar-vessels, which began to shell the place soon. I could easily have escaped that night, but Trussel not being there I dared not leave him. On Sunday he returned, but altered much, suffering fearfully with his complaint, and almost unable to move. So I did nothing else but take care of him and watch *our* shells as they exploded all around. I went out frequently upon the bank of the river for that purpose, and must say they were of but little account there.

"During Sunday night I made every arrangement for escape and return, but was again obliged to defer the attempt, as I dared not leave my comrade, although he begged me to do so. On Monday morning, while about to prepare some tea for him, being outside the house, I was suddenly arrested by an Irish lieutenant of the Sappers, and strictly kept from giving Trussel [1] the least hint of what had happened, or sending for my clothes, or even sending the medicine to my comrade.

"Being taken before the commanding officer, General Mc—— (I forget his name [2]), and informed upon —'This young man, General, was standing on the bank yesterday all day, and we suspect him of being a

[1] Fifteen months later, at Vicksburg, Trussel reported to General Grant with very important information.

[2] General W. W. Mackall, Confederate Commander at Island Number Ten.

spy, and about to give information to the enemy '—I was by him immediately put in charge of Colonel Scott, Twelfth Louisiana Volunteers, who moved soon afterwards to Tiptonville. Marching, one of the men being overloaded I helped him carry his 'traps,' gaining thereby much goodwill and a pair of blankets to sleep under for the rest of the time that I was under guard. At Tiptonville we camped in the mud, where I sat all day under guard upon two rails, and slept about half of the night upon four rails.

"Although five miles distant the mortar-shells could be distinctly seen bursting in the air all through the day.

"About midnight the regiment moved, taking me with them aboard a boat that soon afterward started for Fort Pillow.

"Here I stood all night under guard before the furnace door, trying to warm myself but freezing all the time. I was neglected in the morning, and did not get any breakfast until, meeting one of the officers, I gave him a good blowing up, and got him to send the Colonel (Scott) to me. I asked him if he had orders to starve me, and he, repenting, took me upstairs and gave me a good breakfast. Immediately after, feeling better, I began to use my eyes, taking a good and comprehensive view of the fort, breastworks, calibre of the guns, etc. I was taken up the hill and placed upon the side of a bank, upon which a little grass had

begun to grow (March 18th), and, the sun being pleasantly warm, slept nearly all day. I got a bite of dinner from some of the men, the officers neglecting me altogether until night, when one of them gave me some supper after dark, and I went to sleep on a borrowed blanket. It commenced raining soon, and with extreme difficulty I got the guard to take me under the shelter of the porch of the commissary store-house near by. Once there, I slept like a top.

" I must not forget to mention that having an insult from one of the regiment the day before, I told him he would not dare give it if I had not been a prisoner, upon which I challenged him to fight with either sword or bayonet—which the guard would not allow; whereupon the fellow threatened to give me —— as soon as I was released. I know something about a bayonet, and during the two months previous to my undertaking the trip I had nearly three hours a day of practice with cutlass and small sword.

" The next day a guard-tent was assigned, under which a little incident occurred. I was lying on the blanket under the tent when a sergeant of the regiment (Twelfth Louisiana Volunteers), Dan Hickman, came up pretty ' tight,' but in a good-natured way, with a full canteen of whisky by his side.

" Coming into the tent in spite of all the guard could do, he sat down by my side, and in a drunken, affectionate manner, began to brush my hair back.

'You're a pretty good-l'king fel'r. What's yo' name?' 'Kellogg,' said I, 'Spencer Kellogg, all the world over, and in the Southern Confederacy to boot.' 'Well, Kellogg,' he said, still fumbling round my head, 'they say y'r a spy, but I reck'n it's all right. You've got a —— good for'ed, 'n' a fine open count'nance (hic).' Suddenly, 'Will y'r have a drink?' You ought to have seen the air of eagerness with which I seized that canteen, and the length of time I gurgled at it. He went out soon, being alarmed for the safety of its contents; but he afterwards proved friendly to me.

"It was not the only whisky-drinking that I did in the South. While going down the river to Island Number Ten I drank grog every day on the gun-boat General Polk, and when at the Island frequently went aboard to promote good fellowship by drinking with the sailors.

"One day—the one after Madrid was evacuated—while going back to Number Ten from a surveying expedition at Reelfoot Lake, the General Polk was lying at Tiptonville (Obionville), and I went aboard, being invited by the sailors. While on board, grog being offered me, I was about to take the 'tot' when the executive officer, from the deck above, a man of gold buttons and blue broadcloth (brass-mounted, the sailors call it), called out:

"'Who gave you permission to drink that grog?'

" ' No one gave me permission,' I replied; ' the men asked me to drink.'

" ' We don't give away grog on this ship,' said he, with a tartaric-acid aspect—but a moment after I set down the cup he said, ' You have permission to drink.' I replied that I did not wish it, upon which he told me, sharply, that I might leave that ship—which I did. It made me bitter, but when I told Trussel he laughed.

" At Fort Pillow I remained under guard two weeks to a day, receiving, in the main, most kind treatment, winning the confidence in my innocence of most of the officers and men, teaching the officers sword practice and the men bayonet exercise, and playing many a game of whist and ball. The weather was fine, and I enjoyed myself famously, without any apprehensions for the future. Finally I induced an officer (he made me promise to join his company) to speak to General Villipique, then commanding at the place, in my favour. He immediately sent for me, asking only a few questions, what I was going to do, etc., and upon my statement that I was going to Corinth to enlist, he released me, and before I left, gave me a pass, transportation, and five days' provisions. I did not leave for three days, during which time I assure you I saw all there was to see about Fort Pillow.

" Started for Corinth, via Memphis, landing at the latter place next day in the morning. Got my pass ' *vised* ' at the provost marshal's office, and, seeing

Memphis industriously until five o'clock P. M., started for Corinth. General Trudeau and his aide were in the cars, and, securing a seat near them, I obtained much valuable information from their conversation. Spent the night at Grand Junction. The next day, when about to leave, found a man belonging to the First Louisiana Cavalry Volunteers, who, much to his own satisfaction, picked me up as a recruit to his company. He was at all the expense upon our arrival at Corinth, where I stayed that day and night, leaving the next day for Iuka, twenty-five miles farther on, where his regiment was expected that night. I arrived at Iuka, and his regiment came in during the evening, upon which I domiciled myself with his company (being acceptable, as it was small), but would not be sworn in until he gave me the bounty-money, fifty dollars, which not being on hand, I commenced serving without being sworn in at all. Managed to pass the night in a semi-freezing condition near a small fire, and in the morning sponged some breakfast off one of the messes.

"The sound of the fight at Pittsburg Landing [1]

[1] "*Shiloh*," the Confederates called this battle. The Federal troops, coming to the field from the river through a hamlet of that name, called it the "Battle of Pittsburg Landing" This was one of the great battles of the year 1862. Beauregard reported his loss at 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, 957 missing—10,697 in all. Grant reported 1,735 killed, 7,882 wounded, 3,956 prisoners—a total loss of 13,573. Later statements showed that on each side the loss was about 15,000.

began to reach our ears early in the morning, and continued with but little interruption during the entire day. About eleven o'clock A. M. all the available men in the regiment were ordered to be reported for service, and after some trouble I managed to get my name among them, getting an old double-barrelled shot-gun and ten rounds of cartridges for arms, and an ambitious but extremely emaciated horse to ride—one that was never out of a perpetual jiggle. We left camp soon after for the Tennessee River, passing many pretty houses, from which came ladies of various degrees of comeliness, wearing innumerable white and bandana handkerchiefs. From Iuka the Tennessee is distant nearly eight miles, but it was over mountains for a good part of the way, and the weather was intensely warm. The sound of the battle in progress, raging with a continual roar, caused anxiety to us all; but to me of a peculiar kind. I expected every moment to be brought into a fight against my friends, and you may imagine it caused me trouble.

"However, we rode quietly along on a jog-trot, sweltering in the heat of the sun and in clouds of dust, until the road came at last to run along the side of a beautiful valley, in the midst of which flowed a babbling rivulet, which we crossed repeatedly in our course onward. Few knew where they were destined, yet jokes were current, and merriment and good-humour pervaded all. When we were within about a

mile of the river a halt was ordered (I wished fervently that it might be to camp), and the colonel and a detachment went forward to reconnoitre. From the result a retrograde movement was ordered, and we began to retrace our line of march, leaving pickets at favourable places, and at last, striking a cross-road, moved down the river towards the scene of action. It had got to be quite dark by this time, and the roar of the smaller cannon had ceased, but occasionally there came, wafted on the breeze, a sullen boom which I knew full well to be the guns of our boats. Still we travelled on by moonlight until hardier men than I, overcome by weariness, slept in their saddles; while I, whose every nerve seemed pounded to a jelly, and whose eyelids seemed glued fast, was only kept awake by the hope of escape.

"Meanwhile, in the distance it began to storm dreadfully, and every moment the sky grew darker above us, while still we followed the downward course of the river, until at last, long after midnight, we camped in some cow-lot; when, getting a few ears of corn and a little water for my jaded but still ambitious horse, I lay down on my blanket, without any meal since morning, and fell quietly and quickly into a sound sleep. In the morning, by questioning some boys, the sons of the owner of the aforesaid cow-lot, I found that the Tennessee River was about one

and a half miles distant, and I made up my mind to cross it and ' break ' for ' home.'

" So, going back to camp, I fed and watered my horse carefully, and, inquiring, found that no camp guard had been posted. Leaving my coat hanging on the fence, I strolled off naturally into the brush, but, once out of sight of the camp, I quickened my step, and in about fifteen minutes made the Tennessee River.

" 'Twas the first time I had ever seen it, and I gazed a moment with a natural curiosity; but that did not last long; everything was now at stake, and, although in a streaming perspiration with my rapid walk, I went to the water's edge, and, tearing off my shoes, trousers, and over-shirt, plunged in. The intensity of the cold nearly took away my breath, but I soon found I could not succeed in that manner, and I returned to the shore. This time I stripped completely naked, with the exception of my cap (a ' Secesh ' cap, from Fort Pillow), and, after some trouble and much cold, made an island in the middle of the river. Here, after a long search, I found an old, split dug-out,[1] which carried me, up to my hips in water, across, about a mile below. Once out, you ought to have seen me travel! After about two miles I saw a man ploughing. He was terribly scared; thought I was a wild

[1] *Canoe* hollowed from the trunk of a tree.

man, but managed, in a trembling voice, to give me some false information. Travelling about five miles farther, I met a man who gave me some wretched clothes and a piece of bread and bacon, the first mouthful since the breakfast of the morning before. During the walk of the next three miles, which was over a rocky road, my feet were terribly lacerated by flints, and I bled from many scratches on my legs. At last, however, I found a Union man,[1] who put me upon his mule and took me thirteen miles farther on to Savannah, where, among Union soldiers, I was at last 'home.' I sought General Grant's headquarters, and immediately reported myself—only to be immediately put under guard. The battle was still raging, and the result was plainly against us. Almost every house in town was filled with wounded men, while hundreds lay upon the ground, and others were arriving constantly.

"I was taken, soon after, up the river to Pittsburg Landing, and stood in the rain shivering about two hours; then, at last, was taken before General Grant. My reception was good.

"My story is finished. SPENCER."

From Mr. O. C. Brown I learned that his son had procured or prepared plans of the rebel strongholds at Columbus, Island Number Ten, and Fort Pillow, and of Memphis, Grand Junction, Iuka, and Corinth,

[1] Loyal to the Government.

and that not the least useful of his services was his taking to General Grant's headquarters, on the morning of the second day of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, assurance that no re-enforcement of the Confederate force engaged in the battle was possible. As Spencer had been in the rear of that army for days, closely observing all that could be seen, and had listened to conversations that revealed much more, his positive testimony was of great importance. With renewed confidence and energy Grant continued the fight and achieved victory.

Mr. Brown also mentioned that Spencer had entered General Pillow's guarded tent and taken from his trunk plans, instructions, etc., and forwarded them [1] to Captain Porter long before his own return in April.

I was assured on the same authority that, although Spencer was charged by the rebels with being a deserter, the boy never had allowed himself to be mustered into the Confederate service, having been admonished by Porter to avoid, by all means, such a snare; and that when officers of the United States Navy discussed the question whether Spencer could safely enter the gun-boat service again, they decided that if he should be captured he could be treated only as a prisoner of war.

[1] Probably by negro messengers, who were almost invariably trustworthy.

CHAPTER XXV

FORT HENRY

While Spencer was absent on his perilous undertaking the gun-boats were not idle. On the morning of February 2 Flag-Officer Foote set out from Cairo with four armoured vessels, the Essex, Captain William D. Porter; the Cincinnati, Commander Stemble; the Carondelet, Commander Walke, and the St. Louis, Lieutenant-Commander Paulding; and three wooden gun-boats, the Tyler, the Lexington, and the Conestoga. That evening the fleet reached the Tennessee River. On February 4th it anchored six miles below Fort Henry, which was situated on the eastern bank of that river, a short distance south of the boundary between Kentucky and Tennessee. On the 5th, "Flag-Officer Foote inspected officers and crew at quarters, addressed them, and offered prayer. On the 6th, at 11.35 o'clock, the armoured vessels formed in line, the Essex on the right, and moved up the river, until, about noon, they suddenly caught view of the fort and the Confederate flag, the barracks, the new earthworks, and the great guns, well manned. The flag-steamer, the Cincinnati, fired the first shot as

the signal for the others to begin. The fort responded from eleven heavy guns, and was ablaze with the flame of cannon.

"The wild whistle of rifled shells was heard on every[1] side." Rear-Admiral Henry Walke has given a most interesting narrative of this battle. Of the part taken in it by Porter's vessel he says:

"After nearly an hour's hard fighting the captain of the Essex, going below, addressed the officers and crew, complimented the first division for their splendid execution, and asked them if they did not want to rest and give three cheers, which were given with a will. But the feelings of joy and the bright anticipations of victory on board the Essex were suddenly changed by a terrible calamity, which I cannot better describe than by quoting from a letter from James Laning, second master of the Essex. He says: 'A shot from the enemy pierced the casemate just above the port-hole on the port side, then through the middle boiler, killing, in its flight, Acting Master's Mate S. B. Brittain, Jr., and opening a chasm for the escape of the scalding steam and water.'

"'The scene which followed was almost indescribable. The writer, who had gone aft, in obedience to orders, only a few moments before (and was thus providentially saved), was met by Fourth Master Walker, followed by a crowd of men rushing aft. Walker

[1] Century Magazine for January, 1885.

called to me to go back; that a shot from the enemy had carried away the steam-pipe. I at once ran to the stern of the vessel, and, looking out of the stern port, saw a number of our brave fellows struggling in the water. The steam and hot water in the forward gun-deck had driven all who were able to get out of the ports overboard except a few who were fortunate enough to cling to the casemate outside. When the explosion took place Captain Porter was standing directly in front of the boilers, with his aide, Mr. Brittain, at his side. He at once rushed for the port-hole on the starboard side and threw himself out, expecting to go into the river. A seaman, John Walker, seeing his danger, caught him around the waist, and supporting him with one hand, clung to the vessel with the other, until, with the assistance of another seaman who came to the rescue, he succeeded in getting the captain upon a narrow-guard or projection which ran around the vessel, and thus enabled him to make his way outside to the after port, where I met him.

" ' Upon my speaking to him, he told me he was badly hurt, and that I must hunt for Mr. Riley, the first master, and if he was disabled I must take command of the vessel and man the battery again. Mr. Riley was unharmed and already in the discharge of his duty as Captain Porter's successor. In a very few minutes after the explosion our gallant ship (which, in the language of Flag-Officer Foote, had fought most

effectively through two-thirds of the engagement), was drifting slowly away from the scene of action, her commander badly wounded, a number of her officers and crew dead at their posts, while many others were writhing in their last agony. As soon as the scalding steam would admit, the forward gun-deck was explored. The pilots, who were both in the pilot-house, were scalded to death. Marshall Ford, who was steering when the explosion took place, was found at his post at the wheel, standing erect, his left hand holding the spoke and his right hand grasping the signal bell-rope. A seaman named James Coffey, who was shot-man to No. 2 gun, was on his knees in the act of taking a shell from the box to be passed to the loader. The escaping steam and hot water had struck him square in the face, and he met death in that position. When I told Captain Porter that we were victorious, he immediately rallied, and, raising himself on his elbow, called for three cheers, and gave two himself, falling exhausted on the mattress in his effort to give the third.

'' ' A seaman named Jasper P. Breas, who was badly scalded, sprang to his feet, exclaiming, '' Surrendered! I must see that with my own eyes before I die.'' Before any one could interfere he clambered up two short flights of stairs to the spar deck. He shouted '' Glory to God! '' and sank exhausted on the deck. Poor Jasper died that night.'

" The Essex, before the accident, had fired seventy shots from her two nine-inch guns. A powder-boy, Job Phillips, fourteen years of age, coolly marked down upon the casemate every shot his gun had fired, and his account was confirmed by the gunner in the magazine. The loss of the vessel in killed, wounded, and missing was thirty-two."

The injuries the Essex received were such that she was obliged to return to Cairo and St. Louis for repairs.

CHAPTER XXVI

CHANGED CIRCUMSTANCES

Soon after Spencer's return to St. Louis his mother received the letter given below:

"Belleville, *May 9, 1862.*

"My dear Wife: I wrote you some days since in reply to yours of the 18th of April. Since then Kitty has received a letter from Spencer, of which I send a copy.

"'Dear Sister: I received your welcome letter and photograph a few days since. You cannot tell how pleased I was to hear from you. I have not heard a word from you all for so long a time. When I wrote you that last short note I was so tired and nervous that I could scarcely hold a pen. Nor, Kitty, shall I write you a long letter now, as my prospects are not settled yet, though very promising. I have only received fourteen dollars since last September, although constantly in the most difficult and dangerous service. . . .

"'What do you think of my last trip to *Secessia,* lasting from the last of January to the 8th of April? Where was I? First in Columbus, before it was evac-

uated; next, Island Number Ten, before it was taken, and during the first three days' bombardment; next, two weeks under guard at Fort Pillow, before which our gun-boats and mortars are now stopped; afterwards three days at liberty in same place; then, obtaining a pass and transportation to Corinth, by way of Memphis, from the rebel general Villipique—on the 4th of April I was in Memphis, on the 5th and 6th at Grand Junction and Corinth; on the 7th,[1] having joined the First Louisiana Cavalry, Colonel Scott, I rode about thirty-five miles on a rebel scouting party, starting in the morning, and camping at night, about twelve o'clock, within a mile and a half of the Tennessee River; and the next morning, getting up early and feeding my horse, I started for the river in my shirt-sleeves, and swam it, leaving all my clothes but my *Secesh* cap, and forcing myself to walk naked five miles before I came into a friendly country, when I got some slight clothing and a friend to take me to Savannah, thirteen miles farther.

" ' So, you see, the first day of the celebrated battle of Pittsburg Landing I was in ' *Secessia,*' the second day, at home again—but in *such* a condition! The bottoms of my feet were all stone bruises, my legs above my knees were torn by thorns and poisoned by noxious weeds, and I was a subject for care generally. Imagine, then, my feelings, upon having reported at

[1] Spencer, in his ramblings, had lost correct account of the dates.

General Grant's headquarters as a returned scout, to find myself placed out in the rain with the slightest possible trousers and shirt, charged with being a *'Secesh'* spy! After my waiting there for more than two hours, shivering with cold and nearly famished with hunger, tardy justice came, and I was conducted to General Grant. You see I had had but one meal since the day before in the morning—lacking, you see, five meals in two days, which was considerable under the circumstances. Fortunately things changed here, for my information was important, and sleeping in a warm bed for the first night in so long a time, as well as the possession of an awkwardly large but warm suit of clothes, made me regard the past as a dream. Wait, Kitty! Wait, all! My future looks bright! But I will not anticipate. For reasons which I shall give you I will not carry out my original intentions of going to see you on a furlough. Wait, I ask (resting sure once more of your love), and never again (*you,* Kitty, I am talking to), *never again* doubt your brother.

"'Send this to the folks, for I can never write another so explicit, but be very careful that it is not made public.

"'*April 28th.* Received appointment of master's mate to-day, signed by Captain William Porter. Salary, forty dollars. Lowest grade of commissions in Western waters.

"'SPENCE.'"

"St. Louis, Missouri, *May 9, 1862.*

"Dear Father: I send you, in haste, a small note [1]—the best of my ability for the present. I am sorry I cannot do more, but have not received back pay; and this, with a like sum to Kitty and Mother, is all I could do without. Please accept the will for the deed.

"Your son,

"Spencer."

"St. Louis, Missouri, *May 9, 1862.*

"Dear Mother: I am returned safe and sound. I am very nervous and write in haste. Please write to Spencer Kellogg, care of Uncle.

"I send you my mite—also the same to Father and Kitty. Please come by the first week in June if you want to see me.

"Yours,

"Spencer."

"St. Louis, Missouri, *May 26, 1862.*

"Dear Kitty: I received your welcome letter, inclosing picture, this morning, and sit down immediately to answer it.

"The picture was a welcome relief from the photograph; *that* made every one think you were thirty years old, married, and the mother of *several little ones.* Then, too, it was squint-eyed, and I had to cut

[1] Money.

one side of the face out before I could put up with it at all.

" I have been just a wee bit sick, and yesterday, Sunday, I went up to Uncle's and got out his big buffalo robe and lay on the grass all day. 'Twas a fortunate thing I had somewhere to go to, as I should not have got better very fast without a little care. I owe them gratitude. . . .

" I drew one hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Perhaps a list of what I bought would amuse you. Uniform, forty-four dollars; ' fatigue-coat,' eleven dollars; boots, five dollars; borrowed money repaid, twenty-one dollars and sixty cents; two caps, seven dollars and fifty cents; fine wool shirts, eleven dollars; handkerchiefs, one dollar and twenty-five cents; socks, seventy-five cents; writing-school, five dollars (bad investment). There was considerably more—trunks, neckties, pocket-knife, etc., besides board-bill.

" You ask what I do. I get up at eight; eat breakfast; go to the post-office; go to my captain with the mail (office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.); do all his writing, etc.; spend the rest of the day sometimes by going up to Uncle's, sometimes otherwise.

" In the evening go to see the young lady. I've got such a good one, Kitty—go to see her about four nights in the seven; or to the theatre or varieties concert hall. To tell the truth, Kitty, I have been leading quite a dissipated life, and if I had sent home twenty-

five dollars instead of fifteen 'twould have been better for me. Don't misunderstand me when I say 'dissipated,' for I don't go to houses of bad repute, or drink anything stronger than Catawba wine. My dissipation consists of eating oysters and ice-creams, going to the theatre, and late hours.

"Your giving the money to Father was at your own discretion, Kitty. I certainly could not blame you for it. But the next that I send you you must keep.

"So, you see I have given you a real picture of my life, Kitty, without any reservations. Don't think less of me for it. I was afraid when I came home again you would be horrified; so I tell you now. I think it only needs better company to make me better. My time is almost all leisure. I am captain's aide, or clerk, with the *rank* of master's mate—very different from masters' mates in general, and I have precious little to do.

"Tell Grandpa not to despair of hearing from me, as I have an instalment of my famous trip (minute details) South, almost ready. I remain with love,

"SPENCER."

"ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *June 12, 1862.*

"DEAR FATHER: "I received your letter some time since, and at last, having something to write about, answer it.

" Mother passed through town last week, and, if not already there, will soon be with you. Since she was here (during which time I enjoyed her company much) I have had some good news, and hasten to communicate it to you. I heard from my Frémont papers (which have been in the hands of the lawyers for some time) yesterday, receiving a semi-decision upon them —a favourable one—from the Adjutant-General at Washington, and also here. They are, however, referred to some commissioners who are expected here soon, and you shall know more anon.

" Day before yesterday I received promotion, from my captain, to the position of Fourth Master of the Essex, which doubles my salary and gives me more to do.

" My captain evidently intends to do well by me; and, from all appearances, the positions of the kind are probably good for several years.

" After due deliberations, I have made up my mind to take the support of Fred [1] upon myself, and have devoted ten dollars a month for the purpose, giving the first monthly instalment to Mother as she stopped here.

" If I should get married (which might, but probably will not, happen at present), I shall immediately send for him to live with me.

[1] His little brother. The burnings, robberies, drought and illness in Kansas had reduced the circumstances of the family, and the father was still an invalid.

" Please give my love to Kitty. I am waiting to hear from her. . . .

" I am living very pleasantly here, but expect to leave soon. I sent a picture to you by Mother, for your own special benefit. It was taken immediately after my return to this city, when I wore borrowed clothes and spent my time in resting. I owe much comfort and care, since my return, to a young girl here, who, I believe, would just suit you. I talk about getting married—don't know yet, but we are having quite a flirtation.

" Give Grandpa my regards, and tell him to expect the second instalment of the account of my trip South, soon. I have been teased repeatedly for it for publication, and so I wish you would ask him to preserve it. . . .[1]

" I have been writing a short history of the Porter family, which I may send you soon. It is in the hands of the editor of the St. Louis Democrat, accepted for publication."

Before Spencer's departure from St. Louis he and Miss Mary Manahan, the young woman mentioned to his father in the letter of June 12th, were married. She was a sister to the wife of one of his friends—an officer of the army. Three weeks after his marriage

[1] Unhappily, it *was published*, and widely circulated, not by Spencer's consent.

Spencer bade his wife farewell, to see her no more on earth. The voyage he was about to begin in the Essex was to bear him within hearing of the subdued and solemn murmur of those billows to which the soul gives heed with awe in the midnight of misfortune and solitude—the pulsations of the deep of eternity.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE NEW ESSEX

On the 5th day of July the Essex received orders to join the fleet of Flag-Officer Davis, above Vicksburg. The gun-boat had been made over. In form and power she was new. When she fought at Fort Henry she was only partially iron-clad.

Captain Porter was with the Essex at St. Louis. He was blind, from the effects of the escapement of steam when the thirty-two-pound shot from Fort Henry pierced one of the boat's boilers. Nevertheless, he remained on board while she was reconstructed. He wished to direct her preparation for combats more terrible than any in which she had yet taken part. Her executive officer, First Master R. K. Riley, carried out Porter's plans, and energetically pushed the repairs to completion. The vessel was lengthened forty feet, her boilers and machinery were placed below the water-line, and her casemates were raised eleven feet, to a height of seventeen feet six inches. Her forward case-mate was of wood thirty inches thick, plated with India-rubber an inch thick, and clad with iron one inch and three-fourths in thickness. The side casemates

were not quite so strong. The roof was bomb-proof. The pilot-house was of wood eighteen inches thick, protected by India-rubber and iron as thick as the plating of the forward casemate. She had false sides, such that no steam-ram could attack her successfully, and forty-two water-tight compartments were supposed to make it impossible to sink her. Her length was two hundred and five feet, her width sixty.

Her officers and crew, all told, comprised one hundred and forty-six persons. Her commander was Captain William D. Porter. Robert K. Riley was first master and executive officer, and D. P. Rosenmiller, J. Harry Wyatt, Matt. Snyder, and Spencer Kellogg were the acting masters. The other officers were Joseph H. Lewis, paymaster; Thomas Rice, surgeon; Joseph Heep, chief engineer; J. Sterns, first assistant engineer; J. Wetzell, second assistant engineer; Thomas Fletcher, third assistant engineer; and C. W. Long was gunner.

A few days before Spencer's departure on the voyage down the Mississippi he wrote the letter given below:

"St. Louis, Missouri, *July 2, 1862.*

"Dear Mother: I send you monthly instalment of ten dollars for Fred, of which you will please acknowledge receipt as soon as convenient. You will please send me an account of everything bought for him, and the prices, as well as board, etc., so that I

may see what becomes of the money. Upon receiving a new instalment, if any of the old should be on hand you are to devote that to the use of the family. . . . I do not wish him stinted in what boys of his age should have, nor do I wish him to live better than the rest of the family. Please keep the account, and send it to me monthly. I shall expect last month's account.

" Please tell Father I have received a letter from him.

" Why does not Kitty write?

" I send you a newspaper with an account of the trial-trip of the Essex."

CHAPTER XXVIII

NAVAL OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

THE course of military and naval operations in the West, while the Essex was undergoing repairs at St. Louis, was rapid and important.

Fort Henry, with its armament, was taken on the 6th of February. This victory proved the efficiency of the gun-boats, gave a formidable post of the Confederate military line into the possession of the United States, and allowed national troops to establish themselves in force in the rear of Columbus. On the 12th of February, McClernand's and Smith's divisions of Grant's army invested Fort Donelson, a strongly fortified Confederate position on the Cumberland River, among the hills of Stewart County, Tennessee. If this could be captured, the left centre of the insurgents' military line west of the Cumberland Mountains would be completely broken. On the 13th of February, that part of the Federal force which had reached the scene of action was repulsed. On the 14th, Foote's flotilla of gun-boats and Wallace's division of the army came up, and on the afternoon of that day the gun-boats fought the batteries of the fort. Seventeen heavy guns

were trained upon the little squadron, "those from the hillsides, on which the main works of the fort lay, hurling plunging shot with awful precision and effect." From the boats, only twelve guns could reply. The vessels were much injured, and after a very gallant fight were obliged to withdraw. On the 15th a great battle was fought between Grant's army and the garrison of the fort. In the forenoon the advantage was with the enemy, which seemed likely to cut a way of escape through the right of our army; but in the afternoon, in a fight in which General Lew Wallace[1] distinguished himself, the rebels were decisively defeated by Grant and driven into their works. On February 16th, Floyd,[2] who was in command of the fort, and Pillow, the next in authority, shamefully deserted their post and fled away before daylight. The gallant General Buckner, third in rank, surrendered the fort to General Grant. There were delivered into the hands of the victors thirteen thousand five hundred men, three thousand horses, forty-eight field-pieces, seventeen heavy guns, twenty thousand muskets, and a great quantity of military stores.

The fall of Fort Donelson made necessary the evacuation by the Confederates of Bowling Green and Columbus, and gave into the hands of the National Government complete control of Kentucky, Missouri,

[1] Many years later the author of Ben Hur, Prince of India, etc.
[2] The traitorous Secretary of War under President Buchanan.

and northern Tennessee. Federal troops occupied Nashville on the 26th of February. A scouting party of Illinois troops went to Columbus on March 3d, found it had been evacuated by Polk, and raised the United States flag over the abandoned works. The next day Foote's flotilla, and some transports which bore General W. T. Sherman and the military force, reached the place and garrisoned it with national troops. The rebels had seized and fortified new and strong positions at New Madrid and Island Number Ten—one thousand miles, by the course of the Mississippi, above New Orleans.

General Polk's sound military judgment guided him to the choice of New Madrid on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River, together with Island Number Ten, as strong and mutually supporting defensive positions where the Union forces on land and water might be held in check after the abandonment of Columbus by the Confederates. General McClown, of the Confederate Army, was placed in command at New Madrid, and Beauregard, who outranked Polk, assumed command, in person, at Island Number Ten. The Union General Pope, with Illinois and Ohio troops, had set out from St. Louis on February 22d to seize these very positions, the strategic value of which had been discerned by General Halleck. Pope appeared before New Madrid on the 3d of March, and found it occupied by McClown, who was supported by a flotilla

of Confederate gun-boats. That night the Confederates evacuated New Madrid and retired to Island Number Ten, which is a few miles above.

Foote's flotilla reached the vicinity of Island Number Ten on March 15th. This is what they saw: "On the bluffs, a chain of forts (on the Kentucky and Tennessee side of the river) extending for four miles along the crescent-formed shore, with the white tents of the enemy in the rear. And there lay the island, in the lower corner of the crescent, with the side fronting the Missouri shore lined with heavy ordnance, so trained that, with the artillery on the opposite shore, almost every point on the river between the island and the Missouri bank could be reached at once by all the enemy's batteries."[1]

Behind the position of the rebels on the eastern shore of the Mississippi River were impassable swamps. "The only way open for them to obtain supplies, or to effect a retreat, was by the river south of Island Number Ten. General Pope, with an army of twenty thousand men, was on the western side of the river below the island. Perceiving the defect in the enemy's position, he proceeded, with great promptness and ability, to take advantage of it. It was his intention to cross the river and attack the enemy from below; but he could not do this without the aid of a gun-boat to silence the ene-

[1] Rear-Admiral Walke in Century Magazine for January, 1885.

my's batteries opposite Point Pleasant and protect his army in crossing. He wrote repeatedly to Flag-Officer Foote urging him to send down a gun-boat past the enemy's batteries on Island Number Ten, and in one of his letters expressed the belief that a boat could pass down at night under cover of the darkness. But the flag-officer invariably declined, saying in one of his letters to General Pope that the attempt ' would result in the sacrifice of the boat, her officers, and men, which sacrifice I would not be justified in making.' '' [1]

Commander Walke '' believed with General Pope that, under the cover of darkness and other favourable circumstances, a gun-boat might run past the enemy's batteries—formidable as they were with nearly fifty guns. . . . It was well known that the Confederates had a number of small gun-boats below, and were engaged in building several large and powerful vessels, of which the renowned Arkansas was one, and there was good reason to apprehend that these gun-boats would ascend the river and pass or silence Pope's batteries, and relieve the Confederate forces on Island Number Ten and the eastern shore of the Mississippi.''

'' Pope was charged with impatience. . . . At length he caused the execution of the plan suggested by General Schuyler Hamilton for flanking the island. This was the cutting of a canal, through a swamp,

[1] Rear-Admiral Walke in Century Magazine for January, 1885.

from the river above the island to a bayou that flows into the Mississippi at New Madrid, below the island.'' '' This canal was twelve miles in length, and was cut in the space of nineteen days, half the distance through a growth of heavy timber.''

'' The width of the canal was fifty feet.''

'' On the night before its completion Pope's wishes concerning the aid of gun-boats were partially gratified.''

Commander Walke gallantly volunteered to make the attempt to run past the batteries with his boat, the Carondelet. '' The decks were covered with a loose material to protect them against plunging shot. Hawsers and chain-cables were placed around the pilot-house and other vulnerable parts of the vessel. . . . A coal-barge laden with hay and coal was lashed to the part of the port side on which there was no iron plating, to protect the magazine,'' and other necessary preparations were made. On the night of April 4th, as Admiral Walke graphically relates, '' at ten o'clock the moon had gone down, and the sky, the earth, and the river were alike hidden in the black shadow of a thunder-storm which had now spread itself over all the heavens. As the time seemed favourable I ordered the first master to cast off. Dark clouds now rose rapidly over us and enveloped us in almost total darkness, except when the sky was lighted up by the welcome flashes of vivid lightning, to show us the perilous way

we were to take. With our bow pointing to the island, we passed the lowest point of land without being observed, it appears, by the enemy. All speed was given to the vessel to drive her through the tempest.''

Twice the smoke-stacks blazed up. The second time this occurred the boat was observed by the foe. '' Now the roar of the enemy's guns began, and from batteries numbers two, three, and four came, almost incessantly, the sharp crack and screaming sound of their rifle-shells, which seemed to unite with the electric batteries of the clouds to annihilate us. . . . We almost grazed the island, and, it appears, were not observed through the storm until we were close in, and the enemy, having no time to point his guns, fired at random. In fact, we ran so near that the enemy did not, probably could not, depress his guns sufficiently. . . . Nearly all the shot went over us. . . . We arrived at New Madrid about midnight, with no one hurt, and were most joyfully received by our army.'' [1]

Other steamers came through the canal a few days later. The communications of the enemy were interrupted. Island Number Ten could no longer be held. The Confederates attempted to escape. They were intercepted and captured by Pope's troops. '' The number of prisoners taken by Foote and Pope together was seven thousand two hundred and seventy-three, including three generals and two hundred and sev-

[1] Rear-Admiral Walke in Century Magazine for January, 1885.

enty-three field and company officers. The spoils of victory were nearly twenty batteries, with one hundred and twenty-three cannon and mortars, the former ranging from thirty-two to one-hundred pounders; seven thousand small arms; many hundred horses and mules; an immense amount of ammunition, and four steamers afloat.'' [1]

Other steamers the Confederates had sunk, to obstruct the passage of our fleet.

On the 6th and 7th of April, as we have already seen, occurred the great battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh,[2] in which the national arms suffered disaster on the former day, but on the latter decisively defeated Beauregard, the successor of General Albert Sidney Johnston. After the capture of Island Number Ten, Foote's flotilla and Pope's army went down the Mississippi to capture Fort Pillow—a stronghold eighty miles above Memphis, on the first of the Chickasaw Bluffs. Here, General M. Jeff. Thompson, with three thousand Confederate troops, was supported by a Confederate flotilla under Hollins. On the 9th of May Flag-Officer Foote, much enfeebled by disease and by the wounds he had received at Fort Donelson, was, at his own request, relieved of the command of our flotilla, and was succeeded by Flag-Officer

[1] Lossing's History of the United States, page 600.

[2] A country church from which the Confederates took the name they gave to the battle.

Davis. Immediately after Foote's retirement Hollins boldly attacked our squadron with his gun-boats and rams. In this fight the enemy severely damaged two of Davis's gun-boats, but was obliged, after a hot fight, to retreat rapidly in great confusion. On the 4th of June the Confederates, having learned of the retreat of Beauregard from Corinth, abandoned Fort Pillow and its vicinity and rapidly retreated to the defences of Memphis. A few days before this event (on the 25th of May) our flotilla was re-enforced by four powerful rams constructed by Colonel Ellet. At dawn on the 5th of June Flag-Officer Davis took possession of Fort Pillow, and on that day the fleet pursued the foe to Memphis. On the morning of the 6th a decisive battle was fought between the hostile flotillas. I must allow Rear-Admiral Walke to tell the story of this tremendous combat, which lasted only one hour and ten minutes:

"It was begun by the enemy (whose vessels were in double line of battle opposite the city) firing upon our fleet, then at a distance of a mile and a half or two miles above the city. Their fire continued for a quarter of an hour, when the attack was promptly met by two of our ram squadron, the Queen of the West (Colonel Charles Ellet) leading, and the Monarch (Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet, younger brother of the leader). These vessels fearlessly dashed ahead of our gun-boats, ran for the enemy's fleet, and at the first plunge suc-

ceeded in sinking one and disabling another. The astonished Confederates received them gallantly and effectively. The Queen of the West and the Monarch were followed in line of battle by the gun-boats, under the lead of Flag-Officer Davis, and all of them opened fire, which was continued from the time we got within good range until the end of the battle—two or three tugs keeping all the while safe distance astern. Queen of the West was a quarter of a mile in advance of the Monarch, and after having rammed one of the enemy's fleet, she was badly rammed by the Beauregard, which then, in company with the General Price, made a dash at the Monarch as she approached them. The Beauregard, however, missed the Monarch and struck the General Price in her port side, cutting her down to the water-line, tearing off her wheel instantly, and placing her *hors de combat*. The Monarch then ran into the Beauregard, which had been several times raked fore and aft by the shot and shell of our iron-clads, and she quickly sank in the river opposite Memphis. The General Lovell, after having been badly rammed by the Queen of the West (or the Monarch, as it is claimed), was struck by our shot and shell, and, at about the same time and place as the Beauregard, sank to the bottom so suddenly as to take a considerable number of her officers and crew down with her, the remainder being saved by small boats and our tugs.

" The General Price, Little Rebel (with a shot-hole

through her steam-chest), and our Queen of the West, all disabled, were run on the Arkansas shore opposite Memphis; and the Monarch afterward ran into the Little Rebel just as our fleet were passing her in pursuit of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, then retreating rapidly down the river. The Jeff. Thompson, below the point and opposite President's Island, was the next boat disabled by our shot. She was run ashore, burned, and blown up. The Confederate ram Sumter was also disabled by our shell and captured. The Bragg soon after fared the same fate, and was run ashore, where her officers abandoned her and disappeared in the forests of Arkansas. All the Confederate rams which had been run on the Arkansas shore were captured. The Van Dorn, having a start, alone escaped down the river. The Monarch and Switzerland were despatched in pursuit of her and a few transports, but returned without overtaking them, although they captured another steamer.

"The scene at this battle was rendered most sublime by the desperate nature of the engagement and the momentous consequences that followed very speedily after the first attack. Thousands of people crowded the high bluffs overlooking the river. The roar of the cannon and shell shook the houses on shore on either side for many miles. First wild yells, shrieks, and clamours, then loud, despairing murmurs, filled the affrighted city. The screaming, plunging shell crashed

into the boats, blowing some of them and their crews into fragments, and the rams rushed upon each other like wild beasts in deadly conflict. Blinding smoke hovered about the scene of all this confusion and horror: and as the battle progressed and the Confederate fleet was destroyed, all the cheering voices on shore were silenced. With each disaster a sympathizing wail went up from the multitude. When the last hope of the Confederates gave way, the lamentations which went up from the spectators were like cries of anguish. . . . Chief of all results of the work of the flotilla was the opening of the Mississippi River once for all from Cairo to Memphis.'' Meanwhile, Commodore Farragut, with his frigates and gun-boats, aided by Commander David D. Porter with his mortar fleet, had entered the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico, had passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip, had fought a terrific naval battle and destroyed nearly the whole fleet of Confederate vessels that defended New Orleans, and had gone up to that city. Soon afterwards, General Benjamin F. Butler, with a strong military force, assumed control of that chief commercial port of the South. Between the flotilla commanded by Flag-Officer Davis and Commodore Farragut's squadron were Vicksburg and Port Hudson. There, too, was the leviathan Arkansas.

CHAPTER XXIX

DARING EXPLOITS—CAPTIVITY

On the 27th of June the Essex made the successful trial trip mentioned by Spencer in his letter of July 2d to his mother. On the 6th of July the gun-boat departed from St. Louis, arrived at Cairo on the 7th, lay there two more days taking in ammunition and stores, set out from that port on the evening of the 9th, and, having steamed down the Mississippi, joined Commodore Davis's fleet at the anchorage above Vicksburg on the 13th. On her passage down the river her port boiler burned out, and the fires had to be put out to repair it. At that time the question of absorbing interest to our fleet was, "*Where is the Arkansas?*" The Arkansas was an armoured Confederate ram "more powerful and destructive than any other naval vessel ever launched." "When Memphis fell into our hands it was ascertained that she had . . . been towed down the Mississippi," and it was supposed she was in the Yazoo—a narrow, deep stream that empties its waters into the Mississippi from the east, a few miles above Vicksburg. Between that stronghold and the mouth of the Yazoo lay Commodore Davis's fleet,

including several of Farragut's ships, which had come up from New Orleans, and Colonel Ellet's steam-rams.

On the evening of the 14th of July, Captain Porter, having taken two of the enemy prisoners, learned from them that the Arkansas was lying in the Yazoo and intended to come out and attack our fleet the next day. The prisoners were sent to the flag-ship Benton, and in consequence of their story Flag-Officer Davis sent the gun-boats Carondelet and Tyler up the Yazoo at dawn on the 15th. Soon heavy firing was heard by the fleet. Half an hour later the Tyler hove in sight. She was closely followed by the Arkansas. The Carondelet, grounded in the Yazoo, had been disabled by the enemy. The Arkansas took a leisurely course among the Federal ships, apparently impenetrable to their shot. She selected for the fire of her heavy armament the ram Lancaster, one of Colonel Ellet's vessels, and in a few minutes disabled her, exploding her boiler. The Benton and several other vessels of our fleet were much damaged by her assault. The Tyler and Carondelet were so crippled as to be obliged to return to Cairo for repairs. The Arkansas passed down the river to the wharf at Vicksburg unscathed by our gun-boats or by the broadsides of Farragut's fleet—withstanding the fire of more than twenty vessels. Rifled shot which she sent at the Essex had little effect. The compliment was returned by a " thirty-two-pounder steel plug " and a ten-inch shell which was supposed to have

done some injury; but the boiler of the Essex being then under repairs that vessel could not get up steam to attack the monster.

On the night of the 15th that part of Farragut's squadron which was lying above Vicksburg repassed the batteries of that city and returned to their anchorage below the city, where lay the rest of his fleet, including the mortar-boats of Commodore David D. Porter, a brother of W. D. Porter. On July 21st, Captain Porter, of the Essex, in consultation with Flag-Officers Farragut and Davis, "offered to attack the Arkansas at close quarters." They assented, and it was arranged that Commodore Davis's fleet should attack the upper and Farragut's the lower forts of the city, to divert their fire from the Essex.

On the morning of July 22d, at four o'clock, Porter weighed anchor and steamed slowly down the river. When he rounded the point above Vicksburg he was within twelve hundred yards of the enemy's upper batteries, which at once concentrated upon the Essex a fire which it is said would have sunk, in ten minutes, any other gun-boat on the Western waters. One of Spencer's letters to his grandfather gives us a vivid conception of this terrific encounter.

"The Essex, unassisted, ran the blockade within musket-shot of batteries mounting seventy-two guns and an almost impregnable gun-boat of heavier bat-

tery than our own, carrying ten guns. We got up anchor at four A. M. 22d of July, . . . steaming down towards the point above Vicksburg, off which lay the Western flotilla, Flag-Officer Davis. The rebel boat (the Arkansas) lay under the upper batteries, and, together with them, opened fire upon us as soon as we came in range. Our ship, meanwhile, had been thoroughly prepared for action, every port being closed, every man and officer at his station, all ready. . . . The forward guns were loaded and run out the holes in the port-covers, and, replying to all that tremendous fire with a single gun, the Essex rapidly approached the rebel boat. The intention of Commander Porter to strike her fairly with our bow was frustrated by her letting go her head-line so that her head swung out into the stream, and she received only a grazing blow which threw us hard on shore. Previous to our striking her she had been firing rapidly, but as we delivered the three round shot from our nine-inch guns in the bow, her men could be seen leaving her and getting ashore, and she no longer returned any fire.

" Meanwhile, as we lay hard on shore midway between the upper and lower batteries, they pounded us most unmercifully, shell after shell striking the casemates and exploding so near the ports as to throw a continual lurid glare upon the darkened decks. Pieces of shell of all sizes, as well as numbers of splinters, lay upon the deck, and the ricochet shot covered her with

one continual foam of water. Yet, notwithstanding all the pounding we received, such was the strength of our casemates that but one shot penetrated, though several are still buried in them, and one shell exploded in the wood, a piece of which killed one man, and the splinters caused by it wounded three others—our total loss. Succeeding at last in getting off the bank, Captain Porter looked in vain for the promised aid. The fleet below was nowhere to be seen, while that above, out of range of all but the long rifled guns, looked mere specks in the distance. He reluctantly abandoned his prey. Still we were but half through the danger. Lying down on the decks by his order, we received another half-hour's pounding.

"At last, coming in sight of the fleet below, we found them lying quietly at anchor, tranquil spectators of the fiery gauntlet we had run. We arrived in safety, and all hands were ordered on deck to reply to the hearty cheers with which the ships' crews greeted us. Here for the first time we saw how we had been pounded. Along the entire length of the vessel, on both sides, the frequent marks and indentations showed where our iron had protected us, while an occasional hole showed the entering of the iron into the solid casemates, fortunately so solid. The chimneys, ventilators, and awnings were riddled with shot and pieces of shell, and many more had made their mark in various places upon our rail and through the wheel-house, within which several wheel-arms were broken.

" By night we were again ready for action. The spectators on the fleet below described the water around us as in one continual foam from the plunging shot and shell. . . . Notwithstanding the shots we gave the ram Arkansas, she got up steam on the next day and ran up, threatening the upper fleet, drawing their fire and again returning under her batteries apparently as vigorous as ever. Let me not forget to say that the ram which was to support us from above came down, although late, and ran with tremendous velocity into the Arkansas, and succeeded in returning through the heavy fire of the batteries without losing a man. Though built for the business, such was the force of her blow that she stove in her butts and was soon after in a sinking condition. All honour to the ram!

" Though escaping safely, she was punched full of holes. The Arkansas did not seem to suffer from the blow. . . . It is said that our shots broke a large hole in her casemates and almost swept the decks. On the 24th we got under way with the ships of Farragut's squadron for New Orleans, bringing up the rear as the best qualified to repel the assaults of the rebel ram. All letters for me must be addressed by way of New York and New Orleans to the ' Essex, Mississippi River.' Do not worry about me, as I am doing well and keeping extraordinary health. . . .

" SPENCER.

" P. S.—It has since been ascertained that the rebel batteries threw over five thousand shot and shell at the Essex during the two and one-half hours that she was under their fire."

In the fall of 1863 Commodore Porter spoke to Mr. O. C. Brown, with enthusiasm, of an instance of Spencer's indifference to danger, telling him that while the Essex was lying under the Vicksburg batteries, exposed to a terrific fire and receiving no support from the fleet above, Spencer, wishing to know where the squadron was, volunteered to go on deck and learn. By Porter's permission he went, stood in the midst of that tempest of death, took a calm survey of the river, saw that no succour was promised, and returned to his commander with such a report as decided him to close the unequal combat in time to save his own vessel.

The work of the Essex after this, as long as Spencer was on active duty with her, was on the lower Mississippi. The Confederates had not yet entirely given up the idea of recovering New Orleans. To the end of regaining that city the Arkansas was to co-operate with an army commanded by General Breckenridge. The ram was to " drive the Federal gun-boats into the Gulf," and Breckenridge was to do the rest.

On August 5th the Confederate troops attacked the Union General Williams, near Baton Rouge. This

gallant officer was killed, but his army repulsed the enemy. In this battle Captain Porter placed the Essex in position to help our land forces with her heavy guns. The next day the gun-boat had need to fight on her own account—as will appear from a letter written by Spencer.

"U. S. Gun-boat Essex,
"Off Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *Aug. 7, 1862.*

"Grandfather Cozzens.

"Dear Sir: I seize the opportunity to send you a few lines, inclosing the monthly allowance for Fred, which if you will hand to his mother you will oblige me.

"We are in exciting times. All of day before yesterday the two armies were actually fighting, or skirmishing, behind the town, and for over three hours in the morning the gun-boats were busy shelling the enemy. All this time we were expecting an attack from the rebel boat the Arkansas, the smoke of which was visible within long range of our rifle guns. Yesterday, however, we moved up and attacked her, the second shell we fired causing her crew to desert her, and a moment after she commenced burning.

"Giving three hearty cheers, the men poured the shell into her until we were compelled to withdraw for fear of the explosion of her magazine. The Arkansas is destroyed, and the Essex has the credit, singly and alone, of that which seemed so difficult that Commo-

dore Farragut said, ' The man that did it should be made an admiral.'

" To Captain Porter and the Essex belongs the tribute of praise. I commanded my division during the engagement, fresh from a sick bed; and, the action over, the fever came to me again. Still I am better to-day.

" I send you, inclosed, a little cotton from the inside bulwarks of the Arkansas—also a fine splinter. You may rely upon their being genuine—I ought to know.

" The Essex was struck but once during the engagement of twenty minutes."

Spencer makes no allusion in this letter to a desperate enterprise in which he begged permission to embark. His father gave me the particulars, communicated to him, no doubt, by Captain Porter himself. Spencer volunteered to make the attempt alone, to blow up the Arkansas by a torpedo. His commander told him that it would, in all human probability, cost him his life. This did not change Spencer's mind. He assured Captain Porter that he was willing to lose his life in the endeavour. He had formed his plans and felt sure of success. So great was his commander's confidence in him and his plans that he prepared the necessary means, and Spencer was ready to start on the perilous enterprise—was only waiting

for the small hours of the night to come—when the order was received by Porter to move up with the Essex and attack the monster in the morning.

Flag-Officer Farragut reported to the Navy Department on August 7th:

"SIR: It is one of the happiest moments of my life that I am enabled to inform the department of the destruction of the ram Arkansas. . . .

"Commodore Porter says he took advantage of her presenting a weak point towards him, and loaded with incendiary shells. After his first discharge with this projectile a gust of fire came from her sides, and from that moment it was discovered she was on fire, which he continued his exertions to prevent being extinguished. They backed her ashore and made a line fast, which soon burnt, and she swung off into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion—thus ending the career of the last iron-clad ram[1] of the Mississippi. There were many persons on the bank of the river witnessing the fight, in which they anticipated the triumph of Secession; but on the return of the Essex not a vessel was to be seen."

Lossing says that the Arkansas was attacked, driven ashore, set on fire by her commander, and by

[1] *Rebel ram* he means.

the explosion of her magazine was blown into fragments.

In The Gulf and Island Waters, Commander A. T. Mahan, after relating the incidents of the grounding of the ram, goes on to say: "While in this position the Essex came in sight below. Powerless to move, resistance was useless, and her commander, Lieutenant Stevens, set her on fire as soon as the Essex opened, the crew escaping unhurt to the shore. Shortly after, she blew up. Though destroyed by her own officers, the act was due to the presence of the vessel that had gallantly attacked her under the guns of Vicksburg and lain in wait for her ever since."

For a month more Porter patrolled the Mississippi between Baton Rouge and Vicksburg. At Bayou Sara a boat's crew from the Essex was attacked with musketry by guerrillas sheltered in the heart of the town; and at Natchez one man of a detachment sent on shore to obtain ice for the sick was killed, and five other seamen and an officer wounded, by what is declared to have been an unprovoked assault made by about two hundred citizens. In retaliation, Bayou Sara was shelled and burned by Porter, and Natchez was bombarded for an hour and twenty minutes. After many engagements with guerrillas, and several with the lower batteries of the enemy at Vicksburg, and with those at Port Hudson, the Essex having been much damaged, and having lost in two months, by sickness, captivity,

wounds, scalding, and death, one hundred and twelve men and officers out of a total of one hundred and forty-six, ran down to New Orleans, seeking rest and recruits for the exhausted company, now reduced to thirty-four reported for duty.

On his arrival at New Orleans, Porter learned that President Lincoln had ordered him to be promoted, for distinguished services, to the rank of commodore.

One who would have rejoiced in his good fortune was no longer with the Essex.

About a week after the destruction of the Arkansas Spencer went to Captain Porter to obtain permission to attempt the sinking of a ferry-boat which, plying across the Mississippi, furnished supplies to the Confederate garrison at Port Hudson. His commander objected to the enterprise, fearing that it would involve too much loss of life. Spencer's reply, in substance, was this: "You know, Captain, I have been in many a tight place and yet have always got away. Let me try." Consent was finally given, and a transport was sent with forty armed men to do the work. On August 15th Spencer found the rebel boat and sank her. Having the transport close at hand with so strong an armed force for his protection, the young officer perhaps did not charge himself with rashness when, his work completed, he landed in a small boat and stepped a few paces from the shore. Two who professed to be

Union men called him aside. Suddenly, while they talked with him, a company of guerrillas rushed from their hiding-place, and seizing Spencer and four of his men carried them into captivity.

CHAPTER XXX

SUSPENSE

I KNOW not how long a time had gone after the disappearance of Spencer before his mother wrote this undated letter to his commander:

"CAPTAIN PORTER.

"DEAR SIR: Information is desired of Spencer Kellogg, fourth master of the Essex. We have not heard from him since the 9th of August. If anything has befallen him will you please direct information to his grandfather, L. Cozzens, Esq., Utica, New York? and greatly oblige his anxious mother and friends."

When news came, it but increased the mother's anxiety. He had been missing more than four months when the next letter was written.

"UTICA, *January 1, 1863.*

"MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have news from Spencer, dated September 25th, that he was then a prisoner, as a spy, in Jackson, Mississippi, with no gleam of hope for his life. You may expect me at Pierrepont Manor, with what information I have, Saturday evening. I cannot write more.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE WIFE."

Not long after this Mr. Brown wrote to his wife:

"I fear for Spencer, but not without hope. I feel the more encouraged that Commodore Porter is so good a friend, and must have done all in his power, by menace, to save him. We should have heard if they had dared to execute him.

"Let us not despair of our noble boy."

The fluctuations of fear, the heart-sickness from hope deferred, the long suspense, will be conveyed most vividly by the correspondence which sprang up concerning him.

"WASHINGTON CITY, *Jan. 20, 1863.*

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 11th instant is at hand. I feel a deep interest in the case, and will present it to the President immediately, and urge action.

"Very respectfully,

"S. C. POMEROY.

"To Mr. O. C. BROWN."

"ST. LOUIS, *Feb. 12, 1863.*

"DEAR COUSIN MARY: Your letter of the 31st of January has just come to hand, and I hasten to reply.

"Oh that I could give you some comfort in your affliction! I heard the same report that you did. Commodore Porter sent me word immediately, and I commenced making diligent inquiry concerning Spencer, but my efforts were all fruitless, although I have

waited ever since, thinking that I might get some tidings of him before I wrote to you. As I once caused you unnecessary anxiety, it taught me a lesson not soon forgotten.

"The last information I received was from one of his comrades who saw the men that were taken with him. They said that the jailer in Jackson, Mississippi, told them before their parole that Spencer was hanged as a spy. This, I fear, is too true. I have long since given up all hope of his safety. I can truly sympathize with you in this sad affliction, and need not assure you of our anxiety on his account since we heard of his capture. I shall see Commodore Porter, if he comes to the city, personally, and will give you any additional information I may get.

"Affectionately yours,

"W. F. Cozzens."

His friends now believed him dead. His father wrote, on the 21st of February, to Commodore Porter:

"Dear Sir: By a recent letter from Mr. Cozzens, of St. Louis, I have confirmed to me the death of my noble boy, Spencer Kellogg Brown, known in the service as Spencer Kellogg. . . . I have written General Banks and the President. . . . I had no intimation of the cause of his long absence until the 1st of January, when a letter in pencil reached us from

him in his prison, dated September 25th–7th October, saying he had been a prisoner over a month, and, without any one to aid him, he had not a ray of hope of escape from the usual verdict of a court-martial—'Guilty.'"

Mr. Brown's family, fully convinced of Spencer's death, put on mourning, and expected nothing more favourable or comforting than the particulars of his trial and execution.

In April, 1863, through Mr. Snyder, who had been gunner of the Essex, fresh hopes were awakened in the minds of Spencer's friends. Mr. Brown at once wrote to Commodore Porter, who was then in New York, and received from him no encouragement to believe his son alive.

"New York, *May 18, 1863.*

"Mr. O. C. Brown.

"Dear Sir: I will forward your letter to General Halleck.

"Mr. Kellogg was a most excellent officer and a brave man. I was assured on the word of honour of ex-Governor Wycliffe, of Louisiana, that he would be exchanged, but I have no doubt he has been most cruelly murdered by the rebels. I am now urging an investigation of the matter.

"Respectfully,

"W. D. Porter."

However, the commodore wrote, a week later, to Mr. Wyatt, who had been an acting master of the Essex:

"New York, *May 25, 1863.*

"J. Harry Wyatt.[1]

"Dear Sir: I herewith inclose papers relating to Mr. Kellogg. As you know all the matter, please take it in hand, and see what you can do for Mr. Brown.

"Yours truly,

"W. D. Porter."

Mr. Wyatt gave the matter prompt attention. This gentleman is mentioned in Harper's Magazine for February, 1863 (page 406) as a "complete officer . . . an Englishman . . . who, with his heart in our cause, has generously given, as a volunteer, nearly two of the best years of his life to sustain the supremacy of our Republic." The letter given below is additional evidence of the nobility of his character.

"Washington City, D.C., *May 26, 1863.*

"Dear Sir: The inclosed letter from Commodore W. D. Porter will explain the reason of my intruding on you this letter, though I am sure you will not look upon my writing in the light of an intrusion when I tell you I have fought side by side with your son Spen-

[1] Mr. Wyatt was, for a time, private secretary to Commodore Porter.

cer, and am partly acquainted with his history—not wholly. When I first met him in southwestern Missouri he related to me a part of his life history, and subsequently he told me his real name, but he did not give me the address of his friends, or you should long since have been made acquainted with all that has occurred that I had knowledge of.

" Your letter to the Commodore, dated the 22d of last February, from some unknown reason did not reach him till lately, or I am sure it would have received instant attention. He does not tell me whether he has replied or not, so I reply.

" On the 15th of August last Spencer was captured at Port Hudson by the rebels. An hour after the Commodore heard of it—which was at midnight the 15th—he despatched a gun-boat from Baton Rouge to secure, if possible, his release; and the Essex, a few hours later, also left Baton Rouge on the same mission. On the 17th of that month he (Porter) wrote from Bayou Sara to General Ruggles, commanding the rebel army then in that neighbourhood, asking his (Spencer's) exchange, and did all that was possible . . . to effect it. On our arrival at New Orleans, on the 7th of September, General Butler was communicated with on the same subject. I was present then and at an after interview, and know how earnestly this was urged. On the 9th of September, ex-Governor Wycliffe, under a flag of truce, had an interview with

General Butler relative to exchange of prisoners, and again the matter was urged by the Commodore. I was then also present. Wycliffe then promised that his person was sacred and that he should receive all the consideration afforded to the most favoured prisoners of war. He told us then he (Spencer) was at Camp Moore.

" On the 13th the Commodore left the Essex, and on arrival in New York city, on the 20th, immediately put the Secretary of the Navy (as the Secretary of War also) in possession of all facts, asking their immediate exertions to effect his exchange. Since then, and up to the present time, every effort has been used to get knowledge of him, but without result. About two months since I heard from a brother officer the report made by those men who were captured with him, but there was no positiveness in their information, although the Secretary of the Navy was made acquainted with their report, as also General Halleck, who is personally interested in him. The department have had full and explicit information of his services and noble character.

" I would not like to raise false hopes, yet I have still the conviction, from the inquiry made by the heads of the departments, that had he been sentenced by a court-martial the Confederate Government would have at once communicated the fact to our Government in reply to their interrogatories.

" Rest assured all that human effort can do shall be done to gain every particular that you may desire to know. Although it may be some weeks, or even longer, before I can get from General Halleck information which has already been set on foot, yet you may rest satisfied were you on the spot to inquire, for your own self, no more earnestness could be used than shall be. Although I cannot write his history, as you wish, yet there is much of it I am acquainted with, and soon will send it you. The outline I have written and laid before General Halleck long since, and the Secretary of the Navy too. . . .

" His effects left on the boat are quite safe,[1] I know, and would have been forwarded had any address of his friends been known.

" There are some other suggestions in your note to the Commodore which I will communicate with him upon, and then you shall have a more definite reply than this hasty note. I was desirous, however, you should not be kept waiting even for the little this communication gives.

" If I do not touch on the painful separation in tone of sympathy or condolence, do not think it is the less sorrowful to me. Spencer was my friend—almost the only one I had in the land of my adoption, and personally he was very dear to me. I would willingly

[1] They were all lost, through the misconduct of a dissipated officer.

have taken his place in captivity had God thought fit to order it. I am alone in the world; he had all that was bright in prospect in his profession, and also in the love and regard of his family and friends. To you all, I need not say, he was perfectly devoted. But our lives and our all are in far wiser hands than our own, and if He who guides all our actions sees fit in His wisdom to call us from this glorious though sorrowful world, no doubt it is right, and it is Infinite Love that guides the blow we are so prone to murmur at. I need not say again, pray use me in any way I can be of service to you.

"Yours most faithfully,

"J. HARRY WYATT."

This letter and the next inspired unspeakable joy and gratitude.

"WASHINGTON, *May 27, 1863.*

"DEAR SIR: Most singularly, after writing you last evening I met with one of the officers of the Indianola, just returned from the Confederate States. Your son Spencer is *not* dead, or *was not* on the 15th of March—so that your report, as well as that I heard, was *not* correct. There is still hope—a *little*, I would say—that he survive his captivity and will be returned to you. All that can be done here will be done to secure this end. I have communicated the above to

Commodore W. D. Porter, who is now in New York, staying at the Whitney house.

"Yours sincerely,

"J. HARRY WYATT."

A little later came this reply to a letter written by Spencer's grandfather to the commanding officer of the "Mississippi Squadron"—David D. Porter, a brother of William D. Porter, of the Essex:

"U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
"FLAG-SHIP BLACK HAWK,
"*June 15, 1863.*

"SIR: Your communication of June 1 has been received, and in reply would say that, although I know nothing of the whereabouts of Mr. Kellogg, I will do all I can to serve you.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"DAVID D. PORTER,
"Acting Rear-Admiral,
"commanding Mississippi Squadron.

"To L. COZZENS, Esq., Utica, New York."

The letters that follow gave fuller information.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
"*May 29, 1863.*

"*To the Editor of the Utica Herald.*

"FRIEND ROBERTS: The paymaster of the Indianola, lost on the Mississippi last autumn or win-

ter, was in the office this morning. He has recently been exchanged and returned from the South. In Jackson, Mississippi, just previous to General Grant's taking that place, he saw Spencer Kellogg, who has a wife in or near Utica.[1] . . .

"There are not many chances of his escape, . . . the rebels claiming him to be a spy.

"Mr. Kellogg wished something to be done for his wife, sending to the care of O. C. Brown, an attorney,[1] in Utica.

"I have written to the paymaster of the Essex, whence he was taken, to send his account here. I promised the paymaster of the Indianola to interest myself for the family of this unfortunate man. If she and they are in need they ought to have help.

"Most truly your friend,

"C. STORRS."

Inclosing Mr. Storrs's letter to Mr. Brown, Spencer's grandfather wrote:

"*June 5, 1863.*

"DEAR FRIEND: The inclosed was sent to Roberts by an old classmate of his; so you see that Spencer was still living just before the taking of Jackson by our troops—that was on the 14th of May.

"What became of the prisoners it is impossible

[1] A misunderstanding.

to tell. If they were liberated then we should have heard from him before this time. They were probably removed to some place of safety. If to Vicksburg, the last news was that the prisoners were sent across the river and the jail burnt by a shell. At all events, the chances are that, in all the movements, he may yet be liberated and his life spared.

"For this let us ever pray. . . .

"Yours truly,

"LEVI COZZENS.

"To Mr. O. C. BROWN."

In August, 1863, a package of papers, written by Spencer himself, found its way to St. Louis. It was transmitted by officers of our army who had been in Jackson, Mississippi, and comprised letters for Mr. William F. Cozzens and for Spencer's wife. There were also sixteen pages of foolscap covered with his meditations written in prison at Jackson in the form of a diary. Before these were received, however, there came to Mr. Cozzens other tidings of Spencer's safety. These he communicated to Mr. Brown.

"ST. LOUIS, *August 4, 1863.*

"O. C. BROWN, Esq.: I had some intelligence yesterday direct from Spencer, and, although I am just recovering from a severe illness and scarcely am able to write, I hasten to give you the welcome news.

My informant, who has been on secret service in the South, saw Spencer and had a long talk with him at Selma, Alabama. When Grant made his first attack on Jackson, he, Spencer, was taken to Montgomery. He also sent a letter by this man, which the man was compelled to destroy, as he got into a tight place and had to destroy all his papers. He says Spencer looked well, although in close confinement. He had not yet had a trial, although he had frequently asked for one. He says the only evidence against him is a man who, the citizens say, cannot be believed under oath. There is an Episcopal minister who, . . . although a rebel, has taken such an interest in Spencer that he has furnished him everything he has wanted, even to clothing, and through his influence I hope he will get away. I have received a package of papers for Mrs. Mary Kellogg. All join in kind regards to yourself and your family.

"Yours,

"W. F. Cozzens."

The letters of transmittal which accompanied the package I give below:

"HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 3D DIVISION,
"15TH ARMY CORPS, YOUNG'S POINT, LOUISIANA,
"*June 19, 1863.*

"Mrs. MARY B. KELLOGG, 128 South Sixth Street,
St. Louis, Missouri.

"I have some papers in my possession that were captured at Jackson, Mississippi. The envelope in which they were inclosed was addressed as above. They were found in the State House. Thinking they might be of some importance to you, if not a gratification for perusal, I will take good care of the same until I may hear from you. Should this be received, and you wish them sent, please send directions, etc.

"I am, with much respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"G. M. LOCKE."

"HEADQUARTERS 2D BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION, 15TH ARMY CORPS,
"BIG BLACK R.R. BRIDGE, MISSISSIPPI, *July 21, 1863.*

"The papers inclosed herewith were handed to General Joseph A. Mower by a Catholic [1] priest on the first entry of our troops into Jackson, Mississippi. Will Mrs. Kellogg or Mr. Cozzens acknowledge receipt to undersigned? E. T. SPRAGUE,
"Adjutant Eighth Wisconsin Regiment,
"A. A. A. General."

The next letter covertly alludes to information imparted to Mr. Cozzens, of St. Louis, which I suppose

[1] The Rev. Mr. Crane, an Episcopal clergyman who visited Spencer in Jackson Penitentiary.

to have come from Richmond, and to have inspired in Mr. C.'s mind hopes of the success of some plan for Spencer's escape from Castle Thunder, where he was then confined. The wisdom of Mr. Cozzens will be approved by any one who comprehends the peril of Spencer's circumstances at the time.

"ST. LOUIS, *August 11, 1863.*

"O. C. BROWN, Esq.

"SIR: I have just received some glad tidings from Spencer, who is still in prison. He requests me to send the letter to his friends, but there are some important secrets in it which, if divulged, would not only destroy his prospects but implicate others who have befriended him. I know that *you* would not act injudiciously in the matter, but I fear that some of his many friends might write to him and say something that would injure him. So I think best to retain the secrets and give you all the news.

"He is not treated as a prisoner of war, but is called by the newspapers one of the 'Yankee Hostages.' He has everything to make him comfortable, with plenty of books, etc. He wishes you to send for his trunks, which he says contain much new clothing. Although I do not give you his address (I hope for reasons that you will approve), I will say that he is much more comfortably situated and nearer home than when I last wrote to you; and I have now strong

hopes of his speedy release provided we act very cautiously. He is very anxious for his wife to know that he is well. Please inform her. He seems quite resigned to his fate, whatever that may be. The party who saw him and conversed with the minister who befriended him, says he is a devoted Christian if there is one on the earth. He [1] was in the habit, when near him, of visiting him three times a week, and talking with him two or three hours at a time. The minister's wife also visited him frequently. . . .

"Respectfully yours,

"W. F. COZZENS.

"P. S.—Don't think me selfish."

Then came a letter, inclosed in one from Commodore Porter, which seemed to encourage hope, although, properly interpreted, it really contained only premonitions of evil.

"OFFICE OF COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 12, 1863.*

"COMMODORE W. D. PORTER, U. S. Navy,
"Glen Cove, Long Island.

"SIR: Your letter of the 4th instant, addressed to General Halleck, calling attention to the case of Mr. Spencer Kellogg, fourth master of the Essex, a prisoner at Richmond, has been referred to this office,

[1] The Rev. Mr. Crane.

and I have the honour to inform you that he is confined in Castle Thunder under charges of being a spy and a deserter. Assurances are given that he shall have the speediest possible trial, and if the charges are not sustained he will be delivered up. He has already been exchanged.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"W. HOFFMAN,

"Colonel of the Third Infantry, Com.-Gen. Prisoners."

Writing that Spencer had been exchanged, Colonel Hoffman meant only that the cartel for the delivery of prisoners made arrangements for the young man's release should he be acquitted of the charges laid against him. The wording misled the prisoner's relatives, as we see by this letter from his grandfather:

"DEAR COMMODORE: We have not yet heard of the liberation of our Spencer Kellogg. In a letter you forwarded to me, it is said that he is to be speedily brought to trial, and then it says, 'he has already been exchanged.' We are still in doubt whether it meant that he was still held for trial or had been released or exchanged. I wrote to the commissary-general of prisoners for an explanation, but he has not answered my inquiry. Would you be good enough to ascertain, from the department, whether he is still held for trial,

and write me at Utica, and any other information you may have in relation to him? By so doing you will confer a special favour on his friends and greatly oblige

"Your friend,

"LEVI COZZENS."

"P. S.—I think we should have heard from him if liberated."

On the blank page of this letter Commodore Porter replied that he had just written to the Navy Department urging as strongly as he could that most strenuous efforts be made to obtain the release of Spencer.

Commodore Porter, Spencer's commanding officer, was at this time off duty. He died May 1, 1864, without having been again called into active service.

Some time in August or September a letter from Castle Thunder reached Spencer's sister Kitty—a fond letter, penned in the handwriting so familiar to all his family. He had often written, he said, but had never received any reply. His relatives had tried in every way known to them to communicate with him. They were long ignorant of the fact that all their letters were cruelly kept from him. To this day it is not known by what hand of escaped or exchanged prisoner, or Northern spy, Spencer's letter of July 20th was brought to his sister. It was couched in cautious terms and addressed to Miss K. C.

At that time the young officer had strong hopes of release from prison, and his letter naturally cheered his friends with new and brighter expectations.

A little later the despatch given below was received from an exchanged member of the Sanitary Committee—a kind and sympathizing gentleman, whose memory is cherished by all of Spencer's friends:

(*Telegram from Mr. Scandlin*)

"WASHINGTON, D.C., *Sept. 24, 1863.*

"To LEVI COZZENS: Spencer Kellogg has been tried in Richmond. He has no hopes of escaping the penalty of death. He is anxious to hear from you immediately. He is well, and prepared for any result.

"W. G. SCANDLIN,
"Sanitary Committee."

This was followed by a letter:

"SANITARY COMMITTEE,
"CENTRAL OFFICE, 244 F STREET,
"WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 25, 1863.*

"Mr. LEVI COZZENS.

"DEAR SIR: The painful intelligence I was obliged to telegraph troubled me exceedingly, but I could fulfil my promise to your grandson no other way.

"This morning I saw Major-General Hitchcock, who has the entire charge of all matters pertaining to

prisoners. His (Kellogg's) case was well known to him, and he promised, when I gave him the intelligence I brought, to do all he could. General Meredith, our Commissioner of Exchange, promised me the same, at Fortress Monroe.

"Inclosed you will find some of his handiwork, made while he was in prison. The gold ring was given him by his wife, and if you know where she is he would like her to have it; if you do not, it is for his sister.

"He was quite cheerful, and assured me, in language I could not doubt, that he was fully prepared for any and every result.

"He had no hope of escape; and, to be truthful to the full extent, I can see little for him. He is charged with desertion and as a spy. Two men swear positively upon one or the other of these, and the establishment of either would be serious indeed.

"Let me commend you, in the hour of your great trial, to the highest source of human comfort and consolation—to the God who treasures the sacrifices that are now being made for the cause of Liberty and Truth.

"My address will be, for the present, Grafton, Massachusetts."

Before Mr. Scandlin's letter had been received in Utica both Mr. Levi Cozzens and Mr. Brown, appalled

by the purport of the telegram, had departed from the city, nerved to make one more desperate effort to have the Government at Washington bestir itself effectually, if possible, to save Spencer.

Mr. Brown was armed with a letter from the Honourable Roscoe Conkling, United States Senator from New York, addressed to the Secretary of War. Mr. Cozzens had received the telegram promptly and had forwarded it to Mr. Brown, who was living at Henderson, in Jefferson County. Mr. Cozzens also took such immediate and energetic action as this letter reports:

"UTICA, *Sept. 25, 1863.*

"O. C. BROWN.

"DEAR SIR: I last evening received the telegraphic message inclosed herewith, with the sad news it contained. I immediately telegraphed to Commodore Porter to try to save him. I also telegraphed him to see General Halleck and the Secretary of the Navy and try to get an effort by hostage or some other way, to save him. I also wrote a letter to the Commissary-General for Prisoners to get him to make an effort; and, if he was sacrificed, to obtain his body if possible, and have it preserved and sent to me, and I would pay all necessary expense. I also wrote a letter to Spencer, trying to comfort him, and gave him news about the family, and sent it, with extra stamps, to Mr. Scandlin, with the request to forward it—leav-

ing the letter opened for examination, saying if there was anything in it that would prejudice the Confederates not to send it. I wrote with caution, saying nothing about his guilt or innocence, saying only that I had made every effort to save him, which I hoped would prove successful.

"My first thought was to go directly to Washington, and try to reach him, but on consulting Roberts and others, who thought it extremely doubtful whether it could be done, I gave it up.

"You will, of course, do as you think best. If he is executed you *might* be able, if in Washington, to obtain his body—possibly, if not too late, yet be the means of saving him.

"You will use your discretion about letting M. A.[1] know all.

"Yours in grief,

"LEVI COZZENS."

This letter was received at 9 P. M., September the 25th. At 9.30 Mr. Brown was on his way towards Washington. In Utica he consulted Mr. Cozzens and wrote a few lines to Mrs. Brown, who remained in Henderson.

"UTICA, 2 P. M., *Sept. 26, 1863.*

"MY DEAR WIFE: Your Father goes on to Washington with me this afternoon. Spencer had not been

[1] Spencer's mother.

condemned (see Tribune of yesterday), and the Telegraph does not say so. I telegraphed Secretary Stanton this P. M. We hope to save him. Do not give him up. . . .

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND."

"BANCROFT HOUSE, NEW YORK, *Sept. 27, 1863.*

"DEAR WIFE: . . . Commodore Porter said he would go on to Washington with me—said *I* must go, by all means. He hopes that if Spencer is alive Government will save him. He is very earnest in his behalf and has been doing all in his power. Wyatt has disappeared for some months, and may be in the South now working for him. He said he would 'save Kellogg if it cost him his life.' The Commodore could get no trace of Wyatt for a long time. Commodore Porter will put the matter of Spencer before the President and General Halleck in a very strong manner. . . . So do not despair. I still have faith, and trust that God will give us our noble boy alive.

"Porter regards him as a most valuable man, and will set forth to the Government the immense value of his services to the Federal cause. Hope to be detained but one day in Washington.

"YOUR HUSBAND."

Parts of memoranda of this journey, jotted down by Spencer's father, are given below:

" Arrived at New York Sabbath morning, September 27th. Commodore Porter willingly accompanied me to Washington, where we arrived Monday morning, the 28th.

" The Department believed him alive, and that the rebels would not dare execute him. General Halleck's language was: ' Mr. Brown, your son is safe. All the power of this Government will be employed to protect him.' I therefore telegraphed home that he was *safe* —little thinking of the import of that word. . . .

" Before leaving Washington I visited Colonel Hoffman's office and made several attempts to write a few lines to be forwarded to my son; *but it was impossible for me to write one word. After repeated efforts I gave it up.* . . .

" Having done all we could in Washington, and having been strongly reassured by the Government, with hopes renewed we took the early train for New York, arriving at eight P. M.

" On our way, and at supper in New York, the Commodore was planning for Spencer's promotion. Pointing to his naval cap he said: ' That was your son's cap. Before he left me I proposed to exchange with him because his cap had a nice oil-cloth cover; so the insignia of rank were changed and I took his cap and he mine.'

" After supper we parted, the Commodore to go to the Hoffman House and I to call upon Uncle B——, where Spencer's grandfather had been stopping.

" I was asked, ' What news from Washington? Have you seen the Evening Post? ' "

CHAPTER XXXI

SPENCER'S IMPRISONMENT AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

Soon after Spencer's seizure at Fort Hudson, he was taken to the penitentiary at Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, where many prisoners of war were held by the enemy. He was soon released on parole as an officer, but was rearrested and ordered into close confinement as a spy, having been recognised by a Confederate officer of engineers under whom he had served, chaining distances probably, as his own report of his "secret service" relates, in the vicinity of Island Number Ten.

Frequently there is lively commerce of opinion and argument as to whether any circumstances can justify the telling of a lie. The military and naval officers of nominally Christian nations are supposed to be men of the highest honour—men who scorn falsehood. Nevertheless, deceit and falsehood are practised on the widest scale in war. The proposition that falsehoods and deceptions are necessary, and therefore right, in war, has been accepted, practically, by all belligerents.

No long course of reasoning is needful to convince an honest man that falsehood is never right; that death

itself is preferable to the moral disorder and degradation that result from untruthfulness. To do evil never can be right. A thoroughly sound, pure soul would require no argument to be convinced that falsehood is evil. When we do wrong we get into a false position (and all sin is a low, false thing), and we are strongly tempted to lie by word or act; to deny or palliate our offence in order to escape its consequences.

There is something radically wrong in the accepted system of "secret service." Espionage, when it involves deceit and falsehood, as it almost invariably does, is an unmixed evil. A Christian may say confidently and boldly that it is sinful. Cobwebs foul with the dust of disintegrated empires are clinging to this subject to obscure it. Good men are imposed upon by the illusive aspects of the question and by traditions of the ages. Church members and doctors of divinity are duped, as are others. It is not strange that the service of the scout or spy in time of war has been generally acknowledged to be honourable and necessary. Brave and patriotic men like to serve their country in scenes of perilous adventure. However, from the highest point of view, nothing which is wrong is really for the good of the cause we serve if the cause is a good one. Nothing which is wrong is a worthy expression of patriotism. Righteousness that exalts the individual character proportionately exalts the nation. I leave to others the discovery of some way better than

that pursued in the past to obtain knowledge of the strength and plans of the enemy. The reconnaissance is legitimate. In a just war harder fighting and less resort to intrigue would promote in the same degree the nobility of the individual warrior and the power and virtue of the nation. An army of men too brave to tell a falsehood would be almost invincible. Heroism may find more appropriate service and reward than that which is sought in the mask of a spy.

Spencer, in the solitude of his prison cell, reviewed his course and believed that part of it had been crooked. I shall not call it straight. It is well to see things as they are. Under certain influences our brave and pure young patriot deviated from the path he ought to have chosen. The rectitude of his character was fully vindicated by his earlier and later behaviour.

He had pondered well his past and his present when he wrote this letter, so serious and so loving:

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, *Sept. 25, 1862.*

"DEAR WIFE: Through the kindness of Mr. Wheat, a minister, I am enabled to send you word where I am, and explain the meaning of my long silence.

"I could not write to you before, for I have been a prisoner over a month, and I am yet one, and, darling, may never see you again. Charged with being a spy, and without aid of any kind (except from God),

it is not likely that I can escape a court-martial's usual sentence—'Guilty.'

"Yet, darling, hope for the best, and remember, 'He doeth all things well,' and if I die here you may meet me in heaven. I have often gone to meet you, pet; could you not try to meet me there?

"When you see Jack, tell him where I am, and ask him, for me, to tell my uncle also. Tell him he can get the Masonic jewels from my aunt, with whom I left them for safe-keeping. Give him my kind remembrances, and tell Mr. Cozzens that I recollect his kindness in days past.

"My uncle must write to my Father for me. And now, dear one, what can I say to comfort you? I long to see you so much, and think of you and pray for you very often. But our Father in heaven bless and care for and comfort you, since He leaves me no longer with you. He is both able and willing and has promised. Do not mourn for me too much; and remember, if we do not meet here we may in heaven. . . .

. . . . . .

"If I die here I will leave the disposition of my little all to Mr. O. C. Brown, Utica, New York, who will carry into effect the directions I will leave on the subject: and you must write to him about it, giving your address. He will not fail to do as I wish. I would send him your present address, but I am afraid it may be changed. This will save you the trouble and ex-

pense of a lawyer, besides putting your affairs in the hands of a man in whom I trust. *October 7th.* Still waiting patiently, dear wife, and, by the kindness of my heavenly Father, in good health and quite comfortable. I think of you often, praying God always, according to His promise, to comfort and care for you. Do not grieve after me, but remember I am under the care of One who died for me, and that all things will work together for good to those that love Him. Neither be cast down nor dismayed because [1]. . .

"Good-bye, darling! May God bless you and comfort you!

"SPENCER."

The Reverend William Cloes Crane, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was rector of the Parish of St. Andrews, in Jackson, Mississippi, during the time of Spencer's confinement in the penitentiary there. This good man took a deep interest in the welfare of the prisoners, and was so genuinely Christ-like in his ministrations as to win him the favour and affection of the young man who was charged with being a spy. He gave Spencer a Prayer-Book, which lies before me now. It is of moderate size, is bound in black muslin, and seems to have met with some accident that has stained many of its leaves, but is valued beyond price for its associations and con-

[1] This letter, written in pencil, is in parts illegible.

tents. On its unprinted pages is part of a diary written by Spencer in prison.

" He who satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness hath prepared a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. (October 26, 1862. Sabbath.)

" God has this morning shown me how much there is warm and loving in His Church Service. (October 27th.)

" *October 28th.* In close confinement eight weeks to-day. How well God has taught me what it means to ' glory in tribulation! '

" I cannot express in words how infinitely trifling appear the mere temporary things of my life when compared with the things of God. He has indeed prepared a table before me, and I have owned with many thankful tears the gift of the Bread of Life.

" *October 29th.* 'Tis a cheering thought that after death there will be no more any fear of temptation and sin. *That* will indeed be rest! I know now what warfare is, and begin to know how much the word *vigilant* means. Oh, for help!

" *October 30th.* Let me write it now—whether, at some future time, when free, *I* live to read it, or for some loved one—that through Christ's love there is no more fear in death, but an earnest hope that, if it

please God, I may soon be free from this terrible warfare; and that in death, being made free, I can say 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory.' If I have longed to see you again, dear ones, God knows how willing I am now that it should be in heaven.

"*October 31st.* Have this day finished reading the lectures of Rev. Henry Blunt upon the Seven Churches, loaned me by Mr. C——. My knowledge of Scripture and of the Church has been much improved by them. . . . I am able to read many parts of the Bible more understandingly, and, I hope, profitably, than before. Let me also add that I believe they have been a benefit and a comfort. Have been reading another of the works so kindly lent me by Mr. Crane—reading of our Saviour's love for us. If there is one doubtful [1] thing in our religion it is *that God has loved us so much.*

"*November 1, 1862.* I have been reading, this morning, about the witness of the Spirit. If it be 'the full assurance of faith,' and 'joy and peace in believing,' then, thank God, that witness is mine. Indeed, my life here has, many days since, but chiefly since the last Sabbath, ceased to seem like trial, but rather seems like mercy. Through the kindness of my God and the assurance of hope, I trust that nothing henceforth will seem *trial* except temptation; and if God be with us who or what shall be against us? He has prom-

[1] I presume he means that such love is almost incredible.

ised grace for every need. Though many days my comfort is not *bright*, yet lately it always seems *sure*. At this, the close of the present week, let me record how good and merciful my heavenly Father has been to me—a week passed in perfect health and freedom from bodily pain, ushered in, continued, and closed, with spiritual blessings; a week of bright anticipations of the happy future; a week none the less profitable for being spent in the valley of humiliation; a week marred by nothing but my own sin, yet even that opening up more love of my Saviour. 'Tis closed by the commencement of a new month where I did not think to see as many weeks. Oh! let me thank my God who hath crowned me with loving-kindness and tender mercy.

"*November 2d, Sabbath.* I cannot refrain from writing, this morning, how good my Saviour has been to me. Surrounded with comforts that make my prison seem a palace—warm raiment, good food and plenty, and shelter—all that any man need want in this life. But I have more than these—God's word preached every Sabbath (this morning I have heard it); plenty of good books, with promise of more; and full liberty to devote my time to them. . . . But I have more than this, the conscious smile of my Saviour, the full assurance of faith in a happy future—come life, come death, I can trust in His love. How grateful I should be to that Saviour, who bought it all

with His blood. . . . How few with me say, 'Lead me not into temptation,' feeling that God has in mercy given them almost total exemption from most of the outward temptations of the world.

"*November 3d.* Let me remark how much my memory has been strengthened and increased since the commencement of my confinement—probably from almost always having read aloud, and often marking noticeable passages. Who shall say it is not a blessing, and a great one? Let me be thankful.

"Have been visited by an Episcopal clergyman since,[1] who brought me an algebra, kindly lent by Mr. Crane. The end is near, he says. I can but recognise the hand of my kind Father in thus reminding me of my death, which no doubt will soon come. I can only strive still more faithfully, asking my Saviour's aid, for preparation. That death has lost its bitterness, thanks be to God! Nor does the warning seem else than a mercy. May He do with me as seemeth good in His sight.

"*Afternoon.* Let me own God's mercy, and (strange!) feeling kindness from a daughter of Mr. Crane's to an unknown prisoner. More than all to one called a spy. A kindness so strange that it is no wonder I should turn my eyes, filled with tears, to God, to give thanks and recognise His mercy. Losing faith for a moment, cast down, I remembered a slip of paper

[1] Probably he means, since he wrote what precedes this.

which I had received by the person before spoken of this morning. Reading it for the first time, I found my wants supplied. I was directed to my Saviour. How could I help shedding tears at kindness and mercy so opportune? To my Saviour be the praise, and may His choicest blessings rest upon her! How rarely is any one in my condition thought of but with contempt. How Christian the act, and how especial the Divine favour that sent those lines! Need I add, God sent His blessing with them.

"*November 4th.* Lord, 'abide with [me], for it is toward evening and the day is far spent.' (Luke xxiv, 29.) I prayed it, and then came words of comfort and cheer even as I rose from my knees. Oh, let me have faith and thank God. I have just read God's promise that He 'will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish.' (Proverbs x, 3.) . . .

"Let me remark, gratefully, that it is a promise peculiarly fulfilled in me, for I have always had a sufficiency of good books since I have been here, and . . . this day He has added me another, John Bunyan's Complete Works.

"*November 5th.* How thankful should I be! God has provided me 'a spring of water for a guide' (Isaiah xlix, 10), to use Bunyan's words in speaking of his book.

"For some cause, I know not what, unless it is my weakness and the power of sin, I seemed to lose faith,

and drifted out in a terrible, wretched period of unbelief. Judgment said all was right, but my heart felt lost. Nor was I enabled to see clear again until after nearly the whole afternoon spent in prayer and wretched suspense. But God at last had mercy upon me and restored my feet to the way, and I was enabled again to see faintly that light for which I had looked. How thankful I was then!

"*November 6th.* I think, through the night and this morning, I have had a deeper view of my own entire vileness and God's wonderful 'electing love' in choosing me (I have felt how unworthy) from among companions still left, . . . to give me repentance and faith; (I yesterday learned by experience that it was His gift), and when I think that He has commenced and done it all, it gives me faith to believe He will finish."

Of the entries made in the Prayer-Book I have omitted very little excepting an incomplete letter. The next of his writings in point of time is given below.

"PENITENTIARY, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI,
January 24, 1863.

"DEAR FATHER: And I write for all. After being confined here since last September (2d) without any knowledge of the result, I am to-day told by an aide-de-camp of the post commander that my trial is ordered and will probably occur within ten days. He

was also accompanied by two men who will probably appear against me.

" It has never been my experience to undergo a court-martial; yet, from what I know of them, and from being placed beyond (as well as denied) all means of defence, my hope of seeing you on earth again is gone.

" Yet God, in kindness to you, and in great and unmerited mercy to me, will not, I hope and trust, separate us for ever; for He has been pleased to visit me here (long with only His Word for my guide), with a mercy which came not to me in the world, and I have trust and hope in my Saviour. 'Tis with a lowly thankfulness that I can thus bid you rejoice, and with the feeling of the great value of His kind gift; for it is all that has cheered my weary hours that are past, making many of them hours of joy; and it is that which sustains me now.

" Surely if my Saviour gives me hope, you need not fear; but thank Him, as I have often done, for your labour of love in His cause during my hours of childhood.

" The long imprisonment has been, by His blessing, of great good to me. His ministers have visited me (chiefly Mr. Crane, the Episcopal clergyman here), lending me books which He was pleased to bless unto me and speaking kind words which seem very pleasant here. Several others have been thus very

kind to me also, so that I have been enabled to improve the time.

"Forgive me if too much of my paper tells only of myself, for it will, no doubt, be my last, and I must try to improve it. Have written before, but, fearing you have not received my letter, must rewrite much that you should know.

"*Monday, 26th.* I take the opportunity to tell you, in as few words and as briefly as I can, about my affairs, which, from their very poverty, will not trouble you very much. Will yourself or Mother be kind enough to write to my wife? Address Mrs. Mary Kellogg, 128 South Sixth Street, corner of Elm Street, St. Louis, Missouri, telling her of, or sending her also, my letter to you? Will you also please to procure for her whatever the law allows, pension, bounty, etc.? If it amount to anything, you will keep what pay is coming to me (from August 1, 1862), and if you do not want it, draw it for her. I wrote to you about this before, but fear you have not received the letter; but should you have done so, please follow the directions in this. When you write to my wife, please inclose the letter under cover to Mr. William F. Cozzens (my uncle [1]), firm of Hull and Cozzens, St. Louis, and ask him to go, if he will, to the house and inquire for her. Should she have left (as she may have heard that I

[1] His mother's cousin, I believe. *Uncle* was an honorary title, conferred because of Mr. C.'s age.

was dead), she may have gone to Wisconsin, her home; but I do not remember the address there, but think Milwaukee. Will uncle please do what he can to find her?

"My old claim against the Government I left, with power of attorney to collect, etc., in the hands of a lawyer, Mr. Henry, whose office was then on Chestnut Street, near Planter's Saloon, near Fourth Street, St. Louis. Will uncle please inquire for me, but do not trouble yourselves overmuch. The amount of claim $175.

"But please do what you can for my poor wife, and take all the necessary expense from the pay.

"Anticipating death or capture, I left a letter with a friend, J. Harry Wyatt, master's mate, directing my account and trunk to be sent to the address of Levi Cozzens; but difficulty of transportation, uncertainty, etc., may have delayed it. Either he, or you in his name, or attorney, will find all by writing, addressing my friend as above, and J. Lewis, paymaster, United States Gun-boat Essex, Mississippi River, *via* New Orleans. You might, if you see best, delay sending for anything but accounts and copy of my appointment (left original papers in my room). Please pay (on board Essex) Dr. Rice $7; the gunner, Mr. Long, $1; third assistant engineer, Mr. Fletcher, $3, and possibly $5 or so in my (the ward-room) mess."

The diary, or journal, parts of which follow this,

was written on foolscap paper. That it was not easy to obtain all the paper he wanted is plain from the use Spencer made of these five half-sheets. In some cases he has written from top to bottom; then from bottom to top, between the lines; and has then crossed the pages by lines of writing that reach from end to end. Probably these papers form part of the package sent by Adjutant Sprague from the headquarters of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Fifteenth Army Corps, on July 18th, 1863.

"*March 3d, 1863.* Choose, will you take spiritual comfort, manner of living, self-denial in this life, and obey God, trust Him, follow His teachings in your heart, and diligently search for them in His word, and by prayer?

"Will you rest content—*to be* whatever God makes you—*with* that He gives you, and that He commands you to do?

"If you will, decide for this day, and call Him to witness and help.

"But if, at any time, you feel indisposed so to do; dissatisfied with His comforts, rewards, or laws, break off from all at once and enjoy this life. Your eternity will be passed in hell.

"But do not fail to remember—you are already bound by numberless solemn oaths to continue in His service forever. So flinch not. Decide, and act as you decide.

" Remember, God has given help this day by special Providence. When the poorer book was taken away unread, the seeming loss was instantly supplied by a better.

" *March 4th.* I do humbly, and with thanks to God, acknowledge grace this morning inclining my heart to love His ways, and also to wish that I may love them from better, purer motives.

" I do humbly pray that God will this day enable me to choose His way from pure motives and a sincere heart; also that He will give me strength to do His holy will and be patient and contented in my prison; and that He will give me a disposition to love and honour Him, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

" *March 5th.* May my Saviour look with pity and compassion upon him who, choosing His ways and service in feebleness of heart, asks help, that he may be enabled to love the duty as well as the end: and asks that He would enable him to seek no other happiness than that of God's smile upon a clear conscience.

" *March 8th.* On this beautiful spring morning, in humble thankfulness for comfort in the supply of every want of nature and for God's peace and a contented heart, I yield Him all again in love and gratitude, desiring such happiness only as it shall please Him to give, which, by His blessing, does not fail to come in simple trust in Him. I thank God through our Lord Jesus Christ that I can say ' Accept me, O Lord,

a prisoner in sin and iron,' with unfaltering confidence in His mercy. . . .

"*March 9th.* Weary with my own ignorance and weakness, and humbly praying my Father that He would teach me my neediness and depravity and give me true repentance, I would fain renounce striving by other than prayer, and leave myself in the hands of my Great Master, trusting the Saviour and His merits, and longing that He will enable me to trust in Him alone.

"*March 11th.* Have been at once taught and pleased by the reading of the works sent me by Mr. Crane. . . . In such a place as this it is peculiarly difficult to know the state of the affections, and I am enabled with strongest efforts only, and by great help from above, I trust, to keep up any interest in spiritual things. No wonder then I count as a great mercy new thoughts in books, but, especially, reviving grace through them. But He who gives rain to the just and unjust has not placed me where I cannot grow in grace, and I can at least try to be patient and contented, and pray 'may God keep alive His own work for Christ's sake.'

"*March 12th.* How thankful I am (and I never before understood how great a blessing it is) that so much of the time, with me more than a third, is passed in sleep. Daylight fades in my little cell at 6 P. M., nor am I (after the great weariness, combined of solitude

and constant mental exertion, with so little variety) able to refrain from rest at or before eight.

" In the morning light enough to see by must be the signal to recommence. I am too often weary by the feverish dreams of the past night. Last night, I thank God, He gave me rest, and this morning I entered fresh upon the duties of the day. Perhaps it is not altogether right (or maybe so—but in some way I do not understand), but faith seems to come again, renewed by rest of mind, whereas my days of greatest darkness (when I have not known other causes) almost always follow feverish nights. My mind, dwelling so long thus upon the needful and best of Christian thoughts, seems literally to exhaust itself upon those subjects, so that, when I think upon them during the day following, my thoughts and feelings are as stiffened muscles, and unable to give comfort or utility. Then there is a reaction, almost blankness of despair (yet heaven seeming to stand secure in the distance), inability for present duty pressing sore upon the mind; for, hope and love, and almost faith, alike exhausted, surely it is God's mercy that allows duty to maintain its ground.

" *March 13th.* . . . I am praying God to send His servant, His minister, with the words of Christ. . . . I am convinced that a better life may be led under a certain degree of temptation than here (in subduing sin—because here it is not so easily seen).

Still, I know that it must be grace that saves anywhere; so I thank God for all—that it is as it is—and implore Him to accept and keep me, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"*March 15th, Sunday.* I think, when a man is in prison and a minister of God comes and preaches, unsought and unexpected, such a kind and encouraging sermon as the one I have just heard, he may justly record it as a special Providence from a kind Master. . . . I have been much strengthened and cheered by God's blessing upon the good word. . . . During most of last week I was praying that he would visit me with teaching this day (though I expected it from another source), which He has done. . . . *Later.* My Father in heaven, in His manifold mercy and goodness, was pleased to hear my prayers, and sent Mr. Crane, the clergyman, to see me. Although I could only pray for him to be sent, and was not able to send him word, yet God sent him. Is it not truly a special Providence? When I remember his good teachings and how troubled I have been the past week without them (especially as to repentance and presumption), . . . and how greatly I longed for comfort and a kind word from a fellow-Christian, I see yet more cause to thank God and love Him more.

"So, by His blessing, it has been an exceedingly pleasant Sabbath to me. . . .

"*Monday, March 16th.* A day of peace and com-

fort, thus far, by God's goodness. May He continue His kindness unto His servant, and keep him from pride, and make him watchful, humble of heart, and holy, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake.

"*March 17th.* In peace, in God's way. . . .

"*March 20th.* Feverish night—annoyed by vermin, poor rest, consequently somewhat disposed to weariness and dejection. But I thank God that, after a few words from His good Book and prayer, telling Him how poor and weary I was, He was pleased to forgive the despondency, and, by His grace, give me better strength than even comes from rest in sleep—namely: He let me lean upon Him and comforted me by instruction from His good Word. I have read the passage many times before, but never before found comfort from it. Thanks be unto God.

"*March 21st.* Much refreshed this morning by a good rest during the night. . . .

"*March 22d.* God's minister gave us poor prisoners a very good sermon this morning from the words, 'Take heed how ye hear,' of which his remarks upon hearing with prejudice, and hearing for our neighbours, were applicable to myself. May God correct these faults in me.

"*Evening.* God has been pleased to hear my prayers this time also, and, although I hardly thought to see him, sent His minister. I trust, with my Lord's

blessing, his visit has done me good, besides greatly comforting me. . . .

"*March 24th.* God is very good, and I grow but little better notwithstanding His mercy. May He forgive my weariness of soul—for it is hard to help longing for a sight of a human face and the sound of a human voice. Mr. Crane is the only one, except the men about the prison, that ever is allowed to come near me (excepting military men at long intervals); and my soul longs, beyond utterance, for society; yet I know that God is my friend, and my Saviour near, and so may God make me not only patient and contented but grateful, for Jesus' sake. . . .

"*March 28th.* . . . There is a man here sentenced to be shot next Tuesday. It is said he curses fearfully. . . . The chaplain visited me for a few moments this afternoon. As before, God taught me, by intercourse with my fellow-man, of my great wickedness at heart—this time in the matter of pride. May it please Him to give me a more humble heart, like my Saviour's, for His sake.

"*March 29th, Sunday.* Preaching this morning by the chaplain, from Philippians iv, 13. May it please the Lord Jesus Christ to strengthen me, for I have been cast down all day with an unutterable sense of loneliness and weariness; and to help me that I murmur not. If God ever sets me free to live in the world I hope and pray He will make me remember, every Sunday after-

noon at least, to visit those in prison. If Christians but knew, as Paul did, the feelings of those shut up in prison, they would remember more often those 'in bonds.' There is no such commentary upon those words as the actual bitterness of confinement. If God gives me liberty may He make me remember it. . . .

"*March 31st.* The poor man spoken of above, to be shot this day, was accordingly executed this morning. I know not how soon that, or a worse fate, may be my own; yet God has mercifully given me seven months' respite. Oh! that, by the blessing of His spirit, His goodness may lead me into an unfeigned repentance, for Christ's sake.

"*April 1st.* . . . I am thankful that to want to be saved, from the fear of hell alone, is not wrong—but I have hardly thought of that, having *earnestly* desired admittance into heaven. I want to bear the yoke—am not only willing but anxious to bear—and by God's grace will make strong trial to do so. . . . Was visited this morning for an hour or more by the chaplains of the post and this place. Our talk was much controversial, but so by choice, and was, I trust, by God's blessing, both cheering and instructive to me. They promised to come again.

"*April 2d.* Last evening my mind was much elevated by meditation upon God's word, and I found his promises and teachings brought to mind and ap-

plied in a most unusual manner—as indeed was the case all day yesterday. I feel that all the seven months (to-day) passed in this place have really been employed as Mr. Crane says, by God's *beginning* a good work in me. May He grant it be so, and carry it on until He finish it, for Christ's sake!

"*Evening.* God has taught me, more and more, so that I cannot express my thankfulness. In rest, in peace, with no fear of death before my eyes, I have been taught this afternoon as never before, taught to see the self-righteousness in my scruples and fears—taught to see that God will accept me, *in Christ,* as one that never had sinned; and so, afterwards, sanctify me. Truth I have found of which I would not be robbed even by liberty! Happy prison! Used by God to turn my feet into ways of peace. I have tried to read, as one who feels, the 103d Psalm of David for a thanksgiving.

"*April 3d.* . . . I do not have ten minutes' conversation (scarcely ever) in a whole day, yet I am not able to keep my foolish tongue. . . . May it please God to reform me.

"*April 4th.* Being quite unwell and weak yesterday, I acknowledge, with thankfulness, God's mercy in grateful, restoring sleep and rest. I understand that the chaplain of the prison has been inquiring into my case, and that there will (or may) be an investigation in a week or so. I did not ask him to do so, but

he inferred it would be a favour from my language. It was a foolish, complaining word, and by it God may bring soon my condemnation or my release. I have prayed, and trust He will forgive me, for the Saviour's sake. . . .

"*April 5th.* There was preaching this morning, but the delivery was so poor that prejudice almost, if not entirely, spoiled all but the text, part of which was, 'And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' I do not know what to do, but to pray and strive against the continual besetting of this sin. May God help me, for my Saviour's sake.

"God looked upon me in pity this afternoon, and sent Mr. Crane, whose kindness and comforting words greatly helped me.

"I have been much desponding, and the news he brought me, that my trial is not far off, does not discourage but rather comforts me. I feel almost as if I could choose death.

"He also brought me two volumes to read. One was Beza's Latin Testament. Have been studying Latin some little time. . . .

"*April 6th, Monday.* Awoke this morning, by God's blessing, refreshed for study. One of the prisoners, upon the opening of my cell for breakfast, lent me a book greatly to my mind—Sacred History of the World, by Turner. Have heard of it, and longed for it, but little thought to get it in such a place.

. . . This is the second book lent me by this man —a convict. . . . I pray God to repay him with the knowledge of my Saviour, for that Saviour's sake.

"*April 7th.* The prison-keeper took my bed out and aired it thoroughly. It needed this very much, being very damp and mouldy. I have rarely been blessed with such health, and try to do what I can to preserve it. I have heard an encouraging rumour of my own case, but know nothing certain. . . .

". . . *April 8th.* My attention was much taken by the first three verses of the Forty-first Psalm. Those two men who have most 'considered' me in my trouble have both been near to death. Yet 'the Lord hath preserved them and kept them alive.' And truly God heard my prayers for them, for I could do naught but pray. May He yet reward them, and richly, with mercy from on high, for His sake who was kind unto us all.

"*April 9th.* I surely should acknowledge how God, during these seven months in which I have been a close prisoner, has provided for my temporal wants. Some two months since, when my boots were worn out by the constant walking in my little cell, one of the prisoners gave me, for their *remains*—the legs—a pair of shoes. It was unasked and unsought, and I could but remember how, when before I had asked what I should do, faith said, 'The Lord will provide.' And with the

shoes, when the want was made for socks, He sent, by the kindness of the prison-keeper and Mr. Crane, two pairs. And now, after these many months of wear, my clothes beginning to fail, by the kindness of these same men He has sent two shirts and two pairs of drawers. Surely, since I have been here, God's comments upon His own word are wonderful; and this time the text is, Matthew vi, 33, 34. . . .

"The days, passed in hard and constant study with a few minutes' exercise each hour, go very swiftly and pleasantly. . . .

"*April 12th.* The past week, by continual application to study and God's blessing of a cheerful and contented mind, has gone swiftly, and, I trust, profitably. . . .

"The chaplain of the prison preached this morning from James i, 12. It was very plain and pointed, and well suited to the place. . . . Mr. Crane promised to visit me last week, but as he did not come I am looking for him to-day. May God send him. . . . *Evening.* Have passed a day of rest, and, I trust, by God's blessing, of profit. Have not been visited by any one, and have spent the time mostly in self-examination, meditation, prayer, and reading God's Word and the good books He has sent me suitable for Sabbath reading.

"Have commenced studying the Scriptures by following out copious references of Scott's Commenta-

ries, and by thus having a good means of occupation, have, by God's blessing, been kept from despondency. . . .

"*April 15th.* Captured eight months ago to-day. It has been, by God's mercy, a glad captivity to me. He has put into my hands a way (I trust and pray He may bless it) to send unto my friends, which at least I shall try to do. . . .

"*April 19th, Sunday.* Another week has gone, and (let it be written unto God's praise) with such cheerful content and happiness as I have rarely, if ever, had. . . . *Evening.* Mr. Crane made me a very cheering and pleasant visit this afternoon of an hour or more, comforting me greatly, and, I trust, teaching me. His kindness has greatly cheered me, in my whole confinement. May God be as good to him! He made me many cheering offers of little comforts so pleasant to think of here, and has promised some more books, among others a Greek grammar, for I want to read the Testament in the original. . . .

"*April 20th.* Was visited this afternoon by the chaplain of the prison, and we had an animating and pleasant conversation, or discussion, for an hour and a half. I was much entertained and cheered by his visit; but in our discussion 'too often forgot soberness.' I want to try, by God's help, to avoid discussion and argument with older Christians, and pray that God will forgive mine intemperance in speech, and help

me to seek *teaching,* and not discussion. I do humbly thank Him for sending me the comfort of a Christian friend in my prison, through the Lord Jesus.

"*April 21st.* Received to-day, from Mr. Crane, the loan of a Greek grammar, a large work on our Lord's parables, and another on the Passion of Christ. His wife also sent a very fine, large bouquet of flowers, which fill my eyes with pleasure—for I have not seen any green plants for nearly eight months—not even a blade of grass—and they fill my cell with perfume. . . .

"*April 26th.* . . . On Friday, by permission of the superintendent, I was allowed to pass nearly two hours outside of my cell, although not at liberty to walk around. I found myself greatly weakened by imprisonment. The chaplain of the prison preached this morning on 'Repentance.' I am expecting, or rather hoping for, a visit from Mr. Crane—longing greatly for the cheer of his kind words. . . .

"*April 29th.* Mr. Crane did not come, as I expected, but I lack not kindness from God. Since Sunday the weather has been very cool, which is peculiarly a mercy in a close cell like mine. I had another opportunity afforded me to-day of sending news home, which I thankfully used. But none of them is in any way sure—only probable or possible. I have the loan of a magazine with some very instructive articles, which I hope to have both pleasure and profit in read-

ing. Time since Sunday passed in diligent study of Latin, Greek, and the Scriptures, in cheerfulness and content. . . .

"*May 3d.* Another week gone with nothing out of the usual prison routine but the excitement of outside news and the cheerful prospect of getting a letter from home—gone mostly in patient content, waiting upon God and studying diligently Latin, Greek, and the Good Book. Received a momentary visit from a gentlemanly appearing doctor this morning, who gave me some diarrhœa medicine, or, rather, approved some already given by the prison-keeper. Expect to-morrow a change of cell, for the better, I hope, which I asked for about a week since. On account of interest in the study of the Greek, was much annoyed by its obtruding upon my worship, so that my conscience told me it was wrong—such inordinate affection—and for one or two days it troubled me much; but I thank God, through the Lord Jesus, I got help partially to overcome it. . . . To-day the chaplain preached a sermon from I John iii, 9, from the first clause of the verse—to establish the doctrine that Christians may become sinless or wholly sanctified (as I understood him); as, also, that he who is born of God may yet perish in sin. We held a very pleasant argument, in good will, about both subjects, some two weeks since—and the sermon to-day bore much on my objections. I certainly thought the passage was strong for the other

side of both questions, nor was I at all convinced. . . .

"*Evening.* The day is gone by without any visit from Mr. Crane,[1] as I had hoped. . . . Have just received a present of a beautiful, fragrant bouquet, for which I do humbly thank God, through my Saviour."

Here Spencer's journal written at Jackson abruptly ends. On May 1st General Grant gained a decisive victory over the Confederates near Port Gibson. On the 8th of May the junction of Sherman's forces with the main army that was operating against Vicksburg was effected near the Big Black River, and the whole of Grant's army rapidly marched toward Jackson, where Joseph E. Johnston, one of the ablest of the Confederate generals, was in command. On the 12th, the Confederates were again defeated at Raymond, south of west from Jackson; and on the 14th, after another severe defeat, the rebels were driven from the capital, which was seized by our army. After destroying much public property there, Grant turned toward Vicksburg, which lies almost directly west of Jackson, fought in rapid succession, on the 16th and 17th, respectively, battles at Champion Hills and Big Black

[1] After the war, in 1865, this faithful servant of Christ visited Spencer's parents, at Oswego, New York. At last his life was offered a sacrifice to brave ministrations to patients stricken with yellow fever.

River, and on the 19th of May his army, which had for two weeks depended upon the enemy's country for subsistence, gaining within that time at least five important victories, thoroughly invested Vicksburg, and put itself into communication with the new base of supplies established by Admiral David D. Porter on the Yazoo River. Doubtless rumours of Grant's approach reached the weary and worn prisoners confined in the penitentiary. Some inklings of the defeat suffered by the rebels on the first of May perhaps had come to Spencer. Hence the significance of the first sentence of the last entry made in the journal—that of May 3d: "Another week gone with nothing out of the usual prison routine *but the excitement of outside news and the cheerful prospect of getting a letter from home.*"

Poor Spencer! Our army was having everything its own way, but he was not to share in its triumphs. Before the Federal general captured Jackson our gallant soldiers and sailors who had been imprisoned there were removed to Selma, Montgomery, and Richmond.

Spencer had written, in April, to his "uncle," who lived in St. Louis. How the letter was sent, or when it was received (unless it be the one transmitted, with the foolscap pages of the Jackson journal, by officers of the Federal army, and received by Mr. Cozzens in August, 1863), I am not able to say.

"A prisoner, JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, *April 15, 1863.*

"DEAR UNCLE: I take the means God gives, thankfully (praying that He will bless them), to write to you and beg that you will please to let my friends know my situation. Tell them that I am in good health, by God's mercy, body and soul. Whether I shall see them or not again He knows; but He does all things well. So tell them to be cheerful and to look unto Him. Let them know that I do not suffer for food, or clothing, or other necessaries of life—and, whatsoever the result be, that God is good unto me. I have no prospects—am scarcely sure of a day, but know nothing as to the termination of my imprisonment. Tell them to look unto God for the result. Will you please visit 128 South Sixth Street, corner of Elm, and inquire after Mrs. Kellogg—my wife? Give her this, my authorization to draw such of my pay as she needs. But please inquire if she wishes so to do; and if so, will you direct her to some trustworthy lawyer; *but if she does not need the pay,* send *this* as an authorization for the same *to my Father.* Tell my wife I would gladly have written to her, but thought surest to send thus. Speak kind words to her for me. My love unto my parents and friends. Tell all to pray to God for me, and to hope from Him only. . . .

"SPENCER KELLOGG.

"P. S.—If this be used for the purpose of drawing my pay (if possible—for I am not sure it can be

done), they may show some of my former letters to authenticate the claim. S."

There also remain to his friends copies, in his own handwriting, of what he calls "Penitentiary Literature"—verses some of which are no doubt original; others, the composition of prisoners of war who had been there before Spencer's capture; and still others that were selected from various sources. I copy but one fragment, written by a convict:

On Memory's sacred altar lies
Each relic of my trust,
But oh! the idols that I loved
Have crumbled into dust.
And as I sit, with folded hands,
Sad heart, and troubled brow,
I think of what my life has been,
And what that life is now.

CHAPTER XXXII

CASTLE THUNDER

From Jackson, just before the capture of that city by General Grant's forces, Spencer and other captured Federal sailors and soldiers were taken, by way of Selma and Montgomery, to Richmond, Virginia.

Captain James H. Sherman, of General L. C. Baker's "detective force," had been taken prisoner, and was confined in the "Hostage Room," in Castle Thunder, at the time of Spencer's commitment to the same gloomy abode.

"It was the last of May, or the first of June," writes Captain Sherman, "that four young men were put into the room where I was confined. . . . I immediately noticed one—a pale, care-worn, reserved man, heavily ironed, who enlisted my sympathy.

"We soon removed his irons, learned his previous history in part, and welcomed them all to share in our misery.

"Spencer and myself were soon fast friends. We were both held as spies, or such were the charges against us. The room was a large one, with eighty or ninety prisoners, so we had chance for a little exercise.

He enjoyed it very much, and soon regained spirits, flesh, and strength, and with these the hope of being delivered. . . . He also became partner in the manufacture of bone rings, buttons, tooth-picks, slides, and breastpins, and coarse and fine combs of horn. Being an expert at such work, he was able to live and to get many articles of needed food. Our prison fare was hardly sufficient to keep soul and body together.

"At all proper times he was exhorting the prisoners to be of good cheer, as our cause was that of right, and must triumph; and also to look to, love, serve, and obey God, in whose hands our lives were. He was a Christian in every sense of the word, by precept and example, and had the most thorough knowledge of the Scriptures of any person I ever saw.

" He entered heartily into all our games and sports for exercise and recreation, and excelled in most."

The letter given below, from Spencer to his sister, was the first one from Castle Thunder that found its way to his friends. Some unknown hand conveyed it through the lines, and it reached its destination only a few weeks before Spencer's final departure from the prison. Its discretion and reticence are heavy with the air of the valley of the shadow of death, through the bordering thickets of which Spencer was beating his way with cautious steps.

"Castle Thunder Prison, Richmond, Virginia,
"*July 20, 1863.*

" 'Tis a long time, dear Kitty, since I had an opportunity of writing to you, or hearing from you. Over a year has passed since I have heard from any friends in the North, and in that time many great changes must have taken place at home, and wonderful ones to me. Over eleven months are gone since my capture, and yet no prospect of escape; and still, by God's goodness, I have profited much by the long confinement. I trust to His mercy, and have hope of a better life. Is not that great gain? Is not that pleasant news? God has blessed me with enough of clothes, good books, and many comforts, during my imprisonment, through the kindness of the friends He has raised up for me. Thank Him, dear Kitty, for me, as I do thank Him. I cannot conceive what great changes may have taken place at home. How are Father and Mother? Is Grandfather alive? Are you well? How is Rock? Tell me in whose care to write when addressing you or Father.

" I want you to write to me, addressing S. K., prisoner at Castle Thunder, Richmond, Virginia, mentioning no titles, and but little besides the straight answer of the questions I ask, mentioning no surnames, neither anything relating to my capture or release, excepting to let me know when and how you heard of it. I sent you some money home about a year since (in

August or July). Did you receive it? You mustn't mention amount. Your letter to me must be inclosed in one to H. B. Todd, Provost Marshal, Washington, District of Columbia. Mention all the notes you have received from me for a month, or a year—dates, but not places. You must send this, as all my other letters when you all have read them, to my wife, to whom I have written, but fear she may have changed her address, since so long a time has passed. Address Mrs. Mary K——, No. 128 South Sixth Street, corner Elm Street, St. Louis, Missouri. I wish she would write to me, and then send the letters, to be inclosed as above, to me. Of course you know the letter to me must be open, and nothing very private need be written. And now, be all of you of good cheer. I am in our Father's hands, and He doeth all things well.

"I send love and fondest wishes to my wife, and to you all. I long to see you; if God be willing, I yet may. Pray for me, dear ones, that God may deal tenderly with us, and that body and soul we may be His. Speak to all for me kindly. I shall write to you all as often as I can. If you can, send me a few United States stamps, as they are very difficult to obtain here. Write always on large sheets, leaving half empty. Write very often, for many of the letters may fail.

"SPENCER."

"CASTLE THUNDER PRISON,
"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Aug. 4, 1863.*

"DEAR PARENTS: I have often tried to write to you, but do not know with what success, but I mean to write often, and wish you to do the same with me, and I hope often to cheer you. I have been well, by God's blessing, both in body and mind, and, although it is a hard place to live a Christian life, I can but pray the more often and strive the harder. God blesses me with good health and sufficient to eat and wear, but still it is a weary life at the best, and I have spent nearly a year at it. What the result will be I cannot tell. It is safe in God's hands, and I do not fear. There is no evidence against me, the officers say, nor do I think they can get any. I have a sufficiency of good books, and am pretty comfortable. I gave you some directions how to write, both in a letter to Kitty and in one to Uncle C——, at St. Louis. But you will find better ones in print in the Northern papers. I wrote once or twice to Washington, last month, about my own case, and have been writing to the New York Herald about us all; you may see it. Be contented about me—do not worry, but pray for me. God is good, and has saved my life, as by a miracle, thus far. Take courage. Thank Him for me that He has given me a knowledge of a better life; may He grant us grace to continue in it. I know not *what* to think about my poor wife—about you all, for it is over a year since I

have heard a word about you. May God take care of you and her, and be kind to you all. Write often, for many may fail to come. Love to all. Send this to my wife. God bless you.

"SPENCER."

"*August 10th.* All's well yet, by God's mercy.

"SPENCE."

"*August 15th.* All's well. One year a prisoner, to-day. Love to all. Good-bye. S."

The above letter (of August 4th, 10th, 15th, 1863) did not reach his parents until February, 1864.

"CASTLE THUNDER, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Sept. 18, 1863.*

"DEAR KITTY, MY SISTER: After lying in prison over a year, my time has come at last. To-day I went out for trial, but got it deferred until to-morrow. The witnesses are there, and there can be but one result, death. So I have written to you for all, to bid you a last good-bye. God bless you. I have tried to write often to cheer all, and it seemed very hopeful for a while, but within a few days all hope has left me. But don't mourn, Kitty, as for one without hope. These only take away the mortal life, but God, I trust, has given me one that is immortal. Dear Kitty, I hope there is a 'shining shore' for us all, and another world

where, free from guilt, we'll no more sorrow, or part. I do not look forward with fear to death—not nearly as much as when it was farther off. God has been very kind to me, and for the past twelve months I have tried earnestly to please Him. I fear the embarrassment of the trial, to-morrow, the worst, but He will help me, I trust.

" I have some little trinkets; you must divide them. The ring is for my wife; if she be not found, for yourself. Take comfort now, dear ones, God is good, and naught shall separate us from Him. I have hoped and longed, indeed, to see you all; but I know His wisdom chooses better; let us be content. Thank Him that all this time He has given me life and health and a heart to love Him, and to trust in Christ. Much as I long to see you all, I know 'tis best as it is, for He doeth all things well. So do not mourn, but hope—and think of heaven, where I hope, by God's mercy, to await you all.

" I would ask Father, or, if he cannot attend to it, Uncle Cozzens, at St. Louis, to act as lawyer for my wife, and draw my pay. Tell him to invest in United States six per cent bonds,[1] of which the principal is to remain untouched, the interest, only, being drawn.

[1] This indicated, clearly, his confidence in his country, his assurance that the rebellion would be quelled. He had heard, we must believe, of the great National victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and had seen something of the interior of the "Confederacy"—that "empty shell."

This he will please attend to for my wife. At her death the principal will be Fred's. I hope I have only to ask this, and that you will do as I have asked, for my sake, when I am gone. My clothes are my Father's or Freddy's. Whoever acts as I have asked, for my wife, will pay himself for the trouble from the money. All my papers at Osawatomie destroy without reading, except the cipher manuscript, which, if you can decipher, you may find interesting. So now, I suppose, I am through with business. I want you all, my dear sister, not to mourn for me as one lost. Do not grieve God by immoderate grief for me, but look forward, all of you, to heaven, where I hope to go, and think of your brother there—the brother that you loved—and let it draw out many longings for that 'holy land.' Watch always against grieving Him, who is so kind and good, by any sin; but try by pleasing and by loving Him to be always in sunshine. Think often of me and of God's mercy and kindness to me, and never forget 'He loved us, and gave Himself for us.' Oh! love God, Kitty, love God, dear ones, for He has been very good to me; and may He grant we may meet in heaven, for Christ's sake. Good-bye!

"SPENCER KELLOGG."

"IN PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Sept. 19, 1863.*

"DEAR WIFE: I do earnestly long to see you once before I die, but we must not complain, for God has

done it, and this good Book says, ' He doeth all things well.' My dear, dear love, if you would please him whom you once loved so dearly, and if his last and dying wish is sacred to you, read this good Book;[1] read it every day; think about it; pray God to teach you, by it, the way to heaven. Oh! dear pet, if you would meet me in that beautiful and happy land, remember what I tell you, for I hope soon to go there. My heart has often longed to be with you, as I have read this Book, and I have wanted to tell you how good and kind our heavenly Father is; but he has seen best I should not go to see you any more here; so I will hope to meet you in heaven. Oh! my darling, do not grieve for me as one that is lost, but think often of me, and try to meet me above. We had happy hours together, darling; God grant they be not the last. I do so long that I might once more see you; but it may be our Father in heaven will let them take my life here, where I could not see you, so that you would more often think of me in the better world, and try to come there to me. Oh! darling, do not fret against God, nor murmur, but remember His goodness, and hope.

" I have asked my Father or my uncle to see to the money that I left for you. I hope you will be pleased. . . . Oh! dear wife, take warning and try to spend

[1] This letter to his wife was written on the pages of the Family Record in his Bible. He made arrangements to have the book carried to her by one of his fellow-prisoners.

your time well: do not forget the better world; and, darling, do not forget I was every day praying for you. God bless you, my wife, and take care of you. I pray for you that He will give you every good thing that you may need, and that He will comfort you, and give you a heart to love Him, and make you His child. It is a happy thing to love God, darling, for He comforts and loves His children. He will always take care of you, if you trust in Him, and you will never feel so lonely and desolate but that you can have a Friend and kind Father. I sorrow for you, pet, for I know that you will be very lonely and sad. I know how bad—how hard—will be your grief;[1] but, darling, remember what I tell you; when your heart seems bowed down and broken, when you have not a friend left in the world, then pray to Christ, who is a kind and good Friend, always near—do not forget, but remember and love Him better than ever you loved me. I hope to go to Him, dear wife, and will ask Him for you to give you a holy and loving heart toward Him. But don't trust in me, but in Him. Good-bye, darling! What shall I say more? How shall I comfort you? I always loved you, dear one, and love you to the last; let it comfort you. I love you; and now, dear wife, if you love me do not forget my last wish, but read this good Book, especially the New Testament,

[1] His wife was disconsolate, inconsolable, during all the months of his imprisonment.

very often, and may God teach you. Let no one, or anything, make you forget it, or put it off. If you love me, darling, try to come to me. Good-bye! God bless you!

"YOUR HUSBAND."

Spencer now believed that his time was short. In this season of trial his Christian faith, courage, tenderness, and unselfishness, shone with peerless lustre. His words and conduct give evidence of the surpassing sweetness of his spirit, the victory of his faith. Here, on my table, lies a dilapidated copy of the Christian Review, No. XCII, April, 1858. Spencer had it in Castle Thunder. He pored over it many an hour. Its articles are such as these: Character and Literary Influence of Erasmus; Religious Persecutions in Virginia; James Montgomery; Qualifications for the Lord's Supper.

Beginning on the margin of the first page of the article on Religious Persecutions in Virginia, running through that and the article on Montgomery, and ending upon the first page of a paper on Congregational Singing, is this letter:

"DEAR FATHER: I must write to you, to comfort you all; and, although I have written to my wife and Kitty, which letters you can read, still this I will send to Mother and yourself. Yesterday (Monday, 21st

September, 1863) was one week since I received intimation of my trial, which, I was well aware from the commencement, could only result in one way. Since that time I have been making my little preparations for death. The greater one, that of my soul, I trust was long since made, through the mercy of God my Saviour. I am a very different one, my Father, now, from the lad that left you in 1860, to work on a farm near by. Since that day, your son has borne many a hardship, and been blessed by God with many a blessing. After a month or more of wandering, on the 7th of January, 1861, I regularly enlisted in the United States Army. From there [1] I went to Newport Barracks. Here, after a sickness in which I was much reduced, and after restoration to health by a merciful God, who was not willing that I should die 'without hope and without God in the world,' I was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, via St. Louis. I was at Newport Barracks about three weeks. My stay at the last place was short, some ten days or two weeks, and unmarked by much of notice except my acquaintance being formed with a fellow-soldier, an Irishman named O'Connell, with whom I associated most of the time as an intimate companion during my service as a soldier.

"We were next sent to St. Louis Arsenal, at a time when the Government was making most strenuous efforts to save that place from the Secessionists of Mis-

[1] St. Louis, I presume.

souri. Although most of the time was passed in idleness, yet it was somewhat interspersed with most fatiguing labour at the sand-bag fortifications and earthworks. While there I was present at the attack and capture of Camp Jackson. Here, also, Mother visited me, and I saw Lily.[1] Soon after, we were moved from the arsenal to the lower city, to guard against outbreaks; and here I made the acquaintance, first, of my wife. However, at this time I had hardly ever conversed with her. It was in June, I think, that our company was ordered to Springfield, and I took leave of a sweetheart (not my wife), promising to marry her on my return. During that campaign the company endured many hardships, from most of which, as well as from the monotony of a life under guard in time past, at St. Louis, I escaped by a position half-servant, half-clerk to Captain Sweeney. At Springfield I was made commissary-sergeant to Major Mudd, division commissary, and by this means I did not take part in the battle of Wilson's Creek, where Lyon was killed. After the retreat to Rolla, I lost my occupation, but the major retained me some three or four weeks longer, and I was eventually left in his care by my captain, who went East on a sick leave from St. Louis, to recover from a wound received in the late battle.

"At St. Louis, after my return, I was paid in gold

[1] His youngest sister.

for four months' service, very little of which, I am sorry to say, was not spent in dissipation—my first dissipation. Here I first made the intimate acquaintance of my wife, who loved me with an affection I but poorly repaid. Nothing she could do for me seemed to her too much—if I would only love her. Sensitive, deeply affectionate, too proud to tell a trouble to any, she never had a confidante that I know of; and, after becoming acquainted with me, seemed to have no pleasure but in my society. I did not repay that love then, although I loved her deeply; but, since, I have learned to think upon it, and to see its value. I came back from Rolla to St. Louis at, or before, my birthday, August 17, 1861; for on that day I visited my uncle at his house in the environs of the city. On the 14th of September I was discharged from the regular service of the United States for the purpose of accepting the appointment of a first lieutenant of volunteers, and (although mustered again into service in this capacity) because of some informality, and for other reasons, I was not able to hold the position, or obtain the pay.

"Upon this, in the last days of October, I shipped in the gun-boat service, and was soon after transferred to the Essex, December 14th. After the expedition south, with the details of which you are well acquainted, I returned to St. Louis, and was there made master's mate, and afterwards fourth master of the

Essex, which was then refitting. On the 14th of June, last year, after much debate in my own mind, shortly after I was promoted the second time, I married my wife, and for the few days we remained together I saw pleasure indeed, and learned much more than ever to respect her. I should not forget to say that a little while before this Mother passed through town, when I saw her a few days with Lily and Freddy. And let me here say to my Mother: Dear Mother, forgive, that I valued your company so little as I did; for I am ashamed to think of it. I have often thought, since, if God permitted me to see you again, how I would try to honour you, my parents! But God has seen good that it should not be so; so I can only ask, Forgive me, dear parents; it may be, by God's mercy, I can honour you in heaven.

"Before leaving St. Louis the last time (July 7, 1862) I heard from Kitty, and a week after leaving, while at Cairo, I heard my last from my wife. Soon after, we ran the fiery gauntlet of the batteries at Vicksburg, where, with many other places, I must acknowledge God's mercy in sparing my life. After doing duty on the river below for some time, during which our boat had the engagement with the Arkansas, in which the latter was destroyed, I was taken, with a detached party of four seamen, at Port Hudson, and after being free on parole, as an officer, for some two or three weeks, was rearrested on these charges upon

which, last Saturday, I was tried. All the proceedings of the trial, I think, you can learn upon application to the United States Secretary of War, to whom, I am told, they will be sent.

"So I have given you, dear Father, some brief account of the vicissitudes and ventures of your son since he left home, a lad, in 1860.

"Last month brought the anniversary of my birthday, announcing me of age. I wrote you a long letter then, which I hope you have received. Since the day of my trial I have not yet heard my sentence, but I know my time on earth is short. I try to await with patience the result, hoping in the mercy of my Saviour.

"On Sunday I spoke a few words to my fellow-prisoners, who were gathered together to worship God. It seemed to move them much as I first made known then the death I was expecting, and many besides myself were in tears. May God bless it for good. On Saturday, before trial, I wrote to my wife, in my Bible (which I wish to go to her—my Prayer-Book Kitty will keep), and to Kitty. Both will be brought to you by Mr. J. H. Sherman, a fellow-prisoner, as soon as he can do it. Yesterday (Monday) I saw a minister, Mr. Scandlin, who is going this morning North, on a flag-of-truce boat, and by him sent you a telegram to write immediately—perhaps I may be able to hear from you.

"Also, I sent by him some word to you, by a letter

he will write you; and some trinkets; and a ring my wife gave me, to go to her again; if she be not found, for Kitty or Mother to keep. Mr. Sherman will bring other trinkets made in prison. Also, the disposition I wish to be made of my pay—I will say, shortly, it is to be drawn, and invested for my wife in United States bonds, of which the principal, during her life, is to remain untouched; the interest will be turned over to her. After her death the principal will revert to Freddy.[1] I have given Mr. Sherman both written and verbal directions about it. I would be much pleased if they might be followed as nearly as practicable. You can also hear, by writing to him, any particulars concerning myself or trial.

"*Later.* Sunday passed in comfort and hope in the mercy of God; in prayer, and such meditation as one could enjoy in a room where there were more than sixty persons; and religious conversation with some of the many good brethren confined with me. I look past the gloom of the dark valley, and find cheer in the hope of the better world. I thank God often that He has put me in prison, for here He has been pleased to teach me of Himself, as I do trust.

"While I remember, I will tell you of a certain Dr. Wm. C. Crane, Episcopal clergyman of Jackson, Mississippi, with whom I left a letter and some considerable papers for you. I made mention of certain debts

[1] He never knew that a son was born to him in March, 1863.

owing to some of the officers of the Essex—some ten or fifteen dollars, in all. Settle them, if you can, when the pay is drawn.

"But I come back again. To-day (Tuesday) I am in expectation of hearing the sentence of death read to me, and of closer confinement, in a cell. But my Father in heaven, by His great mercy, inspires me with continued peace of mind, and I rest in His mercy. Yesterday evening was an hour of great depression to me. I had heard some one of my fellow-prisoners describe the interest shown in his case by the United States Commissioner of Exchange, and I could not help feeling, 'How far are my friends from comforting me now!' All were interested in his story, and I walked by myself up and down the room, which we cannot leave, and thought of my loneliness. Oh! my Father, 'God's loving-kindness is better than life,' and I would rather die here by this ignominious death, than be that man outside as yet of the mercy of God. I thank Him often, dear Father, that I have been brought to prison to learn Him and His mercy.

"And now, Father, I know no better way of cheering you than Christ took—'In my Father's house are many mansions'—let us hope to meet there. I would say to you as I did to Kitty: think of me as living, and waiting for you. Hoping ever in God's mercy, love Him better for His kindness unto me. Think of the many dangers in which He has preserved me safely,

and at the last taught me the better way; then hope for the rest of the children. It should greatly cheer and comfort you that God has taught, we trust, Kitty and myself, the two oldest ones, of Himself, and you should be the more trustful in Him, and the more comforted in your troubles, by this. One thing remember, dear Father: ' Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' So do not forget it was infinite wisdom, guided by infinite mercy, that took me from the world so early. I had hoped, indeed, to live to comfort and help you; but God will choose His own means of supporting those whose bread and water He has promised ' shall be sure.' Do not, then, at any time, let your mind dwell upon the fearfulness of the manner of my death; but turn from it to the wonderful goodness of the Lord, who, when in the bitterness of my agony, more than a year since, I called upon Him to spare me until I could know that I was a Christian, was pleased to hear me, and granted me the whole year that is past—wonderful instance of His goodness in answering prayer.

" Cheer your souls then, my parents, with the thought of the marvellous goodness of God, and think often of paradise, where your son hopes to wait for you. Remember that ' the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever.' So keep on praying for Rocky and the rest.

" And now, dear Father, I pray God will bless you, and take care of you, and provide for you in your old

age. I had hoped to do it; but now 'the Lord will provide.' God has everywhere raised up friends for me in prison; surely for you, in a less difficult place, He can do the same. At Jackson, when I was in the deepest confinement, He caused me to be continually visited by His ministers, and comforted, cheered, and strengthened, very often. While I was travelling in irons, helpless, He remembered me, and I wanted neither help in my helplessness nor comfort in my heart. At Atlanta He raised me up friends in a wonderful manner. Travelling from there here very heavily ironed, He provided for me constant care. Since, I have had books in abundance, preaching almost every Sabbath, and kind brethren always near.

"Although the rations are small, I have rarely gone hungry, and most of the time, as now, have had money with me. Have always had plenty of clothes—am one of the best provided for in the room. Yet when I was taken I had but one suit. So good has God been to me, and I have learned to trust in Him, and can say from experience, 'His promises are sure.' Remember all this was where I could scarcely help myself at all, and you will see how great has been His goodness.

"*Wednesday.* This morning, by some mistake, I was called out and sent up town, under care of a corporal, to attend some trial at the 'Hustings Court,' as a witness. Of course the errand was fruitless, but it gave me an opportunity, by God's mercy, to see the

town and some of its sights, and I much enjoyed the walk in the fresh air."

Thus abruptly ended this unsigned letter. Four years passed before his friends received it. The money of which Spencer speaks was generously given to him by Captain Sherman, who had received it from the Secretary of War. To the same friend he was indebted, under God, for blankets and a warm cavalry overcoat.

How near the end must have seemed to him when he wrote to his father and to his wife the letters, parts of which are given below:

"CASTLE THUNDER, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *Sept. 23, 1863.*

"DEAR FATHER: By permission, and through the courtesy of Captain Alexander, I am enabled to write you a few lines.

"You, who have already heard from me in regard to my situation here, can, I trust, bear it when I tell you that my days on earth are soon to be ended. Last Saturday I was court-martialled, and this evening, a short time since, I received notice of my sentence by Captain Alexander, who has since shown me every kindness consistent with his duty.

"Writing to my dear parents, I feel there can be no more comfort after such tidings than to tell you that I trust, by the mercy of our heavenly Father, to die the death of a Christian. . . . I do not fear to

go unto Him. I would love to see you all again. God saw best not. Why should we mourn? Comfort your hearts, my dear parents, by thoughts of God's mercy unto your son, and bow with reverence beneath the hand of Him who 'doeth all things well.' . . . I sent a ring to my wife by a clergyman on Monday last. I also sent a telegram to yourself, which will arrive too late, as the time of my execution is set for day after to-morrow—Friday, September 25th.

"Captain Alexander, commandant of the prison, deserves your respect and grateful remembrance for his kindness to your son in his last hours—dear parents, there are but few more left me. I will try to think of you. God bless and comfort you. Remember me kindly and respectfully to all my dear friends and relations. Tell Kitty I hope to meet her again. Take care of Freddy for me. Put him often in remembrance of me.

"Dear Mother, good-bye! God comfort you, my Mother, and bless you with the love of happy children.

"Farewell, my Father! We meet again by God's mercy.

"SPENCER KELLOGG."

"DEAR WIFE: . . . It would please me much, and I think it might comfort you, if you would maintain a correspondence with my sister. With a mutual sorrow, I wish you could love with a mutual love.

" God bless you, my wife, and be with you to cheer you, for I feel that yours is a great sorrow. . . .

" May God, who made us one, dear wife, not separate us for ever, but grant that we may meet in His presence. Farewell, dear one! God bless you.

" Yours affectionately,

" SPENCER KELLOGG."

CHAPTER XXXIII

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA

"HAVE you seen the Evening Post?" Mr. Brown's friend in New York had gently asked him on the night of Mr. Brown's return from Washington.

The newspaper contained a report of the execution of Spencer Kellogg.

That night Commodore Porter and Spencer's father occupied the same room. There was little sleep for either. "Noble boy!" exclaimed Mr. Brown. "He *was* safe, not on earth, but in heaven. He died the day I left home."

On September 30th Mr. Brown wrote:

"KITTY: Our dear, noble boy is safe in heaven. . . . Go to Mother and stay till I come. May God sustain you! YOUR FATHER."

The Reverend Mr. Carpenter, chaplain of Castle Thunder, whom Captain Sherman described as a "very kind and good young man," wrote to Spencer's grandfather the day after the execution, a letter valuable as the testimony of a Southerner. I am not surprised to learn from it that Spencer did not, in his last days, regard with approbation anything in his "secret service" that savoured of deceit.

"Richmond, Virginia, *Sept. 26, 1863.*

"Dear Sir: As it would afford you comfort, and because it was the request of Mr. Spencer Kellogg, I write you a statement of his treatment, etc., after his condemnation. He was found guilty as a spy by court-martial on Friday, 18th of September, and was executed on Friday, the 25th of September. He frankly confessed that he was a spy.[1] While he was at Castle Thunder he, with the others in his room, was allowed many privileges by Captain Alexander. They were placed in a spacious room, and were permitted to have the daily papers, books, and tracts, etc. Besides, they had a large number of tools, and manufactured combs, rings, and many other little valuables, which they were permitted to sell. . . .

"After his condemnation I was frequently with him. . . . On the day before, and on the day of his execution, I was with him most of the time. He had the Bible and Baxter's Saints' Rest in the room with him, and read them when alone. He was much pleased with Saints' Rest. His conversation the day previous to his execution was very interesting. He delighted to dwell on heavenly things, on the goodness of God displayed in His providence and works. He spoke of the evidences of Christianity as being approved from the

[1] To be accepted with qualification. Spencer may have acknowledged that before his promotion he had served as a spy, but could not have admitted that he was a spy when he was captured.

fulfilment of prophecy—of the laws of matter—of the mechanism of bodies—of astronomy, etc.—of the beauties of the Bible—its promises—the consolation that the doctrine of the resurrection affords on the approach of death—of the beauties of Nature—of this world as a school, etc. 'Will see my friends sooner,' he said, 'than if I were spared to meet them here.'

"He requested me particularly to let you know the kind attention that Captain Alexander showed him. He was fed from the captain's table, and allowed a large room by himself after his condemnation, which was furnished with light.

"History fails to furnish an example of a firmer trust in the Saviour.

"He was sorry he violated the laws of nations, and of the deceptions he used (in his secret service), and would not do the same again, if he had his time to go over.

"He made disposal of his clothing and pencils, and gave the Rev. Dr. Burrows a ring on his way to the scaffold, and also sent some money to one of his companions.

". . . The Rev. Dr. Burrows and myself attended him to the scaffold.

"I am respectfully yours,

"J. T. CARPENTER,

"Chaplain Castle Thunder."

The Rev. Mr. Scandlin furnished Mr. Brown with an account of a service he held in Castle Thunder a few days before the execution of Spencer.

"My access to the 'Hostage Room,' which may seem strange to some, was owing to Masonic influence and to the great stir being made by the Sanitary Commission for our release. I pressed the point upon Captain Alexander.

"I never shall forget that Sabbath morning, or the thirsting souls that drank in the words of sympathy. Imagine the scene: the attic room of Castle Thunder—perhaps seventy-five feet long by twenty wide—containing about one hundred prisoners, men who had been literally shut out from God's world, many of them for more than twelve months; knowing nothing of home or loved ones; guilty of no crime; suffering all things for love of country. It was there that I beheld the gems of patriotism, the silent and unknown martyr heroes of the nation. I felt this as I spoke to them of the deep consolation of our Christian faith—its sufficiency for every conceivable condition—'aye, for the suffering and sorrow of this day and this place.' Something in the marked attention of your son led me to single him out as a person of peculiar interest.

"On the conclusion of the service they all flocked around to urge me to repeat it whenever opportunity occurred. A word from your son soon absorbed my

attention. The others, knowing his condition, yielded him the whole time and shielded him from observation. The facts communicated in the telegram and letter were given, the mementoes since transferred to your care were handed to me. Thought of himself was lost in all-absorbing interest for the dear ones at home. 'Oh! for one word from them before I die!' He was certain that the death penalty would be executed, and his fears of its speed were more than confirmed by hasty action. For himself, he said, 'My peace is made with God. I yield my life a willing, cheerful sacrifice upon the altar of the nation. The risk I knew; the responsibility I took; I will not shrink from the result.' . . . I felt bound to him as a brother. His gentlemanly bearing, general intelligence, and unfaltering confidence in God made a lasting impression upon my mind."

I give part of a full account of the execution, contained in the Richmond Whig of September 26, 1863, omitting only a few of the most painful particulars.

"At eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon a detail of one hundred men under Captain Potts, from the City Battalion, marched from Castle Thunder with Spencer Kellogg, the recently condemned spy, in custody. The cortège moved up Main Street in the following order:

"Drum corps on the right, followed by two companies of militia; hack containing the condemned

man, his spiritual adviser, Dr. Burrows, and Detective Capehart and another officer. The hack was closely guarded by mounted men, followed by two companies of infantry. The cavalcade reached the scene of execution about half past twelve o'clock, where, as usual, a vast crowd of people, of both sexes and all ages, was congregated. . . .

" Arrived under the gallows, Captain Alexander read the charges preferred against the accused and the sentence of the court-martial—' that he be hanged by the neck until dead.'

" A short but impressive prayer was offered; at the conclusion of which the condemned man, unaccompanied, mounted the scaffold. In a few moments Detective Capehart followed and commenced to adjust the rope over the neck, . . . in which he [1] assisted, all the while talking with the officer. Taking off his hat, to admit the noose over his head, he threw it to one side, and, falling off the scaffold, it struck a gentleman beneath, when the prisoner turned quickly, and, bowing, said, ' Excuse me, sir.' After getting the rope on his neck arranged . . . Detective Capehart commenced to pinion the arms of the condemned, to which he submitted composedly, simply remarking, ' Isn't this hard, captain? ' His ankles were then tied together and his hat given to him. Capehart then shook hands and left him. A negro came on the scaf-

[1] Spencer.

fold with a ladder and proceeded to fasten the rope to the upper beam, the prisoner meanwhile regarding him with the greatest composure. The rope being fastened, the negro was in the act of coming down, when the prisoner looked up at the rope and remarked, ' This won't break my neck. 'Tisn't more than a foot fall. Doctor, I wish you would come up and arrange this thing. I don't want to have a botched job of it.' The rope was then rearranged to his satisfaction, and the cap placed over his head. The condemned man then bowed his head and engaged a few seconds in prayer, at the conclusion of which he raised himself, and, standing perfectly erect, pronounced in clear voice, ' All ready! ' "

He was ready—who, having his letters and journals in mind, can doubt it?

At the time of his death the Richmond newspapers described him as " prepossessing " in appearance, " five feet eight or nine inches high," " with sparkling, bright blue eyes."

So far the description was accurate; but his hair, which they call sandy, was rich brown, and curled at the tips.

His skin, from long confinement, had become as fair as a woman's. The reporter conjectured that he was " about thirty-three years of age." He died on the 25th of September, 1863, having attained his twenty-first year on the 17th of the preceding month.

There was mourning for him in many parts of the land—he was so loving and lovable.

I need not speak of his mistakes and wanderings. The Good Shepherd knew how to bring him back to the shelter of His fold.

Among the Confederates even were many who regarded his execution as inexpedient and unjust.

It is sad to reflect that his last letters to his parents and his wife, and those written in the Bible and in the Christian Review, were not delivered into the hands of his relatives until his wife had lain more than two years in the grave.

She never read those exquisitely tender adieus.

(1)

THE END

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